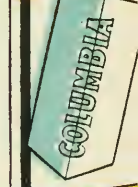
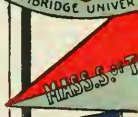
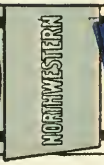
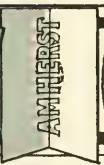




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VOLUME IV.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

VOLUME IV.

LITERATURE.

	PAGE
<i>Literary Vitalities</i> (History of Literature)	1
BY JAMES ALBERT HARRISON, Professor of Teutonic Languages, University of Virginia.	
<i>Indo-Iranian Literature</i>	13
BY A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON, Professor Indo-Iranian Languages, Columbia University.	
<i>Classical Literature</i>	27
BY PAUL SHOREY, Professor Greek, Chicago University.	
<i>Romance Literature</i>	53
BY ALCÉE FORTIER, Professor Romance Languages, Tulane University.	
<i>Influence of North American Literature on German Literature</i> ..	77
BY AUGUST SAUER, Professor German Literature, University of Prague.	
<i>English Literary History</i>	109
BY JOHANNES HOOPS, Professor English Philology, University of Heidelberg.	

BELLES-LETTRES.

<i>Present Problems of Belles-Lettres</i>	137
BY BRANDER MATTHEWS, Senior Professor of English, Columbia University.	
<i>The Relations of Belles-Lettres</i>	157
BY WILLIAM HENRY SCHOFIELD, Assistant Professor English, Harvard University.	
BIBLIOGRAPHY: <i>History of Literature</i>	177

CONTENTS—Continued.

HISTORY OF ART.

	PAGE
<i>Fundamental Methods in the Study of the History of Art</i>	183
BY RUFUS BYAM RICHARDSON, Director American School of Classical Studies, Athens, Greece.	
<i>Development of the History of Art</i>	201
BY JOHN C. VAN DYKE, Professor History of Arts, Rut- gers College.	
<i>Classical Archaeology</i>	219
BY ADOLPH FURTWAENGLER, Professor Archaeology, Uni- versity of Munich.	
<i>Greek Sculpture</i>	241
BY FRANK BIGELOW TARBELL, Professor Classical Archae- ology, University of Chicago.	
<i>Modern Architecture</i>	261
BY CAMILLE ENLART, Professor History of Architecture, University of Paris.	
<i>Problems of Modern Architecture</i>	285
BY ALFRED DWIGHT FOSTER HAMLIN, Professor Archltec- ture, Columbia University.	
<i>Modern Painting</i>	305
BY OKAKURO KAKUZO, Director School of Fine Arts, Uni- versity of Tokio.	
BIBLIOGRAPHY: <i>History of Art</i>	329

FULL PAGE PHOTOGRAVURE PLATES

VOLUME IV.

ILLUMINATED SYMBOLIC FRONTISPIECE.

	PAGE
GOETHE AND HIS FRIENDS.....	79
GOLDEN AGE OF THE MEDICI—APOSTROPHE TO LITERATURE.....	141
CATHEDRAL OF MILAN, MODERN EXAMPLE OF CLASSICAL ARCHITECTURE	297

LITERARY VITALITIES

BY JAMES ALBERT HARRISON

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Licht, Liebe, Leben.

—HERDER'S *Epitaph*.

IN the land of Goethe the feet of the pilgrim traveler do not often wander to a more charming spot than Weimar, still, as in Goethe's day, the capital of an intellectual grand-duchy, nestling among the green Gotha hills where the frolicsome Ilm shoots in and out of its bed of silver and makes music in the ears of the poetic traveler; and in this quaint and charming Old German town, redolent of Goethe and Schiller and Wieland and Herder and Liszt, no spot is encircled with pleasanter associations than the ancient Stadt-Kirche where Herder, the teacher, friend, and pastor of Goethe, officiated for forty (?) years and spoke forth his beautiful German to crowds of intelligent citizens, eager to catch light from his illumined lips.

One day the great thinker, speaker, author, the noble friend, the eloquent interpreter of *Die Stimmen der Völker*, the venerable figure beloved of the Weimar school-boys and girls, did not appear as usual in the Kanzel at the right-hand end of the church.

All over Weimar it was whispered, "Herder is dead!"

Outside the church, in the modest *Platz* surrounding the house of God, arose in after years a stately figure of the poet-critic holding in his hand a scroll on which three words only were inscribed:

Licht, Liebe, Leben.

When I first saw these words on the slab covering Herder's tomb, inside the church, they seemed to me, like bits of that wondrous chemical, radium, to become positively luminous in the twilight dimness of the old church; and they have shone in my memory as self-luminous bodies ever since.

When I was called upon by the Committee of the International Congress of Arts and Science to prepare a short paper on the vital principals, ideas, and methods underlying modern literature and all literature, I could not get these words out of my mind; they lay phosphorescent there, unquenched by any substitute I could devise to take their place.

LIGHT, LOVE, LIFE, rang in the writer's ear with incessant and insistent murmur as the characteristic, the indispensable, the absolutely essential key-words of the theme.

In the city of Weimar itself "light" had been the last word of the expiring Goethe: may it not have slipped in the august sufferer's memory at this supreme hour from the scroll of Herder, and thence into the heart of the civilized world as its literary bequest and watchword, gathered from the lips of two of its finest representatives?

The vitality of all literature is supremely dependent upon the mass of light in it. Without *light* it is mere darkness. A moment's contemplation of the great historic literatures—Oriental, Greek, Germanic—will settle this beyond a peradventure: each is a well of light from which, on lonely heights of Himalaya, of Judæa, of Parnassus, of Appennines, of Saxon hills and Anglo-Saxon uplands, the fore-

bears and forerunners of the Indo-Aryan and Semitic races have kindled their fires and lighted their lamps and started on their torch-bearing Panathenaic Procession down the ages.

The light crystallized in a literature may be as manifold as that into which a prism of clear glass dissects the blended ray that pierces the eye-hole of the heliostat—the one indispensable thing being that it be light: moral, intellectual, æsthetic. It is a significant fact that the basic beginnings of all the greater modern literatures go back to some fountain-source of moral light—some Bible—some divine or semi-divine book recognized as the supreme logos of some Divine Being. The Vedas, the cosmic theogonies, St. Jerome, Ulfilas, Cyril, Luther, the King James Version mark moral milestones all along the literary highways; and each is a *milliarium aureum*.

The mass of this moral light permeating the literatures of civilization has been very great and has proved to be the antiseptic, the anti-toxin, that has kept them from rotting. The intense vitality of the Hebrew Scriptures, of the mighty words of Luther, of the creed and catechisms drawn from Christian, Confucian, or Buddhistic sources, reveals a root-principle that has sunk deep into the sub-soil of human nature, and draws from it exhaustless stores of strength and breath and life laid up in these moral springs. The history of literature teaches that the moral fountain-sources of the mental civilization of the race are the richest, the deepest, the strongest, the most enduring of all—the Albert and Victoria Nyanza of this mighty flood-tide of the Nile that pours its streams in fertilizing currents down through the intellectual Abyssinias and Egypts of the race, and turns them from deserts into gardens of beauty. In the same sense in which, in Herodotean phrase, ancient Egypt was “the gift of the Nile,” is the germ, the dawn,

the early daylight of the literatures of humanity, the "gift" of the moral nature. Nations sloughed up in superstition or in sensualism too dense to transmit the piercing ray of the moral intelligence, have never developed even the beginnings of a literature. Nations on the contrary that slumbered out and through their sensualism, nations in whom the moral sense was active, alert, alive, restless, nations of conscience, of awakened moral intelligence, among whom "Seekers after God" arose early and labored late, whether they labored under the starlit dome of Mesopotamia, among the Judæan hills, in the stoa of Zeno or the Academy of Plato, earliest developed both literary substance and literary form, their crude imaginings and cruder yearnings assumed gradually imperishable forms, and wrought themselves into hymns, dramas, idylls, "wisdom" literature, classically expressed codes or utterances that have come on down from the remotest ages and remind us of the unquiet search after the Invisible, the Intangible, the Ideal, the wonder-working Blue Flower of the infinite distances.

In the vital trilogy of Herder's epitaph the second word is *Liebe*; out of this word—Love—flashes the second fundamental of all literature. Without fancifully or fantastically twisting the word, it pours its hidden and yet obvious meaning into the ear, as heat, even as the first word signified *light* in all its limitless connotation.

Heat is the condition that renders all animal, all intellectual life possible, enduring immortal. After the life is withdrawn, after the heat is gone, no embalming process can keep the mummy alive: it is, and remains, a mummy, a mass of bitumenized dust, pulseless, inarticulate, dead.

A literature that has no heat, no heart (only the *r* differentiates the one word from the other), is a literature that has already been reduced to the state of a mummy, motionless, staring, petrified, a bit of bitumen, a handful of

salts. Tons of life-symbolizing scarabs hung about its neck would not recall one vital pulsation.

All the literatures that possess this ineffable charm of heat, of Love, live, as the divine Eros lives, in the act of hovering over the lips of the earthly Psyche. Why is it that those chance couplets and stanzas and epigrams of the anonymous Greek Anthology live, when massy epics and long-drawn-out tragedies uncoil their unwieldy lengths before the literary paleontologist, fossilized, calcareous dead? It is because these immortal cries of Ancient Hellas glow with inextinguishable fire, gleam like burning coals, are surcharged with human heat and passion and yearning, as the opal is surcharged with radiancy. Instantly such lines, such meters, such epigrams yield up their prismatic glory to the sympathetic soul that feels in them the heat still growing, the soul still fired with immortal youth, the deathless pang, the eternal music. Sappho, Simonides, the imprisoned Danaë still speak from unperishing palimpsest or papyrus because of the *Love* that was in them, mystic, inexplicable, beyond the definition of philologist or rhetorician, simply *alive*, and just as much so to-day as in that measureless yesterday when Herodotus read his great prose-poem to assembled thousands at the Grecian games.

The essential characteristics indeed of this great literature on which I have just touched are the mass of Light, and the mass of Love, of Heat, of heart in it; it could never have lived these three thousand years and have been *κτῆμα ἐς αἰῶνα* which it is, without this supreme central vitalizing principle. And men dip into it again and again as they dip their faces into a clear pool of crystal water, for refreshment, for sustenance, for regeneration, for the divine restfulness that flows from contact with any living thing that has ozone in it.

What living thing can grow without the light? What

living thing can grow without heat? What living thing can grow without—Life?

Herder's passionate devotion to his contemporaries, to the young Goethe, to the wide fields of many literatures in which he was versed, to the many-fountained well-springs of young vigor and national strength which he found in the ballad-poetry of the nations, shows that the word *Leben* was even more essential to his trilogy, as expressing the concentrated essence of his creed, than the other two, fundamental as they, too, were.

And of Life what better definition is there than the simple word *Shakespeare*?

At this magic word there springs into being a world shading down from superhuman to infinitesimal, filled with creatures that laugh and sing and breathe and play, so full of life that Life itself might be deceived, creatures breaking spontaneously into smiles or tears, creatures from whom the life's blood starts at the prick of a needle, gay, sad, pungent, witty, argumentative, deathless clowns or dying gladiators, men and women and children torn from palace and hut, from throne and cobbler's stool, from field and Fairyland, chattering, suffering, loving, hating, the incarnate imagery of Life itself. All this busy multitude streaming in endless panorama from the quartos and folios as out of prison-gates, an airy infinitude of souls new-born into the tumultuous century of Tudor and Stuart, but belonging to all time, the children of Shakespeare: how they stream, and dance, and flash, and live and die before us, men of the twinkling eye, women whimsical as the wind, deep, true, tender, comical as *Vanity Fair* itself! Shakespeare is Life.

Simplest of biographies is his: lived, wandered, acted, wrote, married,—died; almost anonymous, living and dying only three hundred years ago, almost before our faces, yet little or nothing known of him after all the laborious re-

search of a "Century of Praise"; like all the greater things of nature herself—mountains, oceans, sky; like many of the greater things of the spirit, nameless—the first chapters of Genesis, the Book of Job, Ruth and Esther, the Beowulf, the Nieblungen Lied, the Edda, the Roland Song, the Cid Campeador. More puissant than the magicians of the Pharaoh himself, a waft of Shakespeare's wand evokes the charmed idyll of Rosalind and Arden Wood, Titania and her train, Miranda's fairy isle, the deep things of Hamlet and Macbeth, and the ancient worlds of Cæsar, Coriolanus, and Cleopatra: Lear with his wild hair, or that gorgeous picture of Old Venice rising like an exhalation from the sea fantastically bright: this man, of many men and women and children compact, with much of Homer and Dante in him, with more of Aristophanes and Molière, a bit of Cervantes; here and there, the smile of Chaucer on his lips, the tear of Boccaccio jewelizing his eye—this man Shakespeare, was all this encyclopedically. And yet more: he was *himself*, the unique, "der Einzige." By reason of the life that was in him he lives as that wondrous Panathenaic Procession in its triumphal march around the frieze of the Parthenon lives, as the mighty battle sculptures of Pergamon and Ægina live, as those great splashes of deathless color live that writhe into shape and humanize themselves in the vaulted ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, among the cosmic scenes pictured on the walls of Parma, Florence, the Doge's Palace.

Contrast the definitions of Life and of Existence: the one is found in the vivid ruins of Rome and Athens, so full of life to-day that one can instantly reconstruct out of them great fragments of two remote worlds and fill the spaces of Colosseum and Acropolis with worshiping, or with spectacle-loving multitudes; the other is found in those tragically silent, sad, speechless temples and pyramids and obelisks

and sphinxes of hundred-gated Thebes, of Luxor, and Karnak, and Memphis, and Ghizeh.

The one lives even in its death; the other is death, even in its gigantic, in its immeasurable existence.

Herder's watchword therefore covers the third indispensable element in any literature or literary work—Electricity. The Pygmalion myth comes to life in every true literary masterpiece. "Speak!" said Michael Angelo as he stood before Donatello's statute of Saint Mark outside the old church in Florence.

What does not *speak* in literature, and speak from age to age and from one generation to another, must be mute, still, speechless, dead: there is no life in it.

II.

In a recently printed essay, equally characterized by brilliant gifts of exposition and sound common sense, the lamented John Fiske points out suggestively the differences between the old and the new method of writing history. He passes in review a number of celebrated names—Herodotus and Thucydides, Curtius and Mommsen, Hume and Gibbon, John Richard Green and Freeman—and touches graphically on the methods, the environment, the capabilities of each—Herodotus the historian, traveler, geographer, kindled with the poetic sense that an Orientalized Greek could hardly escape, anticipating Gibbon and Freeman in studying on the spot the scenes he was depicting; Thucydides, the historian of institutions, filling the mouths of Pericles and the Athenian generals with golden sentences such as Shakespeare ventured upon in his psychological dramas; Curtius and Mommsen, born and reared in an environment unsympathetic to the perfect mastery of such subjects as Athenian democracy and Roman institutions; Hume, the narrow, though luminous Scotch specialist,

viewing history from the heights of Edinburgh Castle; Gibbon, the all-grasping, the all-comprehending, hyphening together the new and the old method with hooks of steel; Freeman, with his vast sweep yet limited vision, utterly unmindful of anything but geography and politics; Green the masterful, the many-sided, instinct with life, and viewing History as Life itself in all its phases and mazes and colors and complexities, dwelling as lovingly on a literary or a social episode, a bit of landscape, the discussions of a club, the effects of a great Whig or Tory dinner-party, or the architecture of a quaint old English town, as on a great election, a burning political question, a night in the House of Commons, or the fatal obstinacy of George III: all drawn within his encyclopedic gaze as parts of an organic whole no part of which he could afford to neglect.

Needless to say to which of these men Fiske awards the palm: Gibbon and Green are the men whom he reverences with fondest admiration, the men whom he sets up before the new historical student as his exemplars.

The methods of the New History are those of the New Literature.

Georg Brandes, the Scandinavian critic, in his remarkable work on *Literary Tendencies in the Nineteenth Century*, has philosophically grasped one side of the subject: the angler after "tendencies," fishing in the muddy and obscure waters of many contemporaneous European literatures, finds interesting "drifts," "currents," "eddies," setting in here and there, slowly drawing the intellectual forces of contemporary England, France, and Germany in a certain defined direction as astronomers tell us the Milky Way is being drawn across the heavens to some unknown immeasurably distant pole-star or central sun. Streams and currents of Classicism and Romanticism and Euphuism and Symbolism, and what not, criss-cross each other in this

many-colored sea; intermingle, blend, separate, start afresh on new voyages of elective affinity, cohere, dissolve, vanish.

All this is wonderfully fertile in suggestiveness: the true student will enter the labyrinth with the proper clue, will seize or select "a tendency," saturate himself with its phenomena, study, analyze, microscopically examine, completely master it if possible.

How interesting, for instance, to collect and study the Prefaces to celebrated works as they lie before us in early and late editions of English masterpieces; revealing the authors' most intimate thoughts about their work. A Preface is the authors' card of introduction to the master of the household. Seen through spectacles of such clear glass, Dryden or Wordsworth take on a new aspect.

Or the study of the Great Odes, the monumental Elegies, the conversational or the psychological Drama, the soul of Shakespeare concrete in his works, this or that movement in Elizabethan literature, the lyric of the Stuarts, the insweep and out sweep of the complex, mutually interacting currents (which are to the literary historian what Demosthenes' action!—action!—action! is to the orator).

The beginning and the end of the last hundred years have seen a remarkable advance—indeed, a revolution—in the "method" of studying literature. Bits of actual research such as Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* were rare indeed in the eighteenth century, but they exerted a powerful if silent influence in bringing about this revolution. How charmingly original and instrumental in reëstablishing cordial relations between France and Germany was Mme. de Staëls' *De l'Allemagne!*

One fancies Herodotus talking with the priests of Memphis as the eloquent Frenchwoman stands beside Goethe and Schiller and interrogates them on the mysteries of German transcendentalism.

"Institutions are the lengthened shadows of men," said Emerson. Literatures are the personal expression of nationality. A nation is a musical instrument—a harp, a viol, a pipe-organ—whose musicians are its great writers or speakers. When it has refined itself into some exquisite speaking-tube, into some vox humana of a thousand strings and subtleties, it utters itself in Euripides, in Lope or Calderon, in Schiller or Milton, and the quality of its music is as distinguishable as the voice of Jacob.

Therefore it is, that nations must be conceived, from a literary point of view, as huge ethnic documents, to be studied all around, inside and out, intensively and extensively, magnified units as sharply individualized as crystals of star, or rhomb, or diamond structure. Ignorance of this fundamental fact evoked the absurd sentimentalizing of Châteaubriand over the American Indians, the Voltairean criticism of Shakespeare, the maunderings of Rousseau over "the state of nature," the powdered and periwigged Greeks and Romans of Racine. Knowledge of its essentiality has given us Matthew Arnold, analyzing the delicate spiritualities of French wit and style, Carlyle, Germanized to the finger-tips in the deep sea of Teutonic transcendentalism, poetry, history, Ruskin, a cinque-cento Italian born out of his time, expressing in pigment-like English the radiant thing that Raphael's cherubs see, Sainte-Beuve thrilling with an almost orchestral fullness of knowledge of the literatures he discusses, FitzGerald and his Persians, Max Müller and his multifarious Orientalism.

Contrast these living items of the Newer Criticism snatched from a hasty *résumé* of the nineteenth century, with the dead items, the dead methods, the dark and inarticulate groupings that went before and did duty for literary criticism. It is like comparing crisp sentences out of the *Laokoön*, or the charming interpretations of Winkel-

mann on Greek art, with the *over-emphatic* archæology of *The Last Days of Pompeii*. No true lover of either Boccassio or Longfellow, of either Wagner or Wolfram, would place the *Dccamerone* and *The Tales of a Wayside Inn*, or *Parsifal* and his interpreter alongside of each other.

Set in its larger framework of ethnic environment, therefore, each human, each literary document must be studied as the gem in the rough and in the *bezel*, as well,—on the finger of the wearer, as well as blazing on the outstretched forefinger of Time, one of the world's masterpieces.

The vast psychology of Egypt lies momentarily dream-like, enchanted, subterranean, entombed—hundreds of feet under the shovel or the scalpel of excavator or psychologist: no plummet has yet reached these frozen depths or unlocked their deep-sea recesses: the 500,000,000 of mummies answer not. But will it remain so forever. The fixed stare of pyramid and sphinx, and obelisk and pylon, monumentally calm, the glazed eyeball of King and Queen and Pharaoh, will one day fill with light and life and love; to these, too, Herder's beautiful words will become applicable and change to three beautiful worlds teeming with motion, radiance, and vitality. Egypt will speak as Greece has spoken and its speech will become a thing of joy.

OUR INTEREST IN PERSIA AND THE STUDY OF HER HISTORY, LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

BY A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON

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TO-DAY when all eyes are turned toward the East watching the struggle for supremacy between Japan and Russia, the interest in the Orient and its development is greater than ever before. As an Eastern nation, therefore, Persia merits our attention, but she has also peculiar claims upon our interest which it is the purpose of this address to emphasize.

Of all the great historic nations which came into contact with Greece and Rome, Persia alone has maintained her independence to the present time. Her monarchs have been rulers for three thousand years, and her shah, sitting upon the Peacock Throne at Tehran, may boast his claim to sovereign sway as inheritor of Jamshid's kingly rule in the legendary past of Iran and as successor to the sceptre of the Median Deïoces and the crown of Cyrus the Great. The story of the foundation of a mighty empire by the conquering arm of Cyrus and its development by the organizing hand of Darius is rich in historic interest. The struggle

with Greece, the first signs of Persian decadence under Xerxes and Artaxerxes, the blow struck by Alexander, which overthrew the Achæmenian throne, furnish fruitful themes for its historian to discuss. If there were time to dilate upon the period of Parthian rule which followed, I might account for the hatred for Persia felt by Rome and summed up in Horace's *Persicos odi, puer, apparatus* or discuss his graphic image of the Parthian horsemen turning to launch showers of deadly arrows upon the Roman legions; or again, I might picture the fall of the Sasanian power in the seventh century of our era and the rude awakening from their dream of establishing once more a world-empire. This was caused by the Arab conquest of Iran, the most momentous event in Persia's history. I am compelled to pass over the causes which led to this event and the far-reaching effects which it produced, even if I tried to crowd the history of a thousand years into a day, nor is there time more than to call attention to the magnificence of the Persian capital at Isfahan under Shah Abbas, the contemporary of Queen Elizabeth and of Henry IV of France, whose munificent rule and the luxury of his successors are described by the European travelers, Herbert, Olearius, and Chardin, who visited his court. The centuries which followed, and likewise the present, contain lessons for the statesman, historian, and philosopher.

In the realm of religion Persia has played an important rôle—a rôle not wholly laid aside. Her ancient national creed, Zoroastrianism, was one of the great religions of the East, and its remarkable analogies to Judaism and Christianity have long engaged the attention of biblical students. Outside of these two faiths it would be difficult to point to another religion which has a higher ethical code, considering its antiquity, or a clearer grasp of the ideas of right and wrong, than Zoroastrianism; or one which holds before its

believers a more exalted image of divinity than Ahura Mazda (Ormazd) or inculcates a firmer doctrine of the responsibility of man to his Maker, or so exalted a hope of the coming of a Saviour, a bodily resurrection, a general judgment, and a future life with rewards and punishments for the immortal soul, as taught in the *Avesta*, the sacred book of ancient Iran.

From the earliest times when King Shalmanesar of Assyria placed colonies of Israelites in certain cities of the Medes, there have been more or less close relations between the Jews and the Persians. The prophet Isaiah calls Cyrus the Great "the anointed of the Lord" and His "Shepherd," and Darius gave orders for the temple at Jerusalem to be rebuilt. Xerxes and Artaxerxes, the former under the name of Ahasuerus, are renowned as kings in the Bible, and the scenes of the apocryphal books Judith and Tobit are laid partly in Persia. No study of the infancy of our Saviour, either in theology or in art, can be complete without a reference to the Magi, for one or all of these Wise Men from the East came from Persia, according to old-time traditions and legends. To-day, moreover, the gospel of Christ is being preached within the borders of Persia by self-sacrificing missionaries, one of whom this very year sealed his faith with his blood.

In the early Christian ages a phase of Zoroastrianism, known as Mithraism, penetrated into the Roman world and spread so widely that in many parts of Europe altars were set up and cave temples built to celebrate the mysteries of the Persian divinity Mithra and to glorify this personification of light, the sun, and truth. Furthermore, the system of Manichæism, which sprang up on Persian soil, was powerful enough for a time to compete with neo-Platonism and Christianity for the religious and intellectual supremacy of the Roman Empire.

Persia to-day is Muhammadan, having accepted Islam in the seventh century, at the time of the Arab conquest, but here again she has played a prominent part, because she is the chief representative of the Shiite sect which acknowledged Ali as the successor of Muhammad in opposition to the orthodox Sunnites. Within the last seventy years, moreover, a new religious movement eclectic in character and known as Babism, has sprung up in Persia and assumed such proportions as to menace the progress of Muhammadanism in Iran and to attract attention even in the Occident.

In the domain of art and architecture Persia is thought to have borrowed largely from Assyria and Babylon in ancient times, and later from Greece, Rome, and Byzantium, and in more recent days from China and even the West; nevertheless she has added so much and made the importation so characteristically her own creation as to command attention in all histories of these subjects. Our knowledge of the artistic condition of Iran during the Median period is extremely limited. Regarding architecture at that remote era we have to rely solely on the account which Herodotus gives of the magnificent walls at Ecbatana, colored in rainbow hues, and supplement this by the description in the book of Judith, or again we must reproduce the picture which Polybius gives of the temple of the Persian Artemis at Ecbatana, the walls of which were covered with plates of silver and gold. These structures have all vanished long since, except one or two bases of columns and capitals of pillars, and there remains not a trace of Median sculpture at Hamadan, which was the ancient Ecbatana, save one, and even its claim to so great an antiquity has been questioned. This is the great stone lion outside the city. Although it is broken, battered, and prone on the ground, its outlines are lifelike and artistic, and show what the Persian sculptor could accomplish in ages past.

The art and architecture developed under the Achæmenian kings, between the sixth and the fourth century B. C., can boast of having brought forth some of the grandest monuments produced by the Aryan race. The ruins of ancient Pasargadæ and Persepolis find their superior in grandeur only at Athens and Rome. The remains at the ancient city of Hathi, and perhaps also the huge foundation stones and fallen columns of the great temple of the Persian Diana at Kangavar,¹ furnish the student with specimens of Parthian architecture; while the sculptured grottoes of Tag-i-Bostan, and the bas-reliefs at Hajiabad, Shapur, and Naksh-e Rostam, are the best examples of Sasanian art. If we are interested in Persia's later architectural achievements under Islam, we shall find examples of the Muhammadan style everywhere from Tehran and Meshed to Shiraz, or from the Blue Mosque at Tabriz to the turquoise domes and slender minarets of Isfahan.

In ceramic art Persia has long enjoyed a high renown. Fragments of porcelain with the exquisite *reflet d'or* are dug up among the ruins of ancient Rai near Tehran, and the tiles of Isfahan, with their delicate shades in color, are masterpieces in decorative faïence; while the art of the Persian potter is familiar to every reader of Omar Khayyam. In metalware the graceful shape of the vessels of copper and hammered brass appeals to the eye as one makes a tour through the bazaars, and the filigree work in silver and gold or the traceries on a damascened sword present a delicacy of outline that tells of a high artistic sense. In the weaving of rugs and carpets, with their careful blending of colors and variety in pattern and design, the Persians bear away the palm. The embroidery done by the women is equally

¹ Modern Kangavar is the same as the classical Konkobar, and kindred to a presumable Avestan form *Kanha-vara, "Enclosure of Kanha." Isidorus of Charax, *Mansiones Parthicae*, § 7, mentions the temple at Konkobar. I visited the ruins on my journey from Hamadan to Kermanshah.

attractive, and the delicate meshwork in their veils is often so fine that it must try the eyes that make it, as much as the eyes it hides. Brocaded silks, gay saddle-cloths, lacquered pommels, pen-cases, book-covers, trays, and artistic specimens of antique armor are among the Persian products which have called forth admiration from the time of Jamshid till to-day. In the art of painting Persia has little to show, for the influence of Islam is not favorable to the pictorial arts, but in calligraphy, the art of beautiful handwriting, Persia is unsurpassed. Penmanship is cultivated as a fine art, and some of the specimens of *nastalik* script interlaced into a monogram or of arabesque woven into intricate patterns in carpets or traced about the domes and portals of mosques, are unrivaled in the world. Music cannot be called a Persian art, but it may be mentioned in comparison with Oriental harmony and in contrast to the West.

It may seem surprising to hear that even in science and philosophy the world owes something to Persia. This indebtedness is chiefly to the great philosopher-physician Ibn Sina, better known in Europe under the name of Avicenna, who flourished about A. D. 1000. His medical system was originally adopted from the Greek, but was Orientalized, and it spread then over the East, finding its way to Europe through the Moors of Spain. So well was Avicenna's *Canon* known in the fourteenth century that Chaucer refers to its author familiarly in *The Pardoner's Tale*, on the subject of poisoning, and even uses the technical word *fen*, by which the sections of the *Canon* are designated. In metaphysics, moreover, Ibn Sina's fame as a thinker is known to every student of scholastic philosophy, because his writings, which were influenced by Aristotle and neo-Platonism, found their way to Europe through the so-called Arabian philosophy of the Moors, became widely known through translations, and exercised a strong influence on Scholas-

ticism. Persian Sufism also, with its transcendental ideas, although not the result of Persian thought alone, presents many interesting analogies to European mysticism of the Middle Ages, in whatever manner we may seek to explain the likenesses. In the realm of science, furthermore, Nasir ad-Din of Tus in Khorasan was an astronomer who enjoyed a great reputation in the East,¹ and many of us call Omar Khayyam "the astronomer-poet of Persia," without recalling the fact that he wrote also an algebra. In the department of history and chronology the name of Mirkhond may be mentioned with praise, and I may add that a number of the Eastern medieval writers whom we think of as Arabs were really Persians, but chose the language of their conquerors as a vehicle to express their thoughts.

The student of social institutions, political economy, and science of government may learn something also from the code of the *Avesta*, or better still from the organization of the Persian Empire by Darius. His system of administration by satraps, his distribution of taxes among the provinces, his management of financial problems, fixing the ratio of silver to gold at a precise figure, and his encouragement of agriculture, as enjoined by Zoroaster, may be mentioned as single illustrations. The contrast between the present and the past of Iran in these respects is no less instructive, and the hand of a Darius, if not of a Cyrus, is needed once more if we are to have a *Persia rediviva*.

Nothing has been said thus far regarding the language of Persia, and our interest in that study. The discovery and translation of the *Avesta* by Anquetil du Perron marked a new era in philology as well as in the study of religion, and the decipherment of the cuneiform inscriptions of the Achæmenian kings by Grotefend and Rawlinson added a chapter

¹ See the sketch by my friend, Professor Paul Horn, *Was verdanken wir Persien?* in *Nord und Süd*, Heft 282, p. 289, Breslau, 1900, to which I am indebted for several suggestions.

to the story told by Herodotus, corroborating the facts of ancient history previously known from other sources, and throwing fresh light on the monuments of the past. The researches into the Middle Persian or Pahlavi texts and inscriptions, supplemented by a knowledge of the Modern Persian and its dialects, and still further elaborated by a study of the coins and gems, have helped to place Iranian linguistics on as firm a basis as that of any other group of languages and materially to further the science of comparative philology. The Modern Persian, moreover, with its admixture of Arabic and loss of inflections, both due to the Muhammadan conquest, offers an interesting linguistic parallel to English with its leveled case-endings, analytic structure, and vast infusion of Romance words due to the Norman-French invasion. In the matter of linguistic purity and the avoidance of foreign words in a national epic, the Persian poet Firdausi, author of the *Shah Namah* (A. D. 1000) affords an excellent parallel to the English poetic chronicler Layamon, author of the *Brut* (A. D. 1200); the one is as free from Arabic words, which later became popular, as the other from elements derived from the Norman-French.

Our own vocabulary to-day owes something to Persia. So common a word as *van*, used in moving furniture, is an abbreviation of *caravan* (which has been etymologized in the folk-speech as "carry-van") and is as much Persian as the name *shah* itself, or his *tiara*. The same is true of the words *paradise*, and *Peri*, *magic*, and *bakhshish*, which have a history as old as the *Avesta*. The Persian term *bazaar* is current in English, and *shawls*, *sashes*, *awnings*, *turquoises*, and *taffeta* are standard articles in our linguistic supply as well as in the business market. Products so generally common in America as the *orange*, *lemon*, *melon*, and *peach* (the latter word having come through the medium of

the French from the Latin *malum Persicum*, "Persian apple") are Iranian in name as well as in origin. The vegetable *spinach* is Persian, and *asparagus* traces its lineage apparently through the Greek *ἀσπάραγος* ultimately to Avestan *sparegha* "shoot, stalk."¹ The list of our linguistic indebtedness to Persia might be increased by adding a score or more words, like *julep*, which is really an arabicized form of the Persian *gulab*, "rose-water," *hazard*, applied to taking one chance in a thousand (Pers. *hazar*, while *gul* and *bulbul* are familiar to every one who reads poetry about the nightingale and rose of Persia.²

The title of Persian literature to a place among the great literatures of the world is a recognized one, and it is perhaps in this domain that she can make the greatest claim upon our interest. In antiquity and compass Persian literature may rank behind its cousin, the Sanskrit of India, and its monuments may not date so far back as the Egyptian, Assyrian, and Old Babylonian, nor may its compositions make pretensions to rival the Psalms in loftiness, nor its style to match the Greek in classic beauty, but this is equally true of any other Oriental literature. Persian literature has special claims of its own, and these are such as to allow it to rank high when compared with ancient models, and assign it a position of distinction in the line of epic, lyric, and descriptive poetry, when judged by modern standards.

Viewed in its broadest sense, the literature of Persia comprises all the literary monuments of Iran conceived as a national entity, and covers a period of more than twenty-five centuries. From the fact that "the book of records of the chronicles," according to Esther (vi, 1), was brought and read before King Ahasuerus, or Xerxes, we may infer

¹ This vegetable has gained much by being transplanted to the West, if I may judge by the asparagus which now grows in Persia.

² For a list of Persian words in English consult the appendix to Skeat, *Etymological Dictionary of the English Language*.

the existence of annals, chronicles, and historical accounts, which were written and kept long before the days of Xerxes.

The *Avesta*, our oldest book in Iranian literature, is of importance chiefly because of its religious character and the light which it throws upon the conditions of early Media and Bactria; but some of the epic passages in its *Yashts* show that there must have been even earlier some sort of national literature in the form of annals or chronicles, lays or ballads, legends or mythical stories, traces of which survive in the *Shah Namah*, or Persian Book of Kings. The Avestan *Gathas*, or Psalms of Zoroaster, moreover, ring with the voice of a prophetic soul inspired by the greatness of his calling and this lends a literary tone to the force of these metrical compositions. The Old Persian inscriptions have already been alluded to, and mention has been made of our interest in these rock-cut records of the great Achæmenian kings. Even the sober Pahlavi, or Middle Persian literature, twice turns aside from its sacerdotal, scientific, or exegetical style of composition to give us an early instance of the Eastern biographical and historical romance, the *Karnamak*, or Gest of King Ardashir Papakan, and the *Yatkar*, or Battle of the Zoroastrian crusader Zarir.

Most interesting is the Modern Persian literature. This sprang up a century or more after the Arab conquest, as a revival of the old feeling of national pride and an effort to recall the lost glory of Iran then gave rise to a kind of literary renaissance. The names of the earlier poets of this era, like Rudaki and Dakiki, might be mentioned as worthy of praise, but we pass them over to pay homage to Firdausi, the Father of Persian Song, who wrote before the date A. D., 1000, and cast into the mould of undying verse the annals of Persia down to the Arab invasion. This work, a poem of 60,000 couplets, he called *Shah Namah*,

Book of Kings; it ranks as a world-epic and entitles him to his proud name *Firdausi*, Poet of Paradise. His last poem, on the romantic story of the passion of Potiphar's wife Zulaika for the youthful Joseph, though written in old age, is a masterpiece and full of fervid imagination, while his panegyric and his satire on his patron but deceiver, Mahmud of Ghazni, is unsurpassed in power of expressing eulogy and scorn. The last years of Firdausi were unhappy ones, marred by a failure to meet with a suitable acknowledgment of his true greatness, and tinged even by a suspicion of heresy imputed to him by reason of the sympathy shown toward the fire-worshippers in his epic. He died almost in exile, and this pathetic fact inspired the pen of the English poet Edmund Gosse to write *Firdausi in Exile*. Not to mention translations, and adaptations or versions of episodes in the *Shah Namah* which have been made in continental tongues, I may call to memory Matthew Arnold's *Sohrab and Rustum*, one of the finest pieces of epic narrative in the English language, which is based directly on Firdausi's tragic incident of the death of Sohrab by the hand of his father Rustum in mortal combat on the battlefield.

To speak of Persian poetry is to mention the name of Omar Khayyam, who flourished about A. D. 1100 and whose *Rubaiyat* has become an English classic through Fitzgerald's memorable version of the quatrains. Editions, translations, commentaries, and appreciations of Omar in England, America, France, and Germany, number legion, and the study of this Persian poet has become so much a cult as to lead to the foundation of Omar Khayyam clubs in London and in Boston.

Less known in the Occident, but deserving a wider reputation than he has in the West, is Nizami (A. D. 114-1203), a Persian master of the romantic epopee. As an example

of his narrative and descriptive power, I may mention his poem on the fatal love of the sculptor Farhad for Shirin, the lovely favorite of King Khosru. The monarch was aware of the artist's secret admiration; desiring to call forth new miracles from his chisel, as well as secure from him a work of lasting practical value, he promised the enamoured sculptor the hand of Shirin as a reward for his carving, provided he would also cut a channel through the lofty rock of Bisitun and lead the water to the plain beneath. The love-inspired artist accomplished the feat, but sacrificed his life in the task, for he threw himself down from the rock to destruction on hearing a false report that his beloved Shirin was dead. No more touching bit of narrative poetry is to be found than in Nizami's account of the tragic tale.

Familiar to every one interested in literature are the names of Sa'di and Hafiz. Sa'di's long life extended over most of the thirteenth century, and his experience enabled him to combine the moralist with the poet. In his two best works, the *Gulistan* and the *Bostan*, Gardens of Roses and Perfumes, we have wise matter commingled with rich verse, and his short poems thrill with a human touch, while some of his stories and sayings are distinctly humorous. Hafiz deserves still greater fame. He died at Shiraz towards the end of the fourteenth century, and his tomb is pointed out, not far from Sa'di's, outside the city of nightingales and roses. Hafiz is a poet's poet and one of the world's greatest lyrists; some acquaintance with his exquisite odes belongs to true culture.

If there were time, I should like to discuss the metaphysical poet Jalal ad-Din Rumi, of the thirteenth century, and the mystic Jami, who lived two centuries later, and to draw a comparison between their verses and the mystic poetry, sensuous imagery, and transcendental symbolism of the seventeenth-century English poets Donne and Crawshaw,

or the *Purple Island* of Phineas Fletcher. Space also forbids me to include in the list dozens of minor names from Abu Said ibn Khair, an author of quatrains who died in 968, or Kamal of Isfahan, 1200, to the prose of the late Shah Nasir ad-Din's diary of his journey to Europe in 1889. Among the curiosities of Persian literature, moreover, is a culinary poet, Bushak of Shiraz and Isfahan, who lived in the fifteenth century and whose verses in praise of the cuisine would delight the heart of a gourmand; or again the clothes-poet, Mahmud Kari of Yezd, in the sixteenth century, whose lyre responded to the *Sartor Resartus* theme of robes and garments. Though the times to-day do not favor a poet's birth nor foster the cultivation of the Muses, the Persian race has not forgotten how to sing, and a renaissance of the poetic art may come perchance some day with a new order of things.

Little space remains for adding a few words about the influence of Persia on our own poetry. In the earlier ages Persia was little known to England except as a name, yet Chaucer alludes to Persian blue, "pers," in the *Prologue*, and "robes de pers" occur in the French original of the *Romaunt* which Chaucer translated. Marlowe has Persian names and Persian scenes in his *Tamburlaine*; and Shakespeare alludes to Persian attire in *King Lear* and to a Persian prince in *Merchant of Venice*, as well as to a voyage to Persia in his *Comedy of Errors*. Milton, besides making other allusions, summarizes the earlier history of Persia in his *Paradise Regained*, and Shelley recalls the pillared halls of Persepolis in a passage in *Alastor*. Byron's *Giaour* and Landor's *Gebir* hark back to the old Zoroastrian faith of Iran, and Matthew Arnold and Edmund Gosse have already been cited as falling under the spell of Firdausi. A dozen other instances of Persian influence on English poets might be cited, the best known being Tom Moore, whose *Lallah*

Rookh fills the senses with the melody and perfume, color and beauty, tenderness and tremulous ecstasy, which is associated in imagination with the East.

In the realm of English prose, two volumes of *Persian Tales* were widely read in Europe in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and the so-called *Arabian Nights* are really largely Persian. The inimitable Persian novel, *Hajji Baba of Isfahan*, by Morier, is so thoroughly Oriental that Persians who read English mistake it for a serious composition and take umbrage at some of its amusing accounts. One of our contemporary American writers, Marion Crawford, selected Zoroaster to be the hero of a pseudo-historical novel. A dozen more of examples would occur to mind if I had chosen to go outside of English and speak of the influence of Persia upon French, German, and other European literatures, but enough has already been said.

In conclusion and by way of summary I would emphasize again the value of Persian studies in the lines of history, religion and sociology, art, architecture, and archæology, language and literature, and incidentally in philosophy and science. I venture also to express the hope that America may be led further to emulate the example of France, England, Germany, and Russia, in encouraging investigation in these particular branches of study relating to Iran and the Land of the Lion and the Sun.

RELATIONS OF CLASSICAL LITERATURE TO OTHER BRANCHES OF LEARNING

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THE mutual interdependence of the constituted sciences, mathematics, astronomy, physics, chemistry, if it does not admit of uncontroverted exposition, at least provokes arguments as definite as those of Spencer criticising Comte's classification of the sciences, or Professor Karl Pearson correcting the theories of both Spencer and Comte. But the *globus intellectualis* which this Congress has undertaken to survey includes other disciplines that are mainly, if not merely, collections of facts, as histories, or, at the most, systematic methods of envisaging facts, as psychology, ethics, sociology. And in respect of these, candor requires the acknowledgment that the topic of "Relations" is merely the theme of a discursive essay whose quality will vary with the talent or information of the writer, but which remains a literary exercise rather than the authoritative report of an expert. It is well that the historian of England or America should have the broad outlook of a Freeman or a Fiske. But he can do estimable work with no other equipment than the education of a gentleman, industry, and a facile pen. And similarly, though almost any fact or method of history or physical science may prove useful to the psychologist and the sociologist, hardly any could be singled out as indispensable in present practice. Inquiry

into the relations of such subjects is chiefly occupied with the proof that they, scientifically speaking, exist. But, as Renan observes, the first geologists did not concern themselves with *a priori* demonstration of the existence of geology—they geologized. Now it may be true in the abstract that man writes books as the bee secretes honey or the silk-worm spins its cocoon, and that literature as a mental, supra-organic, or social product will some time be brought under the province of psychological or sociological, not to say biological, law. But at present the study of literature is history, or, at the most, critical and scholarly method, and its relation to other pursuits is to be found on the one hand in the unity of modern historical and critical method to whatever subject applied, and on the other in the material which it provides for the student of psychology, ethics, sociology, ethnology, and comparative religion.

In these respects there is little to distinguish the historian of the classic literatures from other historians. His exposition of the known, his divination of the unknown, raise the same problems of literary, erudite, or critical method that confront the student of English, German, or Japanese literature. And if classical philology be defined as “the knowledge of human nature as exhibited in antiquity,” the human nature of the Greek is presumably as significant for folklore, ethics, and sociology as the human nature of the Veddahs or the Polynesians, and the *Iliad* is as instructive a document as the *Kalevala*.

But to pursue either of these truisms further would be to lose ourselves in detail, and after all miss the root of the matter. The essential facts that determine the relation of classical (and especially Greek) literature to the other intellectual interests of the modern world are those that distinguish it from other literatures, its peculiar intrinsic excellence and the influence which it has as a matter of history

exercised upon the development of Western civilization. Herbert Spencer deploras the exaggerated attention that is still bestowed upon "two petty Mediterranean tribes." And it is true that to the geological and cosmogonical imagination familiar with æons of time and million-leagued space, the glory that was Greece, the gradeur that was Rome, dwindle to the punctual insignificance of the Roman Empire in Scipio's dream, or of the globe at whose "vile semblance" Dante smiled in retrospection from beyond the seventh Sphere. But our minds do not really inhabit the eternities and the infinities, but the historic atmosphere of the past three thousand years, and we do not live by the geological and cosmogonical imagination, but by admiration, hope, and love, and by the imaginative reason.

And a like answer holds when the petty parochial scale of Greek life is contrasted with the vaster ancient empires revealed by Oriental studies, or with the world-commerce and the world-politics which the progress of science and the fusion of races may be preparing for the twenty-first century. The ancient civilizations of China, Babylonia, and Egypt possess for us an interest of erudite curiosity. They do not speak directly to our minds or hearts. We are not their spiritual children, but the sons of Greece and Rome. Time may alter this by merging the life of Western Europe in a wider world-civilization whose unity will rest solely on the telegraph and the associated press, on the laboratory, the rolling-mill, and the battle-ship, and in which the peculiar spiritual inheritance and tradition of China and Japan will count for as much or as little as that of Italy, France, and England. When that day arrives a Martian sociologist, viewing mankind with impartial survey from China to Peru, will tabulate the statistics of Græco-Roman civilization in the fashion of Herbert Spencer, with no consciousness of the special quality that differentiates them to

our apprehension from analogous phenomena in the civilizations of the Nile, the Euphrates, the Hoang Ho, or the Amazon. A primrose by the river's brim will be a yellow primrose to him, and nothing more. With Mr. Goldwin Smith, he will speak of Hector's Andromache as "that savage woman." A line of Homer that happens to illustrate a "survival," a trait of primitive psychology, or the development of a political institution, will be for him a fact of precisely the same significance as a Babylonian brick, an Egyptian scarabæus, or a Fiji fetish. But that it had also been used as a text by Socrates and Plato, emended by the founders of Alexandrian criticism, imitated by Virgil, Milton, Goethe, and Tennyson, recited on the field of battle by a Roman Imperator, declaimed in the crisis of his destiny by an English prime minister, translated by Chapman, Pope, and Bryant, and singled out as a touchstone of true poetry and talisman of the grand style by Matthew Arnold,—these would be irrelevant and incidental associations, misty obscurations of the dry light of science.

Now for many purposes of the philologist as well as of the sociologist this scientific impartiality is the merest postulate of sound method, and to deprecate it is sheer sentimentality. "Into paint will I grind thee, my bride." Literature, even Greek literature, is raw material for the style statistician and the syntacticist of to-day, for the sociologist of to-morrow. As M. Gustave Lanson observes, in his courteous but cautious lecture on *Histoire Littéraire et la Sociologie*, the historians of literature have all been sociologists in the fashion of M. Jourdain, who produced prose all his life without knowing it. But the sociologist is abroad, and M. Jurlain is growing self-conscious. He now publishes his abstract of Buchholz's *Homerische Realien*, or his notes on *Athenian life in Aristophanes* in the *Journal of Sociology* and entitles them the *Sociology of*

Homer and Aristophanes. They smell as sweet. The present speaker himself at the Congress of the Chicago Exposition delivered, or was delivered of, a study that has never recovered from the handicap of its baptism as *The Implicit Ethics and Psychology of Thucydides*. The contagion is irresistible, and for many purposes, I repeat, benign. But for the purpose of estimating the still vital significance of Hellenism to modern life and thought, this aping of scientific method is a falsifying abstraction from the essential facts of the historical tradition. The objectivity which it affects is possible to a child of modern Europe only by virtue of an ignorance which will prove more misleading than the prepossessions and prejudices of the professional Hellenist. It may be left to the sociologists of Tokio and Pekin, who share no family tree of civilization with us unless it be that in the branches of which ancestors probably arboreal found nightly repose.

There are, however, some other conceptions of a science of Greek literature which if space permitted we might dwell upon at greater length by way of introduction to our main theme, or which from another point of view might even take its place. The best, the only history of Greek literature which is at the same time itself a literary work, is that of Alfred and Maurice Croiset. But despite its fullness of matter and finish of form, it is not the final scientific construction to which Professor Wilamowitz speaking for the new philology, or Mr. Brunetière as the representative of the science of literary evolution, look forward. For very different reasons neither would accept as adequate the definition of Matthew Arnold: "I call all teaching scientific," he says, quoting Wolf with approval, "which is systematically laid out and followed up to its original sources." Now if the sources were accessible, this definition might satisfy Professor Wilamowitz. But the record, like that of

geology, is full of faults—gaps. And to the twentieth century philologist the science of classical antiquity has come to mean the fascinating art of piecing out the defects of our tradition by conjectural and divinatory combination. Such work is scientific in its nice weighing of evidence and its methodical use of hypothesis. Where the analogy fails is in the lack of the means possessed by physical science for the control of hypothesis. The consequence is that while classical science slowly advances with wasteful, but, in the sum, not wholly ineffectual toil, the flower of classical culture and the fruits of classical education are choked by a riotous overgrowth of highly specialized pedantry and unverifiable conjecture. In spite of the forty thousand emendations of *Æschylus*, it may be doubted whether the most recent texts of the *Agamemnon* are any improvement upon those of the eighteenth century. The hair-splitting refinements and the formidable terminology of modern syntax have not impaired the point of De Maistre's observation that "since they have taught us how to study Latin, nobody really learns it." And the dreary literature which has gathered about Homer, Plato, and Cicero, if it establishes nothing else, amply proves that the sane interpretation of great world books depends far more on the total culture which the individual reader brings to their perusal than it does on any collective progress of "science."

But this is by the way. There can be no question but that in some fields there is real progress in the filling out of the record. This is notably the case in the domain of Attic institutions and Attic law, where combination and conjecture are at once stimulated and controlled by the new material supplied by inscriptions. The same may be said of the history of Greek art, which has been completely reconstructed since Winckelmann, and of that history of Greek religion whose future outlines we can dimly discern.

How far is it or can it be true of literature? We may hope for anything in what have been called these "piping times of Papyrus." The immense literature called forth by the discovery of Aristotle's *Constitution of Athens* has brought us sensibly nearer to a complete conception of Greek historiography. In Bacchylides we have recovered not only a charming poet, but a standard by which to measure Pindar, and a clue to the history of the dithyramb. Herondas enlarges our conception of Greek realism. Timotheus, besides enabling Wilamowitz to reconstruct the obscure history of the *νόμος*, teaches, us that a contemporary of Lysias and Xenophon could outbid in fantastic euphuism the most conceited Elizabethan, the most "precious" frequenter of the Hotel de Rambouillet. We are no longer wholly dependent on Plautus and Terence for the restoration of Menander. The latest edition of Blass's Attic orators can illustrate in detail the contrast between the gentlemanly urbanity of Hyperides and the tense, professional eloquence of Demosthenes. And the tantalizing bits of Sappho that come as the one pennyworth of Hellenic bread to an intolerable deal of Hellenistic and Ptolemaic sack remind us that the greatest gap of all—that made by the loss of Greek lyric—may be filled any day.

But the modern science of classical philology is not content thus to wait upon the inheritance of the tomb. It has the courage of its methods. Its "hope treads not the hall of fear." It undertakes by sheer pertinacity in sweat-box interrogation of the extant witnesses, and by the exercise of the detective ingenuity of a Sherlock Holmes in the combination of data, to recover Greek literature for itself without waiting for the aid of Egypt or any other foreign nation.

From this point of view the science of Greek literature consists of such work as Professor Wilomowitz' recon-

struction of what he naïvely styles "die ewige Poesie" of an entire lost Hesiodic epic from seven lines of fragments and a few remarks of the scholiast on Pindar; or Blass's detection of fragments of early Attic prose imbedded in the *Protrepticus* of Iamblichus, or the restoration of the writings of the Sophists from the polemic of Plato and his imitators, or the reconstruction of the plots of Euripides' lost plays, or the recovery of the lost post-Aristotelian philosophic literature, by the analysis of Cicero's philosophic works and the moral essays of Plutarch, Dion Chrysostomus, and Epictetus, or the determination of the literary chronology of the fourth century by logarithmic tables of Platonic particles and the polemical allusions in Isocrates. Only when all our losses have been thus made good, and the iniquity of oblivion repaired, can the "scientific" history of Greek literature be written, we are told.

To be distinguished from this philologist's science of literature is the conception of Taine, Hennequin, Posnett, and Brunetière, who would understand by the phrase something analogous to the natural history, the comparative anatomy and embryology, the evolutionist biology, of the nineteenth century. On the first explicit promulgation of these theories by Taine their suggestiveness was conceded, their too vigorous and rigorous application deprecated by Sainte-Beuve and Scherer in criticisms to which the discussions of the past two decades have added little. There is, perhaps, some naïveté in laboring this point. To critics of the calibre of M. Brunetière, M. Faguet, M. Lemaître, M. Anatole France, M. Pellisier, the application of biological analogies to literature, and the theory of the evolution of *genres* is, like the question of objective and subjective criticism, a convenient theme for dialectical variations, a pleasant device for keeping aloft the shuttlecock of rejoinder and surrejoinder in the Parisian *feuilleton*. None

of his critics can know better than does M. Brunetière that it was not the distinction between literary "history" and literary "evolution" that enabled him to write his admirable book on the French lyric of the nineteenth century, but rather his scholarly mastery of French literature, his trained gift of exposition, and his lifelong loving familiarity with the poets. The system does not save him from preferring, *tout bas*, Racine to Sophocles. It does not preserve him from vagueness and uncertainty when he touches on the poetry of England and Greece. Nor does the absence of a system prevent Scherer from being perhaps the only French critic of his generation who writes of English poetry as one to the manner born. The only law of literary development that has any prospect of general recognition is the law of fashion—expressed in the words imitation, culmination, exaggeration, satiety, reaction. And the chief canon of literary criticism was announced by Cicero two thousand years ago: "Nemo potest de ea re quam non novit non turpissime loqui."

What, after all, does *La Méthode Scientifique de l'Histoire Littéraire* of the conscientious Professor Rénard contain but a bald and painfully explicit enumeration of questions, problems, points of view, generalizations which every competent and scholarly modern critic applies as a matter of course when he needs them? And what genuine student of literature would exchange for a wilderness of such abstract categories the letters in which FitzGerald communicates the thrill of his literary admirations, or a Shakespearian interpretation by Lamb, Hazlitt, or Coleridge a *Causerie* of Sainte-Beuve, an essay in criticism of Arnold, an "Appreciation" by Pater, a seeming-frivolous *feuilleton* of Anatole France or Jules Lemaitre? Here, if anywhere, the saying of Renan applies: "It is the part of a clever writer to have a philosophy but not to parade it."

In any case, the battleground or field of application of the new biological criticism will for some time be French rather than Greek literature. Greek will at the most be drawn upon for casual illustration of principles elsewhere established. M. Brunetière himself can hardly expect that after he has shown us how modern French lyric is a transformation of seventeenth century pulpit eloquence, he will be able to prove a like origin for the Æolian lyric of Sappho and Alcæus. The mere mastery of the erudition indispensable to the historian of classical literature will exercise a sobering and conservative restraint upon speculation, and a deep sense of Hellenic logic, measure, and proportion is incompatible with the exaggerations of the Spirit of System. We may venture to predict, then, that the future historian of Greek literature will have no thesis to sustain, but will write rather in the spirit of Croiset's admirable Introduction.

Thirdly the idea of a possible science of literature finds expression in the phrase "Comparative Literature." The literary criticism of the Romans, as it appears in Aulus Gellius and Macrobius, was mainly a comparison of Latin authors with their Greek sources. The criticism of the Renaissance often took this form, as we may observe in Francis Meres' naïve *Macedon* and Monmouth "comparative discourse of English Poets, etc., with the Greek, Latin and Italian Poets, etc." The comparison of the various Merope, Sophonisba, Medea and Ipigeneia tragedies has always been a popular scholastic exercise. Comparative literature in a sense also is that discussion of the relative merits of the ancients and moderns which was suggested perhaps by Tacitus' *Dialogus* to John of Salisbury, Leonardo Bruni, and Dryden, and which constitutes an interesting but sufficiently studied chapter in the literary history of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.¹ But something

¹ Rigault, *Histoire de la querelle des Anciens et des Modernes* (Paris, 1859).

more than this is meant by the modern science of comparative literature, though precisely what it is not easy to say. In the International Scientific Series¹ it stands for a method of correlating the forms of literature with the corresponding social and political conditions, applicable impartially to the "tribal" epic inspiration of Homer or the Hottentots, to the drama and oratory of the city-state, to the development and expression of personality that accompanies the growth of the modern nation and finds its fullest expression in the modern "novel." In the practice of the few university chairs that bear the title, comparative literature is more concerned with coexistences than sequences, and seems to mean the special study of those periods of European culture which are swept by a common wave of thought and literary taste,—as the Middle Age, the Renaissance, the Reform. From this point of view are written the *Periods of European Literature*, edited by Mr. Saintsbury.

The journals of comparative literature have hardly yet defined for themselves a field distinct from that of *Poet Lore* or the special journals of English, French, and German literature. Their hospitality welcomes almost any erudite inquiry that includes more than one literature in its scope, from the article on *Internationale Tabaks Poesie*, in the *Zeitschrift für Vergleichende Litteratur-Geschichte*, N. F. vol. 13, p. 51, to the exhaustive study of *Der Einfluss der Anakrcontik und Horazens*, auf Johann Peter Uz, in vol. 6, p. 329.

In this convenient, if not precisely scientific sense, "comparative literature" is simply the study of literature as practiced by the growing body of scholars who are enabled to compare one literature with another by the broadening of modern erudition, the multiplication of monographs, and

¹ Posnett, *Comparative Literature* (London, 1886). See also in *Contemporary Review*, June, 1901, his naive account of how he founded the "new science."

the bibliographical facilities and card catalogues of modern libraries. From such studies a science may or may not emerge, but at present their constitutive principle is no definable scientific method, but Goethe's conception of a world-literature, or rather Matthew Arnold's idea of Europe as a federation of states whose culture is measured by their knowledge of one another and of classical antiquity.

If we lay due stress upon the slighted second element in this definition, comparative literature brings us back to our main topic, the historical influence of the classics upon the literatures of modern Europe. The proportion of articles devoted to this fundamental subject by the journals is absurdly small. And in return M. Texte, in his introduction to M. Betz's useful *Bibliography of Comparative Literature*,¹ complains that the new science has been coldly received by classical scholars. And it is doubtless true that the classicist is absorbed in his own specialty, and is inclined to be tenacious of distinctions of quality which scientific impartiality is supposed to ignore. But, to dismiss these recriminations, there is plainly a great work to be accomplished which demands the coöperation of both classical and modern philologists and critics. The relation of the modern literatures to one another can never be understood until their common debt to antiquity has been measured.

The merest outline of the work to be done requires more space than can be given to it here. The inspiration and influence of classical antiquity must be characterized for each of the great epochs of modern culture, it must be traced in the development of each of the national literatures, it must be minutely observed in the education and life-work of individual authors, it must be studied in the specific history of each separate literary form and tradition.

¹ Louis P. Betz, *La Littérature comparée, Essai Bibliographique*, deuxième édition, etc. Strassbourg, 1904.

To the Middle Age it is Aristotle, the master of them that know, Hippocrates the physician, Virgil the mage, Ovid the story-teller, Boethius the consoler; it is the dream of Scipio with allegorical exegesis, the Platonic Book of Genesis in a maimed Latin version; it is the Tale of Troy and the Legend of Alexander, looming monstrous through the mists of tradition, or fantastically distorted in the mirror of chivalrous fancy. The *Roman de la Rose* itself, the quint-essence of medievalism, is in its way as much indebted to classic *motifs* and copied from classic models as a poem of the Renaissance. The very epochs and revolutions of medieval thought are determined by the stages of its acquaintance with Aristotle, from the commentaries of Boethius and Porphyry, through Latin versions of Hebrew renderings of Arabic and Syrian translations to the recovery of the complete Aristotelian *corpus*. Its revivals of culture and reforms of education are pathetic preludes of the Renaissance,—the establishment here and there of a cloister school in which the Greek alphabet is learned and a few additional Latin poets are read. Its greatest thinkers and scholars are precisely those who avail themselves best of such opportunities for a wider classical culture—a “Venerable” Bede, a Scotus Erigena, a Gerbert, a Rabanus Maurus, a John of Salisbury, a Roger Bacon. Nothing could be less Hellenic than the distinctive quality of medieval thought and feeling. Yet it is no accident or paradox that an old-fashioned classicist like Victor Leclerc, transferred to this new field at the age of fifty, proved the best editor of the *Histoire Littéraire de la France* of the Middle Age. For the discipline of classical philology and the exact knowledge of the classical heritage of the Middle Ages are the indispensable equipment of the medievalist, in default of which the columns of Migne and the tomes of the Schoolmen remain a labyrinth without a clue.

To the Renaissance, again, the vision of antiquity is the dispersion of a long night, the rolling away of a great mist. It is the restoration of the title-deeds of humanity, the liberation of the human spirit from creeds that refuse and restrain, the discovery of man, nature, and art, of personality, eloquence, and fame. It is philosophy transfused with poetry. It is the religion of Beauty and the cult of Pleasure. It is Platonic Idealism and Platonic Love. It is incondite erudition, omnivorous reading, omniscient scholarship. It is Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Demosthenes, Cicero, Tacitus, Plutarch, pouring at once into the wide hollows of the brain,—knowledge enormous, making man as God.

To Humanism it is the diction of Cicero and Virgil. To the Reform it is the text of Scripture and the faith of the fathers.

To the classicism of the seventeenth and eighteenth century it is nature conceived as right reason, it is art controlled by common sense and submissive to a tradition of sustained dignity and nobility, it is humanity generalized and rationalized. It is law, order, measure, propriety. It is Aristotle, Horace, and Quintilian. It is correct tragedy, Virgilian epic, and the point, finish, and hard-surface polish of Latin epistle, satire, and epigram.

To eighteenth-century sentimentalists, who saw it through the eyes of Rollin or Rousseau, it is the heroic and virtuous antiquity of Plutarchan *naïveté*, the nobly draped patriotic antiquity of Livy. It is Seneca recasting in rhetorical epistles the antithetic paradoxes of Stoic ethics, Juvenal declaiming against luxury, Tacitus idealizing the blue-eyed barbarian and retrospectively tempering despotism with epigram.

To the philosophy of pre-Revolutionary France it is enlightenment emancipating from dogma and superstition, nature throwing off the yoke of artificial convention.

To the nineteenth century it is the recapture of something of that first careless Renaissance rapture tempered by a finer historical sense, controlled by a more critical scholarship. It is the reconstruction of the total life of Græco-Roman civilization by German philology. It is the Periclean ideal of a complete culture reinterpreted by Goethe and Matthew Arnold. It is the deeper sense of the quality of the supreme masters, Homer, Æschylus, Pindar, Plato, Aristophanes. It is Greek sculpture recovered from the soil and appreciated by the finer connoisseurship that is aware of the difference between the Apollo Belvedere and the Hermes of Praxiteles, and the "Theseus" of the Parthenon. It is the inspiration of Greek poetry revived in Keats, Shelley, Tennyson, Arnold, and Swinburne. It is Greek philosophy, an unexhausted domain of research for the scholar, an inexhaustible source of suggestion for the thinker and the poet.

If we turn from the European to the national tradition, each of the great modern literatures will claim for itself the preëminence which Bursian's excellent history of classical philology asserts for Germany. And each will be in a measure justified. The culture of Italy never lost touch with Rome, and medievalism there was the twilight of an arctic summer. It was no mere affectation of the Renaissance that regarded Italian literature as one, whether written in Latin or the vernacular. The unity of tradition and the unity of national feeling imposed this point of view. Dante reaches the hand to Virgil across the centuries in a way impossible to a Chaucer or a Racine. And in the heroic lines of Petrarch, repeated as a trumpet-call in Machiavelli's *Prince*, in Leopardi's *Ode to Angelo Mai*, on the recovery of Cicero's *Republic* from a Vatican palimpsest, in Carducci's ringing alcaics on the exhumation of the Brescia Victory, we are sensible of a fervor and glow of feeling no antiquarian theme could kindle in Northern

breasts. Petrarch, the inaugurator of the Renaissance, the first literary dictator of Europe, and the first modern man, felt himself as much a Latin author as an Italian. "Questi son gli occhi della lingua nostra," he boasts of Cicero and Virgil in the *Triumph of Fame*. The literature of the Renaissance is equally classic in motive in whatever tongue composed. The exquisite *Winnowers' Song* of Joachim du Bellay is a paraphrase of the Latin verses of Andrea Navagero, themselves the elaboration of an epigram attributed to Bacchylides in the *Palatine Anthology*. The sonnet of Angelo di Costanzo selected for special praise by Mr. Garnett is a combination of one of Ovid's *Amores* in the Octave, with a sestet translated from a conceit of Martial. Such surface indications merely point to the wealth of the mine that awaits the properly equipped explorer of the polyglot Renaissance classicism. Not only may we trace to it countless minor poetic *motifs* of the "Pleiad" of the Elizabethan and seventeenth-century lyric and of Milton, but it is the source of the French drama, of the literary criticism of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries,¹ of their political philosophy, and philosophical rationalism. And even where the classic form became a mere convention, the use of old bottles for the new wine, it was still, as in the days of Schiller, the sun of Homer that ripened the grape, and the old bottles that gave to the vintage its peculiar flavor. The decline of classical studies was a chief symptom, if not cause, of the Italian decadence. The Spanish inquisitor laid his ban at Rome upon that study of Plato which had kindled the enthusiasms and the idealisms of Florence. And when the lowest depth was reached in the conceits and affectations of the Marinists and the Petrarchists, the restoration of dignity and strength began with the

¹ Spingarn, *History of Literary Criticism in the Renaissance*, New York, 1899.

return of the worthy if uninspired Chiabrera to Hellenic models. The slow revival of the Italian spirit through the eighteenth century was accompanied, if not caused, by the renewal of serious archæological and classical studies. United Italy to-day is a vigorous rival of France and England in the second and more scientific Renaissance of which Germany is the leader, and the names of three enthusiastic Greek scholars, Alfieri, Leopardi, Carducci, who are also the three greatest poets of Modern Italy, bear witness to the unwaning power of Hellenism in her higher literature.

For three centuries the literary and critical fashions of Europe were set by those of France, which in turn were determined by, or at least reflected, the phases of European scholarship. A revival of classical studies was repeatedly the prelude to a new development in literature,—at the Renaissance, in 1660, in the second half of the eighteenth century, in the middle of the nineteenth. Reaction leads to decadence or proves to be the substitution of one form of classical influence for another. The intellectual aridity of the later middle age was partly due to the encroachments of science, as then understood, upon literature in education. The literary studies of the Trivium, as John of Salisbury complains, were curtailed in order to hurry the student forward to Aristotelian dialectic and scholastic theology. The revolt against the medieval Aristotle was conducted in the name of Plato, and when the seventeenth-century Cartesianism at last banished the Aristotle of the *Physics*, literary criticism enthroned in his place the Aristotle of the *Poetics*. Ronsard, Montaigne, Rabelais, are direct products of Renaissance erudition and Renaissance enthusiasm. Ronsard is with the exception of the Hellenists, La Fontaine and Racine, the only poetical poet in French literature before the Hellenist André Chénier. Montaigne's saturation with ancient criticism of life makes the *Essays* a chief

source of all subsequent ethical and reflective literature. Rabelais, beneath the veil of Aristophanic buffoonery and Lucianic satire, is pregnant with educational and social suggestions three centuries in advance of his age.

The half-century which ensued was one of decline in classical studies and of literary decadence. The classical revival of which Boileau became the legislator was, despite Racine, La Fontaine, and Fénelon, more Latin than Greek. This is the classicism that dominated European literature for a century and a half. For the healthy encyclopedic appetite and uncritical enthusiasms of the Renaissance it substituted a nicer taste and a more discriminating admiration. It marked the distinction between the antique and the classic. It undertook to correct the crudity of Senecan tragedy and Spanish melodrama by the precepts of Aristotle and the practice of Sophocles. It selected fewer models for more careful imitation, and completely assimilated the urbanity of Horace, the elegance of Virgil, the humanity of Cicero, the good sense of Quintilian.

The end of this classicism was, to copy the title of M. Bertrand's interesting book, at the same time a return to antiquity.¹ But it is only because he confines his survey to eighteenth-century France that M. Bertrand can describe this return to antiquity as a recommencement of the work of Malherbe, an attempt to resist the German and English invasion by galvanizing into artificial life a dying tradition. The tragedies of Voltaire or Ducis, the Georgics of Delille, the Pindaric odes of Lebrun, the criticism of La Harpe, may possibly be reduced to this formula. But the memoirs of the Academy of Inscriptions, the connoisseurship of Caylus and Choiseul-Gouffier, the investigations and discoveries of Villoison, the real if coquettishly displayed erudition of the "Anacharsis," are evidences of a genuine revival of

¹ *La Fin du Classicisme et le Retour à l'Antique*, etc. Paris, 1897.

scholarly interest in antiquity. In France and Italy this movement, after producing a few estimable scholars, antiquarians, and connoisseurs, was checked by the ignorance and educational unsettlement which the Revolution brought in its train. But in Germany it developed continuously into the new Renaissance in which we are still living. Again, we are reminded of the close connection between literature and the programmes of the schools. M. Faguet plausibly attributes the failure of the brilliant Romantic movement to create enduring drama, epic narrative, or serious philosophy, to the fact that the generation of 1815 had not learned their humanities. He sees the effects of a sounder classical discipline manifesting themselves between 1850 and 1870 in the more solid work of Flaubert, Taine, Renan, Leconte de Lisle. With the generation of 1870 we enter again upon a period of decline and decadence. But we need not consider the matter so curiously in order to appreciate the significance of the classics both for French literature and the scholarly study of its history.

This secular interaction of scholarship and literature cannot be traced in Germany, for the simple reason that while German scholarship dates from the Renaissance, or it may be from Charlemagne or the Apostle Boniface, German literature, in the proper sense of the word, begins with Lessing and may almost be said to end with the deaths of Goethe and Heine. But this fact only makes more prominent the coincidence and interdependence of this brief bloom of German literature with the great revival of classical scholarship which is one of Germany's chief gifts to the modern world. The detailed history of this relation is yet to be written. The outline is so familiar that I need not labor the point. Lessing, the founder, occupies a place in the history of philosophy only second to that which he holds in literature.¹ Of Winckelmann, the creator of the history,

¹ Kont, J., *Lessing et l'Antiquité*. Paris, 1899.

of Greek art, Goethe says that he made his own career possible. The fruitful conceptions of historical method, national development, and the genius of primitive poetry, of which Herder became the herald, were derived from or illustrated by his study of the Greeks. The mainly Latin scholarship which he brought away from the University Goethe supplemented by long and ardent study of the Greek poets.¹ Schiller's preoccupation with the classics is manifest in his correspondence with Goethe and in his independent critical and æsthetic studies. All the great writers were the pupils, friends, or colleagues of the great scholars, the Heynes, the Wolfs, the Hermanns, and lived and worked in an atmosphere not merely of classical culture, but of enthusiastic scholarship.

As might be anticipated, the relation of English writers to the classics is more individualistic. English literature does not illustrate the periods of European thought so clearly as does the literature of France, and it is at no time so intimately associated with productive scholarship as the literature of Germany has been. But if we accept Macaulay's definition of the scholar, as one who reads Plato with his feet on the fender, the training of the English public school and the dilettante culture of the universities has given to English literature a larger number of scholars who are poets and poets who are scholars than any other literature can boast. As Tickell says in his *Life of Addison*, an early acquaintance "with the classics is what may be called the good breeding of poetry." Spenser, Ben Jonson, Milton, Addison, Gray, Johnson, Shelley, Landor, Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Swinburne, are only the most prominent names in a list that, by the standards of other literatures, might fairly be enlarged to include Dryden, Pope, Thomson, Byron, and even, in a sense, Shakespeare,

¹ Thalmeyr, *Goethe und das klass. Alterthum*. Leipzig, 1897.

if Mr. Churton Collins¹ is to be believed, and Keats. And in consequence no other European literature is so rich in spontaneous and luxuriant classical imagery, or in the exquisite reminiscence and adaptation of classic phrase.

The detailed illustration of this belongs primarily to the editor of the classics, the commentator on the English poets. Thence it may be collected in monographs such as Professor Lounsbury's inquiry into the learning of Chaucer, Mr. Moore's *Scripture and Classics in Dante*, Professor Mustard's *Classical Echoes in Tennyson*. Such work is easily confounded with the trifling pedantry of the old-fashioned parallel-passage-monger. Yet it may be redeemed from this by judicious discrimination between incidental quotation and spiritual influence, and careful observation of the distinction between mere coincidence in human commonplace, and traits of difference in resemblance that help to characterize both the model and the copy.

In any case this despised detail is the indispensable basis of any science of comparative literature that deserves the name. And the critic of modern literature who neglects it exposes himself to strange mishaps. He is liable at any moment to emend the text or discourse on the typical significance of a passage which is a direct translation from the Greek or Latin. He will hear a unique Elizabethan lyric cry in a conceit versified from a Greek Sophist. He will taste the inimitable flavor of Elizabethan euphuism in an antithesis borrowed from Plato or Heraclitus, a "Gorgian figure" imitated from Isocrates, an epigram translated out of Seneca or Lucan. He will discern the moral progress of the age in a parænetic letter compiled from Isocrates, Seneca, Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, and the Pythagorean verses; and note the symptoms of spiritual decline in a

¹ "Had Shakespeare read the Greek Tragedies?" *Fortnightly Review*, July, 1903.

string of cynical epigrams copied from Juvenal and Tacitus. He will detect the distinguishing note of eighteenth-century Deism in a paragraph borrowed from Cicero's *De Natura Dcorum*, illustrate the special quality of Herrick's fancy by a couplet conveyed from Martial, and pitch upon a paraphrase of Æschylus to typify the romantic imagination of Shelley. Such critics may well take to heart the warning of Fielding: "The ancients may be considered as a rich common whereon every person who hath the smallest tene-ment in Parnassus has the right to fatten his muse. Nor shall I ever scruple to take to myself any passage which I shall find in any ancient author to my purpose without setting down the name of the author from whom it was taken." Even Mr. Swinburne sees the personal genius of Ben Jonson in scraps of the elder Seneca that found a way into his notebook, and dogmatically emends as meaningless a sentence that is an accurate rendering of a line of Euripides. Even M. Brunetière selects to illustrate how far the plasticity of Leconte de Lisle surpasses the art of Alexandria a passage directly translated from an Epyllion of Theocritus. Even Symonds celebrates the one fine tirade in the *Misfortunes of Arthur* without observing that it is a version of Lucan. It would be pedantry to attach any importance to items like these which might be multiplied indefinitely. But collectively they point a plain moral to the student:

"Tis not for centuries four for nought
Our European world of thought
Hath made familiar to its home
The classic mind of Greece and Rome."

The general reader may enjoy literature in ignorance of these pitfalls. But the professional interpreter and critic of literature must have the acquaintance with the ancients, or a certain *flair* for imitation and paraphrase, that will enable him, as Dryden says of Ben Jonson, "to track his

author in the snow." He cannot evade the task by facile denunciations of the pedantry that spies upon the plagiarisms of genius. It is not a question of plagiarism at all, but of inspirations, origins, and sources. Nor may he dismiss the importunate topic with the Gallic lightness of M. Lemaître, who tells us the essence of all ancient authors is to be found conveniently potted in Montaigne. Rather will he declare with M. Brunetière that the chief desideratum of systematic literary study to-day is a history of humanism, and a history of Hellenism and the influence of the classics in Italy, Rome, England, and Germany. Such works will doubtless be written. The history of classical scholarship is already brought down to the Renaissance in Sandys's admirable compendium. For a satisfactory treatment of the larger theme, the history of the influence of antiquity, we must wait. The preliminary labor of detail is only begun. The accumulation and sifting of "parallel passages" in commentaries and monographs must go on. The history of every literary form or *genre* must be studied with a devotion not less minute but more discriminating than that which has been bestowed upon the epic and the drama. The fortunes of special literary *motifs* and commonplaces must be curiously followed. The sources of each of the great modern, the influence of each of the great classic, writers must be traced backward and forward through the centuries. There must be a multiplication of such monographs as Tollkühns' *Homer und die Römische Poesie*, Comparetti's *Virgil in the Middle Age*; Rheinhardstöttner's *Plautus and his Imitators*, Stein's *Sieben Bücher zur Geschichte des Platonismus*, Spingarn's *Literary Criticism of the Italian Renaissance*, Thalmeyr's *Goethe und das classische Altherthum*, Bertrand's *La Fin du Classicisme et le Retour à l'Antique*. Zielinski has sketched the influence of Cicero in the course of the centuries. Who

will comprehend for us in a similar survey the Aristotle of antiquity, of the Middle Age, of literary classicism, of nineteenth-century scholarship and political science? Who, supplementing the work of Gréard and Volkmann, will show us not merely what Plutarch was to his own day, but what he has meant for Montaigne, for Shakespeare, for Rousseau, for Madame Roland, for Emerson? All this detail, however, though of intense and curious interest to the specialist, will receive its true significance only from the larger synthesis for which it is the indispensable preparation. The pseudo-classicists of the eighteenth century half-seriously justified their slavish adherence to classical models by affirming that to copy them was in reality to imitate nature. As Pope says of Virgil: "Nature and Homer were, he found, the same." From this superstition the philosophic historian of Hellenism will be free. But he must and will recognize that classical literature collectively has been to the modern world something more than a certain number of particular books written by individual authors who lived in a pre-scientific age, though to a literal and nominalistic apprehension it is obviously and merely that.

But viewed across the chasm of the Middle Age in its transfigured historic detachment, its idealized totality, the art and literature of antiquity has been felt as a great objective fact like nature, a complete system of knowledge like science, the embodiment and symbol of a spiritual and moral ideal like Christianity. And as the history of our civilization could be written in relation to any one of these three great facts or ideas, so it can and must be studied in the various phases of its apprehension of classical antiquity as a whole. Such an historic survey will have more than a merely scholastic or erudite interest. It will confirm the salutary faith that the Hellenic inspiration, though

often transformed, never dies, that it persists amid all change a permanent and essential constituent of the modern spirit, that it remains to-day for our finest minds in Pater's phrase not an absorbed element, but a conscious initiation. Across the gulf of the centuries, undimmed by the mists and fervors of the Middle Age, undeflected by the prismatic splendors of our twentieth-century palaces of art and science, the white light of Hellenism still pours unwavering its purest ray serene.

PRESENT PROBLEMS IN THE FIELD OF ROMANCE LITERATURES

BY ALCÉE FORTIER

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I FEEL greatly honored to have been invited to read a paper before this Congress of scholars, but I fear that I acted with rashness when I accepted the invitation of the committee. The subject assigned, the "Present Problems in the Field of Romance Literatures," is too vast to be treated in its entirety, and to do it full justice it would require the learning of Friedrich Diez or of Gaston Paris. These two great professors were philologists in the highest sense of the term, and to them Romance philology meant not only the study of grammar, but also of literature, of civilization. Diez had a preference for literary subjects, and published in 1826 an important work on the *Lives and Poetry of the Troubadours*. His masterpiece, however, is his *Grammatik der Romanischen Sprachen*, of which the first edition was published in 1836. Gaston Paris also had

a high literary taste and was a worthy member of the French Academy. He was at the same time an accurate student of language, and his edition of *Le Vie de St. Alexis* served as a model for subsequent scientific criticism. Literary ability and taste and high scholarship in philology in its restricted sense are a rare combination. Dante wrote his treatise *De vulgari eloquentia*, and this work is interesting as being the first written about the philology of one of the Romance languages. Yet it is the *Divina Commedia* that has given immortality to the wonderful bard of Florence. On the other hand, Raynouard's literary works, his tragedies, are completely forgotten, while his comparative grammar of the Latin languages has placed his name next to that of Diez among the founders of Romance philology, in spite of his erroneous statement that Provençal was the link between Latin and the languages derived from it.

In science we are far above the men of antiquity, whether we include in the term science the study of language or of the natural sciences, but we cannot claim any superiority over the ancients in letters or in art. At the very dawn of history the mind of man seems to have been as vigorous as in our own time, and the genius of Homer, Virgil, Apelles, and Phidias is not surpassed by that of Dante, Shakespeare, Molière, Hugo, Goethe, Raphael, and Michael Angelo. The artistic feeling, literary genius, is the direct gift of God to a great man, who will produce immortal works, provided he labors sufficiently and cultivates his genius. The knowledge of science, however, is the heritage of centuries, and each generation enjoys what the preceding one has bequeathed to it. The discoveries of Pascal and Newton will never be lost to the world, and the bulk of knowledge will go on increasing down the ages. Literary works remain also, but they are not dependent upon one another for their

existence. Dante did not need Homer to enable him to produce his masterpiece, and Homer, long before Dante, produced a work as great as the *Divina Commedia*. Archimedes, on the other hand, could not have done the work of our modern scientists, and they, in their turn, are generally indebted to their predecessors for some principle on which their discoveries are based. If, therefore, we speak of the highest works of literature, we find among them but few problems to solve.

It is, however, interesting to study the forces which have influenced men of genius in some parts of their works. The creative instinct was theirs as a divine gift from the very beginning of their career, and they did not owe to their predecessors that essential part of their works which has given them immortality. Let us, nevertheless, endeavor to discover the sources of the minor parts of great literary productions. We shall, in this way, understand better the workings of a great mind and obtain a more accurate knowledge of the character and disposition of the author. How interesting it is, for instance, to study in Molière's works what that extraordinary man owed to French, Spanish, Italian, Greek, and Latin models, and what he owed to his wonderful observation of the living man. There are, therefore, many influences and tendencies which affect greatly the mass of literature, and we shall endeavor to discuss some of those problems.

The teaching of the Romance literatures in the colleges and universities of the United States is one of the most serious problems which we have to solve. For a number of years higher instruction in our country has been dominated by the German methods. The splendid work done by the German universities attracted to them many American students, who acquired there the true scholarly spirit, that is to say, rigid accuracy and thorough dissection of a sub-

ject. The influence for good of German scholarship on American professors was incalculable, and raised to a high degree the standard of teaching foreign literatures. Before this introduction of German methods both the teaching and criticism of literature were too vague, too dilettante. The attempt had been made to cover too much ground in a limited time; whole periods were gone over, and the principal authors in those periods were studied in a general way. This was changed by the introduction of the German method in graduate work, and it was thought better to study in detail one author or one work, to endeavor to ascertain all possible facts concerning the author and the work. This rigid scientific method was first applied to Romance philology in the United States by Professor A. Marshall Elliott at the Johns Hopkins University, and he has rendered thus an immense service to American scholarship.

Professor Elliott was also the founder of the Modern Language Association of America, which has been one of the principal factors in the development of higher education in the United States and in the diffusion of the scientific spirit, *l'esprit universitaire*, on which so much stress was laid in 1900 at the Congress of Higher Education in Paris. At the first meetings of the Modern Language Association there were many discussions about methods of teaching modern languages, but soon the Association declared as its opinion that the chief purpose of teaching modern languages in the United States was to impart the culture obtained by the study of their literatures. This did not mean that the training acquired by the study of linguistics was to be abandoned, but it indicated the idea of the Association that the literary spirit should be attended to more than it had been in the past. This expression of opinion on the part of the Modern Language Association of America was very important, and the result was that, in our secondary

schools and our colleges, much more extensive reading has been done, and therefore a better knowledge of literature has been obtained.

In University or graduate work the effect has been felt also, but to a lesser degree. The rigid, accurate work of German scholarship was carried to an extreme, and the study of literature from an æsthetic point of view and for the purpose of culture had been very much neglected for a number of years. There has been lately a reaction, and a great demand for a broader and more artistic study of literature has arisen. For many years I have been convinced that the problem could be partly solved by introducing into our American universities some of the French ideals, some of the French art and culture. This could only be done if a sufficient number of Americans were to study in France and be permeated with the French feeling with regard to literature. There should be a combination of the German painstaking accuracy and of the generally superior appreciation of art in literature of the French. This would produce admirable results in American universities.

For a long time there were few students from the United States in France, for it was very difficult to obtain the French Doctor's degree. It is to Mr. Harry A. Furber, of Chicago, that Americans are indebted for the possibility of obtaining the degree of "Docteur de l'Université," which corresponds to the German "Doctor of Philosophy," without being obliged to fulfill all the requirements demanded of French students. We should encourage our young men and young women to go to France for the study of the Romance languages, in order that we may have later in this country a better appreciation of the Romance literatures. This would be felt, not only in the colleges and universities and by the students there, but almost imme-

diately by the general public. The scholars who would have acquired in France, or under instructors animated by the same ideas, the French taste for literary art, would write reviews and criticisms which would have a great influence on the people who read journals and magazines. In this respect let us say that the opinion of the American public with regard to French life, as seen in many novels, is entirely erroneous. It should be the duty of American students of French literature to correct this false impression and to show that nowhere in the world is family life nobler and more respected than in France.

A professor in an American college assumes a great responsibility when he attempts to direct his pupils in the study of the Romance literatures. In most of our colleges the teacher of literature is also the teacher of the language in which that literature is written, and he should try to teach literature when he teaches the reading of the language. It is, therefore, interesting to see how much reading is done in our institutions of collegiate grade. Professor Henry Johnston Darnall, of the University of Tennessee, has calculated most patiently from catalogues the number of pages read in undergraduate French courses in twenty colleges in the following Southern States: Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, and Virginia. The largest numbers were 3772, 2991, 2705, 2516, and 2100. The smallest number was 423, and the average was 1795. The courses were generally of two years; some were of three, and very few of four. We should endeavor to raise the average number of pages read to at least 2500 in two years. This can be done by giving parallel reading, from the first year, ascertaining by an examination, either written or oral, whether the work assigned has been well done. As given in the catalogues the texts read seem to

have been judiciously chosen, and represent authors from the seventeenth century to the twentieth.

Out of the twenty Southern colleges referred to thirteen offer courses in Spanish, generally of one year, and six have short courses in Italian. It is evident that there is great room for improvement in the study of the Spanish and Italian languages and literatures in our Southern States. Judging from the catalogues, the courses in the three principal Romance literatures, French, Spanish, and Italian, in the large universities in the North, in the East, and in the West are very extensive, both in the undergraduate and in the graduate departments. In undergraduate classes it is not possible to give to the students a thorough understanding of the literary merit of a work, unless the course be of more than two years' duration. Beginning with the third year the professor should often have his students read the text in French, Spanish, or Italian, without translating it into English, and asking questions about the text, which should be answered in the language studied at the time.

In graduate work some of the larger American universities offer good courses in literature, but thus far the apparent result obtained has not been very satisfactory, as there has been little work of a high order done by American scholars, students of American universities, in literary criticism of the Romance literatures. More attention should be given in our higher institutions of learning to this important branch of study. There should be close seminary work of the masterpieces themselves, and also of the works of the great European critics, among whom the French stand so high, from Sainte-Beuve to Taine, Brunetière, Faguet, Doumic, Lemaitre, and Pellissier. Utmost attention should be given to make the students feel the artistic, æsthetic, eternally human spirit which pervades all the masterpieces in literature.

The study of literature can only be complete when it is supplemented by the history of the people, political, social, and economic, and by the study of the fine arts. It is impossible to understand a number of the greatest works written in the Romance languages without knowing thoroughly the history of the countries where lived the authors of those masterpieces, and an appreciation of the beautiful works in painting and in sculpture helps to understand art in literature. Were it possible I should like to see the students of Romance literatures appreciate also the masterpieces of the great musicians. They should, while studying Lamartine and Hugo, Dante and Petrarch, Lope de Vega and Calderon, visit the great museums of art in Europe and in this country, and go often to the theatres to hear admirable operas. The study of literature should be scientific, that is to say, literary works should often be analyzed critically; but I repeat it, it should be, above all, æsthetic, so that we might enjoy completely the art of the author, as well as the subject which he treats. There is no better way to understand the Romance literatures than to make a comparative study of them. There are not enough works like Villemain's *Cours de Littérature Française*, where he compares so well the masterpieces of different literatures, especially those of the eighteenth century.

I present to this Congress as one of the most important problems in the field of Romance literatures the study of those literatures in the United States and in other countries. I might have expanded considerably a subject which I consider extremely important and entirely pertinent to my theme, as it concerns the diffusion of the Romance literatures in foreign countries by the help of the higher institutions of learning. Very efficiently, too, may this diffusion be carried out by courses of lectures given by men eminent as critics or as authors, such as the courses so happily in-

augurated by Mr. James H. Hyde, of New York, for the French Circle of Harvard University and for the Federation of "l'Alliance Française" in the United States. It would be very fortunate if similar courses were established in Italian and in Spanish. In many parts of our country there could be found audiences which might appreciate lectures delivered in these languages.

In speaking of the Romance literatures let us remember that it is not only in Europe that they flourish. Although Spain has lost her colonial possessions in America, she has left her impress on millions of men in the New World, and there is an interesting Spanish literature in Cuba, Mexico, Central and South America. In Brazil also is to be found a literature which had its origin in Europe, and writers not unworthy of the land of Camoens have written works of merit in the Portuguese language. Professor Elijah Clarence Hills,¹ of Colorado College, has given the following list of some of the Spanish-American writers of the nineteenth century: Chile,—Miguel Luis de Amunátegui, Benjamín Vicuña Mackenna, José Taribio Medina; Colombia,—Miguel Antonio Caro, Jorge Ysaacs; Rufino José Cuervo; Cuba,—Gertrudis Gomez de Avellaneda, José María Heredia, Joaquín Lorenzo Luaces; Ecuador,—Juan León Mera, José Joaquín de Olmedo; Mexico,—José Joaquín Pesado, Manuel Carpio, Juan de Dios Peza, Manuel Acuña; Nicaragua,—Rubén Darío, José Batres y Montofar; Peru,—Felipe Pardo y Aliaga; Argentine Republic,—Olegario Víctor Andrade; Uruguay,—Zorrilla de San Martín; Venezuela,—André Bello.

It would be very interesting to note what has been the influence of the literatures of the former mother countries on those of the emancipated colonies, and to ascertain whether the latter have exerted any influence on the works

¹ Colorado College Studies, June, 1904.

of the Spanish and Portuguese authors. There is no doubt of the influence of the European writers during the periods of the Spanish and Portuguese dominations and for some time after the independence of the colonies, just as we can trace the influence of English literature on the works of American writers. After colonies have become independent, there soon arises a literature more or less national and with interesting local color. How far have the European writers been influenced by it, and would it not be a way to renew to some extent the literatures of Spain and of Portugal? Some time ago there met at Madrid a congress of delegates from the Latin-American republics. Would it not be advisable to hold such congresses at stated times, either in Spain or in the different states of Spanish America, in order to expand the scope of Spanish literature and make it more world-wide, *plus mondiale*, as the French say?

There has been a large immigration of Italians into South America and into Louisiana. They have newspapers of their own, and they continue to make use of their language as a mother tongue for two or three generations. Have they produced any literary works written in Italian, or is it likely that they will ever produce any, and how would it be possible for Italian writers to encourage that production? Is there any Italian literature outside of Italy? I could wish my learned colleague, Professor Pio Rajna, to answer this question.

It is well known that in Canada there is an important native French literature which comprises history, poetry, and fiction. Some of the Canadian writers are known in France, and their works have been rewarded by the French Academy. The tenacity of the French-Canadians in keeping as a mother tongue the language of their ancestors is indeed wonderful. Although Montcalm fell in 1759, and

Canada has been British from the capitulation of Montreal in 1760, the descendants of the men of that time still love France and the French language, and have produced an extensive French literature. Should the Canadians be influenced in their works by the French authors, or should they evolve a national literature? I read not long ago, an article in a Canadian magazine in which the author said that the Canadians should not look to France for their inspiration, but should make their literature suit their own local conditions. There is a great deal of truth in this statement. Let there be local color, and let local patriotism animate the writers in Canada, but let them always continue to study the great works in French literature, especially contemporary works. Separated from the former mother country for a century and a half, the Canadian language has not, as a rule, the true characteristics of modern French, and will lose them more and more in the course of time, if the Canadian authors do not continue to make a close study of modern French literature. If they choose to evolve a literature of their own, written in a language which will differ considerably with time from modern French, it will be an interesting experiment. They are numerous enough not to have to fear their being absorbed by the British element of the population and their literature will ever continue to be written in French, although their language will contain many dialectic differences from the French of Paris. The Greek of Asia Minor was not wholly the Greek of Athens, and the French of Belgium and of Switzerland is said to be not always the French of Paris. These remarks about the Canadian French literature are not meant as a criticism, for I have the highest admiration for the courage and perseverance which the French-Canadians have displayed in preserving the language of their venerated ancestors, and I admire also greatly many works of their literature. I

merely wish to state an interesting problem concerning one of the Romance literatures.

In Louisiana we have also a native French literature of merit. It dates from the year 1779, when Julien Poydras wrote a short epic poem on the conquest of Baton Rouge from the British by the heroic young governor of Louisiana, Bernardo de Galvez. We had in 1814 a tragedy in classic style, *Poucha-Houmma*, by Le Blanc de Villeneuve; and later several interesting plays of the Romantic School, such as *Les Martyrs de la Louisiane*, by A. Lussan, and *France et Espagne* and *Qui perd gagne*, by L. Placide Canonge. In history we have the works of Gayarré and of Debouchel, and in poetry several works which may be compared favorably with some written by the best French writers. Our poets seem to have been inspired by the romantic history of Louisiana, by its stately river and its picturesque lakes and bayous, by its mild climate and luxuriant vegetation, and by the beauty and grace of the women. We have, therefore, more poems written in Louisiana than any other kind of literary works, and we honor greatly the names of our poets in the past, Adrien and Dominique Rouquette, Dr. Alfred Mercier, L. Placide Canonge, Alexandre Latil, Dr. Charles Testut, Mme. Emilie Evershed, Oscar Dugué, and Dr. Charles Deléry. We have had few novels, but these are interesting and have a pleasant local color, such as Mme. de la Houssaye's *Pouponne et Balthazar*, Dr. Alfred Mercier's *L'Habitation St. Ybars*, and George Des-sommes's *Tante Cydette*.

The problem in Louisiana is more difficult to solve than in Canada. The French-Canadians are numerous, while the Louisianians of French origin are in a minority in their state. They are loyal Americans, but, like their Canadian brethren, they are sincerely attached to the country and to the language of their ancestors, and they still have an im-

portant daily newspaper and a native French literature, not so large as before the Civil War, but very interesting. The problem of maintaining the French literature of Louisiana was partly solved when Dr. Alfred Mercier founded in 1876 the "Athénée Louisianais," a literary society whose publications contain many important contributions, and which comprise several large volumes. As this admirable World's Fair is held to celebrate the centennial of the cession of Louisiana to the United States, you will allow me to call your attention to the exhibit of French Louisiana in the Department of Anthropology and History of the Exposition. There you may have an idea of the French literature of the oldest state formed out of the immense province acquired by the United States in 1803. It is a literature influenced principally by that of France, but which contains nevertheless some works influenced to a high degree by local surroundings.

The French language in Louisiana will long continue to be spoken as a mother tongue by many thousands of persons, and local French literature will continue to be produced, because the writers are animated by the purest feelings of filial piety, and are entirely disinterested. They know that their works written in French will be read by few persons outside of Louisiana, and they have no idea of pecuniary gain. The Creoles of Louisiana, that is to say, the *white* descendants of the French, although they know the English language and are in no wise hostile to it, consider the French language as much their own as it is that of the native Frenchmen. It forms part of their inheritance as well as the traditions, the names, and the blood which their fathers have transmitted to them. They have produced works written in French just as naturally as they have spoken the language which they learned at their mothers' knees, and have never thought of being re-

warded by the French Government for an act which is a simple expression of hereditary feelings. They are pleased, however, when their brethren in France send them tokens of remembrance in the form of affectionate letters from distinguished statesmen or authors, or when these eminent men come in person to express their fraternal feelings. The Creoles of Louisiana, although they are thoroughly loyal to the American Union, are highly pleased to see, when they go to France, that they are not considered as strangers in the native land of their ancestors. The "French Family," *la Famille Française*, as it has often been expressed so admirably by M. Louis Herbette, of the "Conseil d'Etat," should maintain close bonds of affection all over the world, and it should be thus with the Italian, the Spanish, and the Portuguese families. In this way the development of the Romance literatures in foreign countries might be greatly encouraged.

Let no one think that love for the language, the literature, and the country of the ancestors will ever prevent the descendants in the United States from loving above all the land of their birth. Study the history of the French Creoles of Louisiana, and you will see that, from the year 1803 to our days, no men, no women have ever been more patriotic Americans. Whatever was the native land of our forefathers, however much we wish to preserve our family traditions, we are all in this country sincerely attached to the American system of government, to our American political institutions, which are based on the Anglo-Saxon principles of individual liberty, upon which Washington and his collaborators founded our American Republic. I hope that my colleagues at this Congress will pardon this apparent digression from my subject, but as I speak before a cosmopolitan audience, I wish to be thoroughly understood when I say that a native American may work with enthu-

siasm for the development and diffusion of the Romance literatures in the United States, and yet remain entirely loyal to the Constitution of the United States.

One word more on this part of my theme, and I shall pass to another phase of it. One of the most important influences in America for the study of an interesting Romance literature and for its production is the Federation of "l'Alliance française" in the United States, founded in 1902 by Mr. James H. Hyde. The Association has been very successful, and comprises societies in all parts of the Union and 25,000 members. Many college French circles are affiliated with the Federation, and the continued success of this large organization will contribute to solve the important problem of how to encourage the study of the French language and literature in the United States. Is it not possible to establish Spanish and Italian societies, like the Federation of "l'Alliance française," to bring together the different Spanish and Italian groups scattered over the United States, or may not the example of the Federation be followed in Mexico and in South America? Nothing certainly would be more beneficial to the development of the Romance literatures on the whole American continent.

In studying the problems in modern French literature I cannot do any better than to base some of my remarks on the very important article published by M. Gustave Lanson, in August, 1900, in the *Revue de Synthèse Historique*. Many of these problems would present themselves to any careful student of French literature, but M. Lanson has stated them with such clearness and with such a scientific method that I shall follow to some extent his presentation of problems which I have often mentioned in my own teaching of French literature, but with far less scientific accuracy. M. Lanson is highly endowed with *l'esprit universitaire*.

The historical method should be applied to literary criticism, that is to say, the biography of the author and the history and analysis of his works should be studied simultaneously, and not as if the one was independent of the other. The works form part of the life of the author and are explained as a development of that life, especially in the French authors of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The work of Rousseau, Voltaire, Mme. de Staël, Châteaubriand, George Sand, Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset, and many other writers, can be understood only by studying them at the same time as the events which inspired them, and also by studying the social and historical forces produced in the lifetime of the writers. One of the most important problems, therefore, in the field of Romance literatures is the study of social and historical forces in those literatures, and I wish to repeat here a few ideas which I expressed in 1898 in my address delivered as President of the Modern Language Association of America:¹

"It is true that all mankind is animated by the same psychical forces inherent in humanity, and that a great work of art, whether produced by a Homer, a Virgil, a Dante, a Shakespeare, a Calderon, a Molière, a Goethe, is permeated with the same broad human feeling, but each man is bound to reproduce in his work the effect of the civilization to which he belongs. That civilization is largely an inheritance which the individual enjoys by the mere fact of being born in a certain atmosphere; but as civilization means development, new historical and social forces are constantly being brought to bear upon the individual and modifying his ideas. There are, therefore, three great causes which mould the mind of the individual: (1) the fact of being a man, which gives him ideas and sentiments common to all men; (2) his birthplace, which impresses

¹ *Proceedings of the Modern Language Association of America for 1898.*

upon him the civilization of his country; (3) the historical and social forces produced in his own lifetime....

"M. Brunetière says that the principal influence in literature is that of works upon works. That influence is certainly very important, but it is not the principal one. So many forces have contributed to the civilization of every country and to the development of every literature that it is very difficult to say which one of these forces has been the most active and the most fruitful. If a great writer has produced a change in the civilization of his time, that change is never so complete as it might appear, inasmuch as the writer must reflect some ideas common to his race, to his country, and to all men. Again, admitting that the personal influence of one man had produced a change almost complete on his epoch and on the literature of his time, that influence of an individual becomes a social force and reacts on other individuals, who may, in their turn, impress the stamp of their genius on civilization and on literature. Historical and social forces are, therefore, continually brought into contact with forces apparently entirely personal and literary, and there is a perpetual reaction of the one class of forces on the other."

The three great sciences auxiliary to literary history are bibliography, lexicography, and the preparation of texts. M. Lanson says that bibliography has lately made great progress, but that there is still lacking a general bibliography of French literature. The same remark may be made about the other Romance literatures. There should be also complete bibliographies of works of individual authors, of the different literary ages, of the principal magazines and reviews, of publishers and printers of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. Catalogues of the libraries of writers are also very important, such as those of Montaigne and of Racine, made by M. Bonnefon; for,

"those inventories," adds M. Lanson, "at a time when the use of public libraries was almost unknown, help us to know what books were read by the great writers, what were their instruments of labor and their tastes." Good lexicons of special writers, such as that of Molière by Livet, are needed, and also good dictionaries of the different Romance languages. The dictionary of the French language by Darmesteter, Hatzfeld, and Thomas is admirable, and similar works should be produced for the Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese languages.

Bibliographies and lexicons are useful tools to the student of literature, but accurate texts are indispensable, and the publication of *inédits* has added greatly to the literary treasures of nations and to the better knowledge of the character and disposition of authors, whose letters and memoirs have been discovered and given to the world. However unsavory it may appear to some persons, the recent publication of the letters of Alfred de Musset and of George Sand has made us understand better the complicated problem of *Lui et Elle* and of *Elle et Lui*. There is no more fruitful theme in the field of Romance literatures than the proper preparation of texts and the publication of *inédits*. The study of medieval French literature was only possible after Paulin Paris had published in 1832 his edition of *Berte aux grands pieds*, and the admirable *Chanson de Roland*, the witty *Avocat Pathelin*, and other interesting works of the Middle Ages, could be fully appreciated only when good critical editions were published by distinguished Romance scholars in Europe and in America. The field is here immense and is yet hardly explored, in spite of the excellent work of Gaston Paris, Paul Meyer, Gröber, Suchier, Schuchardt, Pio Rajna, A. Marshall Eliott, H. A. Todd, Adolphe Cohn, and many others.

The biographies of writers are so important for a proper

understanding of their works that no pains should be spared to produce accurate biographies, which should be psychological as well as narrative, and many biographies considered complete thus far should be rewritten. It is important, in many cases, to determine exactly in what province of a country a writer was born. Michelet, in the second volume of his *History of France*, presents to us a striking tableau of the characteristics of each of the provinces, and gives an admirable explanation of the influence of local cases, of topography and geography, on the genius of a nation and of a man. Great social and historical forces were at work at different epochs in the different provinces of France, Spain, and Italy, and the Romance literatures and civilizations are the result of all these forces. I wish to mention here as a model of complete and accurate biography the work on *Honorat de Buëil, Seigneur de Racan*, by Professor Louis Arnould, of the University of Poitiers. Several works of this kind have been published lately by laborious and distinguished scholars.

Just as historical legends are destroyed by our modern historians who base their statement of facts upon well-authenticated documents, so are legends in literary history destroyed by modern critics, whose methods are scientific and exact. Let not criticism, however, be entirely mathematical, let the critic appreciate always the æsthetic element in literature. Like the historian of political events, he should be accurate and yet understand the interest, the poetry, always inherent in humanity. If the artistic element in a literary work is to be destroyed by criticism, then, in my opinion, that criticism is false. As an example of useless, and, I may say, of harmful minuteness in criticism, I may mention one of the discoveries of a modern iconoclast. I read, sometime ago, in a French magazine that M. Edmond Biré had proved that Graziella was the

daughter of a shoemaker, and consequently that the incidents of Lamartine's excursion to the Isle of Procida were all invented by the great poet. It was well known that the *Confidences* and *Raphaël* were not accurate autobiographies, and that their value consisted in the knowledge which they gave us of the feelings of Lamartine, of his *état d'âme*, at certain periods of his life. Of what interest, therefore, is it to us to know who was Graziella? The charming girl created by Lamartine is much more interesting and real than the shoemaker's daughter discovered by M. Biré. The former makes us understand the poet's feelings much better than the latter. In our studies of the Romance literatures let us endeavor to discover all erroneous statements made by writers, but let us use our judgment with regard to publishing discoveries which are useless to our knowledge of men and of works, and which may, in some degree, destroy the poetic illusions of the readers of the works. When M. Biré, however, proves to us that it was materially impossible for Châteaubriand to have visited the countries which he describes in his *Voyages en Amérique* and in his *Mémoires d'Outre-tombe*, he does a useful work, because he discovers the sources from which Châteaubriand has drawn his descriptions.

The study of the sources is one of the most important problems in the field of Romance literatures, and although a great deal has been done in that direction, the work not yet accomplished is still immense. The literary relations between France, Italy, and Spain, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were very close, and are an interesting subject to investigate. Also the influence of England and Germany on French writers, principally in the first half of the nineteenth century. Excellent works have been written on these subjects by Messieurs Brunetière, Morel-Fatio, Jusserand, V. Rossel, and J. Texte, but com-

parative literature is almost a new science, and a great future awaits the scholars who will devote themselves to it. The influence of Ibsen and Björnson, of Mickiewicz and Tolstoy, of the Scandinavian and Slavonic literatures, on the Romance literatures is itself a broad and important field to explore, one which presents many interesting problems to solve.

M. Lanson's article on Modern French literature is so exhaustive that I have used it partly as a text for my commentary on that subject, and I shall recapitulate briefly a few of his statements. He recommends that correct and critical texts of the great writers be published and says that there hardly exists a single scientific edition of the texts of the nineteenth century. The history of comedy in its transformations has not been written, and there should be a history of lyric poetry, of epic poetry, and a history of history. The history of the *genres* is yet very incomplete. Strange to say, the history of Latin influence on French literature in the three classic centuries has not been written, and that of Greek influence very inadequately. The problem of the origin of French romanticism has not yet been solved, and the eighteenth century is not well understood. The genealogy of a writer and his physiological temperament should be studied in order to understand better his biography and his psychology. The most interesting problem, however, is to determine which are the really great works produced in the nineteenth century. The above observations may be applied in general to the literatures of Spain, Portugal, and Italy, as well as to that of France.

Although French literature was considerably influenced in the nineteenth century by English and German writers, it exerted in its turn a great influence on foreign literatures, especially on the Italian and the Spanish. The modern liter-

atures of Spain and of Portugal have exerted little influence in France, but that of modern Italy is better known and appreciated. The works of Leopardi, Fogazzaro, Matilde Serao, Edmondo de Amicis, Giovanni Verga, and Ada Negri are said by French critics to be popular and to have exerted a beneficent influence, while Gabriele d'Annunzio, whose genius is much admired in France, is viewed with some distrust. M. de Vogüé, in 1895, saw in his works a "Latin renaissance," but M. Joseph Texte¹ said of him: "The influence of d'Annunzio is one of those which we do not wish to see our France feel too deeply." Each one of the great Latin countries has its own individuality, its own genius, but they have all in common many traits which they have inherited from ancient and splendid Rome, and one of the important problems in the field of Romance literatures is to endeavor to bind by a closer intellectual bond people whose languages and civilizations are principally Latin.

In this paper I have not yet mentioned the Catalan, Roumanian, Rhætian, and Provençal literatures. Important problems may be found there, but I have no time to study them. I wish, however, to call attention to the interest which lies in a study of Catalan literature and of its influence on Spanish literature and even on Spanish politics. The *félibrige* in France is also very important from its literary as well as from its political aspect. The works of Mistral, of his predecessors, and of his friends, have not only a literary value, but are important with regard to the effect which they may produce on the question of *décentralisation*. Of like effect may be the novels which describe provincial life, such as those of Ferdinand Fabre, André Theuriet, Emile Pouillon, and René Bazin.

¹ Petit de Julleville, *Histoire de la Langue et de la Littérature française*, volume VIII, p. 695.

Political questions have always exerted a great influence on literature. A great change was brought about in Spain by the French Revolution and by the struggle against the Napoleonic invasion; and such poets as Espronceda, Nuñez de Arce, Campoamor, and Zorrilla; such novelists as Juan Valera, Pedro Alarcón, Emilia Pardo Bazan, and Armando Palacio Valdés; such dramatists as Echegaray and Pérez Galdós, are the products of the literary renaissance which began after the fall of Napoleon. But the most important force in the development of Spanish literature would be the development of the educational system of the country. Education is not general enough in Spain or yet in Italy. Republican France, since 1870, has given a great example to her Latin sisters and has made wonderful progress in public education. It will be interesting to note in a few years what have been the results on literature of the present policy of the French Government concerning congregational schools. The influence of parliamentary democracy is an important subject to study. Has its establishment been the cause of pessimism in literature or not? In Italy also political history has exerted a marked influence on literary history, and the establishment of the kingdom of Victor Emmanuel and the loss of the temporal power of the Pope have given rise to interesting problems in literature as well as in politics.

The dominant trait in the Romance literatures at present is more individuality, less enslavement to schools and their supposed rules and precepts. There is, in general, a broader human feeling, a well-marked interest in things common to mankind, and this feeling is evidenced by the presence at this Congress of Arts and Science of distinguished men and women from all parts of the world. Let each one of us cherish above all the land of his birth, the land where reside those dearest to him, but let us all unite

in a common love for the noble thoughts contained in the great literatures of the world, among which are to be found, in a position of well-deserved honor and dignity, the Romance literatures.

THE INFLUENCE OF NORTH AMERICAN LITERATURE ON GERMAN LITERATURE.

BY AUGUST SAUER

(Translated from the German by Prof. Robert S. Woodworth, Columbia University)

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METHODOLOGICAL questions are capable of two sorts of treatment. One can make a survey of the whole complex of problems, and exhaust all the possibilities. Or one can point out the best manner of treatment by means of an example specially fit for the purpose. It is in no spirit of contradiction to the philosophical spirit which conceived the idea of this World's Congress and called it into life that I choose the latter of these two ways, and seek to fulfill the task assigned me—that of showing the relations of German literature to foreign literature—by tracing this connection in the case of two authors who have hitherto been considered as very far apart from each other. I mean by this choice to give strong expression to my conviction that the slow and toilsome work of detailed research can never be avoided in the life of science. Everything depends, however, even in such work, on gaining the broadest possible outlook and never losing one's feeling for the great whole.

The longer the span of history we survey, in a national literature, and the more different national literatures we follow in their origin and development, the more the history of all literature appears to us as a single organism, the separate organs of which stand in closest, most indissoluble connection with each other, while even the smallest component parts exert a mutual influence. Thus there is reared, on the foundation of the separate sciences of the national literatures, a general or comparative science of literature. Such a science was foreshadowed and sketched in outline by far-seeing thinkers even a century ago; it was further shaped with varying success by their followers; to-day, though still vague in aim and uncertain in method, it is of great promise for the future, especially in such a field as America, where so many languages and literatures meet, and whence, indeed, has sprung one of the more successful of recent investigators who have devoted themselves to this branch of literary history.

Dependence on others as models and standards is a matter of course, a natural and necessary condition. Every author, even he who seems most original, must first of all have fought his way from dependence to independence. Writers inherit from their predecessors the richest treasures, without will or codicil. Even a writer who has long seemed so eccentric and pathological as Friedrich Hebbel is gradually seen to have a truly organic place in the regular development of our composition and style. The same work of art belongs to the most varied lines of development. Philosophy of the world and of life, idea and tendency, matter and motive, technique and presentation, style and language,—each has its own line of development. Originality in one direction does not exclude dependence in another; a poet, a work, may on one side open up a fresh line of development while on another side standing at the close

GOETHE AND HIS FRIENDS

(Weimar, 1803)

Photogravure from the Painting by Otto Knille

This is a section of one of the friezes which Otto Knille painted for the escalier of the Library of the University of Berlin. It presents some of the chief German representatives of modern culture, and is one of the four animated groups for which Knille was awarded the great gold medal at the Berlin Exhibition of 1886.

Here we see Goethe, the foremost representative of self-culture, in the centre, surrounded by poets, savants, authors, and artists. To Goethe's left are the famous brothers Wilhelm and Alexander von Humboldt. Wieland, wearing a skull cap, is sitting alongside of Niebuhr and Herder, with Schleiermacher in the background. To the right of Goethe sits the Muse of Poetry, and standing in a row are Tieck, Jean Paul, and Fichte, with Pestalozzi seated in front, leaning forward in a meditative mood.



of an earlier line. Myriad crossings of the different lines are possible.

The history of a people's literature is an almost uninterrupted succession of culture borrowed, influences received, stimulus felt from other literatures. When one people is culturally, socially, and politically superior to another, and at the same time in close geographical contact and lively intercourse with it, the weaker, younger, more primitive people is wholly surrendered to the intellectual influence of the more advanced. In such a transfer of culture, involving the passing over from one people to another of their philosophy of life and of the world, their social structure, technical achievements, morals, and customs, it may happen that the art of the one people is simply transplanted to the new soil. The dependence of the new literature is very marked, sometimes amounting to complete lack of originality; the new shoot does not count for anything in the development of the world's literature. The foreign literary works are circulated and read in their original tongue, they are abbreviated and excerpted, annotated and paraphrased; translations, imitations, and a freer working-over of the matter into new form follow; the material, motives, and characters that have been taken over are changed and remodeled, at first sparingly, but later with greater and greater freedom. The first thing to become nationalized is the language and mode of expression, after that costume and scene, finally the thought and tendency. The national character does not take possession of the whole at once; it may even show itself first by what it rejects, by what it finds uncongenial in the foreign literature.

It is not always the most important works of one literature which exercise the decisive influence on another. A writer may be of more importance for the history of a foreign nation than for his own. A work little prized

by men of its own language may thus become the cornerstone of a new literature.

In connection with such a transfer of culture, permeating the whole life and thought of a people, the points of agreement between single works or authors have of course little significance; the important things to notice are the deviations from agreement, even the slightest and most in detail—the displacements and distortions; what the new writer omits, overlooks, ignores, misunderstands, avoids, perhaps parodies or travesties. The growing independence is first revealed by negative signs.

In times of strong dependence on foreign culture, it is already a proof of a high grade of independence in an author if, believing the foreign influence excessive or even hurtful, he seeks to break away from it, and to open the way for the influence of some other literature more closely related to the spirit of his own people. Though substituting one dependence for another, he at least changes the literary centre of gravity.

Culture can also be borrowed from peoples far distant in time or space. Dead literatures can wake to new life, and in their renaissance exert a new and mighty influence. Or it may happen that a literature voluntarily subjects itself for a time to another apparently remote from it, as when an exotic style of composition becomes the fashion.

Besides these universal inundations of culture, single fields of literature, single forms of composition, are exposed to inroads more limited in space and time. While one sort of writing is flourishing in full independence, another sort may simultaneously, and among the same people, be completely subject to the influence of foreign models. The number of literary subjects and motives is not very great; the forms of composition have, during the course of thousands of years, been only slightly widened in scope; even

the metric forms, the turns of style, the figurative means of expression, are confined within certain limits. They preserve their identity even when their connection with the literatures is dissolved; they become diffused.

Single authors also, like mighty conquerors, undertake invasions of the fields of foreign literature. Usually it is the strongest intellects which, in isolation, separated from their native literature,—or, it may be, as its representatives,—rule upon foreign soil. Often the tyranny narrows down to the rule over a single work, but sometimes it maintains itself for centuries.

As applied to the methods of historic investigation, the preceding considerations go to show that the important task is not the detection of such influences—by collecting parallel passages, making lists of allusions, counting up what one author has borrowed from another, pointing out reminiscences, or even discovering plagiarisms. Rather is it the main thing, when once this relationship, whether plain or obscure, is established, to utilize the fact for understanding the characteristics of the writer influenced, for determining his degree of dependence, for estimating the proportions of the ingredients in the resulting mixture, and for indicating as exactly as possible the point at which a work, an author, a literature achieves a relative independence, the point where the personal, subjective, original comes to light, where the national character frees itself from the chrysalis, and rises, splendid and radiant, into the air.

In this regard, one urgent demand to be made on our discipline is a prompt right-about-face. Dozens of researches are seen to be at the least superfluous, if not utterly on the wrong track. One couples together two names from a national literature or from the world's literature, without asking whether the connection is sufficiently close to make its investigation worth the trouble.

One overlooks the fact that certain foundations lie, unavoidably and as a matter of course, at the basis of certain periods of literature, and that in such cases the more precise determination of details is of no consequence. One fails to see that in the study of each writer it is only necessary to consider certain central authors who have influenced his development in essential and decisive points, and without whom the younger author's work would have been inconceivable. But the real disease of this sort of researches is that they picture the influence of one author on another much too externally and mechanically, while they conceive the highly complex creative process in far too simple terms; they degrade the individual author, till he is made to seem the helpless prey of vultures swooping down on him; they interpret a work of art as they would a machine produced by the joint efforts of many unthinking laborers; they do not even see that the influence of one work often excludes that of another, or that the most important question is whether a given work of art, known, perhaps, to a writer for a long time, was actually occupying his attention so strongly at a definite moment that it could exert an influence on a newly arising work of art germinating within him at that moment; they do not see that they must know the order in which different works impressed themselves on the author in a stimulating and life-giving fashion.

How necessary it is to bear all these points in mind will be shown in the following discussion by an example. It is an example of the influence of an apparently remote literature upon an author, in whose case foreign influences have not previously been suspected. The particular example chosen seems here all the more in place, because it deals with the influence of North American literature upon a German writer, a countryman of my own, with whose works I have made myself familiar by years of careful study.

Adalbert Stifter, a son of the German Bohemian Forest, sprang suddenly into fame in the early forties of the last century by the publication of his *Studies*; criticism scattered its incense before him, no less an authority than Eichendorff was the first to grasp his epoch-making significance. For a time he had great vogue. His later works, however, did not meet with the same success; an unjust enemy, with whom he was not equipped to fight, arose in the inexorable Hebbel, who thought to annihilate him with savage attacks. After a period of unobtrusive influence in narrower circles, he has come again into general and still increasing favor. It is only the history of nineteenth-century literature—a study which is still in its beginnings—that could make nothing of him. A few thoughtless catch-phrases, such as that regarding Stifter's lack of passion, have been passed on from one book to another. An otherwise valuable book on German fiction of the nineteenth century omits entirely the name of the author, who has given us in his *Nachsommer* one of the most intimate and original of German romances. The authority of a Nietzsche was needed to compel the indifferent to attend to him. In Stifter's home, to be sure, no such impulsion was required. As is the case with all German stocks and fragments of stocks that are politically separated from the mother country, the home literature in Austria has a hearty recognition and its history is zealously cultivated. The best Austrian story-writers of the present day attach themselves to Stifter and esteem him highly. He is honored as one of the noblest of native artists. An extensive biography of Stifter from the hand of an enthusiastic supporter (Alois Raimund Hein) has just appeared, a work of years of loving industry. Eager collectors care for the preservation of his paintings and drawings, autographs and letters, for the storing of which a Stifter-Archive has been founded in Prague.

The "Society for the Advancement of German Science, Art, and Literature in Bohemia" is publishing in its *Library of German Authors of Bohemia* a complete critical edition of his works.¹ Vigorous young blood is entering zealously into the study. The Hebbel revival finds a necessary counter-weight in a Stifter revival.

Stifter has been hitherto regarded as one of our most independent writers, a true product of our soil, peculiar to us more than any other. He sprang from a district which then lay far from the channels of trade, where wood, cliff, and heath meet, where a bit of the primeval forest still remains in Europe. A knotty, primitive type of man, not unlike the old frontiersman of America, there struggles hard for his scanty living. They are hunters, wood-choppers, and the like. Odd and original characters are not lacking among them. Their depth, inwardness of soul, thrive in hardy strength, leading at times to taciturn hardness, but occasionally also to a dreamy thoughtfulness and to poetic talent. The legends and traditions of his forest home sounded around Stifter in childhood. His education in one of the worthiest of the Austrian convent schools confirmed him in his native Catholic view of the world, which became his unshakeable conviction. Not till late in his career did he exchange the painter's brush for the pen of the writer. Practically unaffected by all the good or evil movements in the spirit of the times, he entered literature when nearly thirty-five years old, or about 1840, the very year in which Friedrich Hebbel appeared, and two years after two spirits kindred to his own, Eduard Mörike and Annette von Droste-Hülshoff, had published their epoch-making collections of poems. Like these two, he shows the opposite ten-

¹ *Bibliothek deutscher Schriftsteller aus Böhmen*. Vol. 11: A. Stifter, *Sämtliche Werke*, 1 vol., *Studien*, 1 vol., herausgegeben von A. Sauer (my introduction to this volume has several points of contact with the present lecture).—*Bibliothek*, vol. 12: A. Stifter, *Sämtliche Werke*, vol. 14, *Vermischte Schriften*, 1 vol., herausgegeben von A. Horcicka (Prag, J. G. Calve).

dency to that of "Young Germany," like them he unites in himself all the healthy elements of Romanticism, without falling to the grade of a weak imitator or gleaning epigone—all three are Romanticists after the Romantic movement. Once more the heart won the victory over the intellect, enthusiasm over enlightenment, idyllic peace over the so-called "Movement-literature"; the poet free from politics, free from time, won the day from the poets of the times, the political lyricists, the tendency dramatists, the writers on current events, who, like smugglers, misused fiction as the "dark-lantern of ideas." At the very moment when the manifesto of the Halle *Yearbook* against Romanticism was scoffing even at its love of nature and enthusiasm for the woods, there arose in these sensitive artists the best interpreters of nature and the woods, their truest worshipers and most inspired prophets.

His first *Studies*¹ (*The Condor, The Field Flowers, The Fool's Fort, Great-grandfather's Map*) show Stifter following the same path as Jean Paul, E. T. A. Hoffmann, and Tieck. *The Heath Boy*,² written in the tone of an Oriental legend, proves him for the first time a master of nature description. In his own home, familiar to him from childhood, he discovered the fairest object of his poesy. In the *Mountain Forest*,³ finally, he became, more decisively than Wilibald Alexis or Charles Sealsfield, the real founder of provincial romance in Germany.

As an historic narration from the days of the Thirty Years' War, the *Mountain Forest* is in line with the Walter Scott tradition; but the historical matter is sketched only in a slight and almost shadowy way. Real historical studies were scarcely made by the author; the truth was rather that

¹ *Der Kondor, Die Feldblumen, Die Narrenburg, Die Mappe des Urgrossvaters.*

² *Der Heideknabe.*

³ *Hochwald.*

the legends of his native region afforded him the stimulus. The whole action is suitable to the present day, or else to a land of fable. Legends and parables are inserted; the legendary tone is preserved throughout. The women are pictured as fairy forms; the hero, a natural son of Gustavus Adolphus, seems a legendary prince; in eternal youth and beauty the form of the dead floats before the eyes of his loved one. Like a legend, too, is the end of it all; the survivors grow preternaturally old. No one ever learned of their death.

The story is attached to a ruin near Stifter's home, which the people called a haunted castle. In the story it is peopled and alive, a home full of a noble civilization and high culture. But the wood to the west of it he describes as the virgin forest untouched by civilization, the action of the story being for it merely a rapidly passing episode. On the shore of the lake, where the characters of the story built a blockhouse, the seed of the forest is sown again, and every trace of human footsteps disappears.

With great artistic power the author brings the fortunes of his characters, the weal or woe of their loves, into intimate relation with the course of nature, the cycles of day and year, the life of the forest. He pictures the dark and gloomy aspect of the forest, the sublime loneliness of its measureless extent, the stillness, the silence of it, and then, too, the tones that enliven it; he shows it in its splendid summer attire, and in the icy garb of winter; all its colors, tints, and shades he seeks to reproduce. He makes the wood a thing of life, with a soul, he illuminates it with love and goodness, he regards it as the most magnificent of the Creator's works, as a church, a temple, a cathedral. The forest makes one good and reverent, innocent and child-like, it assures outward and inward peace. A glorification of the forest, a hymn to its beauty and power, which are like those of paradise.

With such a child of heath and wood, who in one of his first letters describes a stroll through the primeval forest, and pictures the spectacle of the wood flaming by night in the storm, as he himself had experienced it, where is there opportunity for any foreign stimulus? Yet it is present. In his descriptions of nature he is a pupil of Jean Paul. He emulates Tieck and other Romanticists in his descriptions of the forest loneliness. Lenau's wood-pictures were well known to the Austrian writer. The meadow-lark's song is heard simultaneously in Annette's "Heath-pictures." The splendid descriptions of wood and heath in Charles Sealsfield's novels can scarcely have been unknown to Stifter. He could not indeed have known that the great anonymous writer was an Austrian, a son of the Sudetic country, and thus his closest compatriot. Many points of agreement in their diction can be explained from the community of origin; for instance the Czech influence, which is seen in both, though more pronounced in Sealsfield than in Stifter.

Lenau and Sealsfield received the inspiration for their descriptions of nature in North America; Lenau during his unlucky visit, which afforded him so little satisfaction, Sealsfield during a long residence, which made him an American citizen and a spirited adherent and admirer both of the scenery and of the politics of North America. The longing for distant lands and for the New World was felt also by Stifter, and transferred by him to the characters of his tales for youth. In youthful excess the pupils of Klopstock cries out in one of his letters: he would fain, arm in arm with his future lover, throw himself into Niagara Falls (1837). The artist in the *Condor* sails across the Atlantic Ocean. In *Field Flowers* America is not simply the land of the hero's dreams; the action of the prologue is partly on American soil; Emil passed two years

in America, and relates how in a forest he had nursed back to health a strange dog. The poetically gifted "Heath Boy" travels to Palestine, Egypt, and into the Desert. Ronald, the Swedish prince, is lured on by a glittering city, by the limitless wilderness of the new land. The North American literature of that time cannot therefore have been unknown to Stifter.

With Washington Irving (1783-1859), his brother-in-law, James Kirke Paulding (1779-1860), and James Fenimore Cooper (1789-1851), the native literature of North American soil made a triumphal entry, in the third decade of the nineteenth century, into the world's literature. A new domain of literary material was discovered, a new world opened to view; Châteaubriand had only partially raised the curtain before it. The applause of the European reading public was unexampled. In 1823 translations of Irving began to appear, in 1824 those of Cooper; in the same year W. Alexis translated Paulding's novel, *Königsmark the Long Finn*. The esteemed publishers Sauerland in Frankfort-on-the-Main produced Cooper's and Irving's complete works in many volumes, and combined the American fiction of Paulding and of Dr. Bird into a *Library of the Classic Authors of North America*. Goethe read Cooper's novels with interest and admiration, and praised them publicly; Grillparzer, visiting him, found him just reading the *Sources of the Susquehanna*. Mörike read with his family in 1848 Cooper's sea-tales and was much pleased with them. In a somewhat regretful note in his *Outlines* the statistician of our literature, Karl Goedeke, attests the enormous popularity of the Cooper novels from recollections of his own youth. The innumerable imitations of Cooper in the German language have never yet been catalogued.

Literary history cannot assign to Cooper's novels an ex-

tremely high rank. He is a gifted but weak imitator of Walter Scott, who simply had the good fortune to discover, in the romance of the sea and of the Indians, a fresh, unhackneyed store of material. Börne contrasted the active life and mighty events and deeds of his novels with the inaction of the heroes of German fiction. Sealsfield's criticisms still hold good: Cooper exaggerates and idealizes beyond measure. In his portrayal of the Indians he is far surpassed in truth by Sealsfield; so also in the ardor and magnificence of his descriptions of scenery. With all his enthusiasm and high-flown passages, he still remains in reality sober. His novels fairly drip with moralizing. But he knows well how to group strong, rough, glaring effects, how to tell a story in an absorbing and even exciting way. The strong charm of the matter of his novels brings it about that selections from his works have a greater effect on youth—even to the present day—than the originals themselves. Cooper injured himself chiefly by the great bulk of his writings. Impelled by success he let himself be carried down a declivitous path, took up one period after another in the life of his Leather Stocking, and had to admit himself, in the prefaces to his later books, how hard it was to make the same characters appear in four or even five works without repeating or contradicting himself too much. This precipice Cooper by no means escaped. His imitations of himself became weaker and weaker. As an artist he stands far below Stifter, though he exerted a powerful stimulating influence on the younger man.

As far as I can see, Stifter never mentioned Cooper's name in his works or letters, just as he never speaks of the other mental pabulum which he may have taken in, in the way of entertainment, during his early years. But it is a safe assumption that he knew all five of the Leather Stocking novels, and that their hero had long been a cherished

and familiar character in his mind from the three older novels (*The Pioneers*, 1823; *The Last of the Mohicans*, 1826; *The Prairie*, 1827), when the appearance of the two final novels (*The Pathfinder*, 1840; and *The Deerslayer*, 1841), the German translations of which followed immediately, perhaps even in 1840, kindled the fire anew within him, nourished his just-awakened desire for literary production, and caused the imagination of the young poet to bear fruit. These hastily got up German translations, which bristled with up-German idioms and constructions, must be made the basis of our study, since Stifter undoubtedly had them before him. It is scarcely probable that he had read the novels also in the original, as he seems not to have had a mastery of English.¹

An accident led my honored co-worker in the editing of Stifter's works, Professor Adalbert Horcicka of Vienna, to the detection of a number of resemblances in subject-matter between the *Mountain Forest* and the *Deerslayer*. At my suggestion, Mr. Karl Wagner, student of philosophy in the University of Prague, then undertook a minute comparison of Stifter's book with the *Pathfinder* and the *Deerslayer*, and I myself extended this study to all the five novels. On account of the close connection of the whole cycle, and its many repetitions of motives, language, and even definite expressions, it is impossible to determine surely in detail and in every case what particular passage may have had its effect on Stifter. The relation between the two authors appears most strongly and clearly, as far as regards

¹ I make my citations from the following volumes of the Sauerland complete edition: *Die Ansiedler, oder die Quellen des Susquehannah*, 2 Auflage, 1838. 2 Teile. *Der Letzte der Mohikaner*. Eine Erzählung aus dem Jahre 1757. Aus dem Englischen übersetzt von Heinrich Döring. 4 Auflage, 1845. 2 Teile. *Die Steppe*. Eine Erzählung. 2 Auflage, 1840. 2 Teile. *Der Pfadfinder, oder der Binnensee*, 1840. 3 Teile. *Der Hirschtödter*. Ein Roman. Aus dem Englischen übersetzt von O. von Czarnowski, 1841. 3 Teile. [The citations from the *Deerslayer* and *Pathfinder*, in the English version of this paper, are often taken directly from the original.—Translator.]

the substance, in comparing the *Mountain Forest* with the *Deerslayer*.

In this novel Cooper unfolds a picture of the hazardous hunter-life, a life which also forms the background of Stifter's narrative. Old Tom, in his earlier years a notorious freebooter, enters on a late, and, as it seems, loose sort of marriage with a woman of high birth and checkered past, the mother of two daughters; he goes west and leads a hunting-life in idyllic fashion. For a home he constructs a log house, which for better protection against enemies he locates in a large lake surrounded by the forest. At the beginning of the action, the unfortunate wife has long been buried in the lake, and a son laid to rest beside her, but in the memory of her daughters, Judith and Hetty, she still lives as their illuminating genius. So also, in the *Mountain Forest*, the mother of Johanna and Clarissa has long been dead, her name is not even mentioned in the story, while Felix, the brother, is made a very secondary personage.

The attention, here as there, is directed to defense against an approaching enemy. The Swedes are preparing an expedition against the upper Danube country; their goal is not really the storming of the castle—just as, in Cooper, a war between the rival French and English is expected in the West, the first forerunners of which appear in the form of the dreaded Mingo Indians, who really undertake the plundering of the castle only because it is good booty, lying accidentally in their way. Help comes to Old Tom, thus surrounded with impending dangers, in the person of an acquaintance and hunting comrade, a rough man, superhumanly strong, called Hurry Harry, who sues in vain for the love of Tom's elder daughter, the wondrously beautiful Judith, even as the knight from Upper Austria sues for Clarissa's love. Judith has formerly been in love with an

English officer, Warley, as Clarissa has loved the Swedish Prince Ronald. Gregory I regard as the parallel to the *Deerslayer* himself.

Almost all of this cycle of Cooper's novels start out with some sort of a forest journey. In the *Deerslayer*, the two hunters press on through the wilderness, in order to reach the lake and floating Tom. The same situation is more fully worked out at the commencement of the *Pathfinder*, where the four characters likewise reach a "windrow" in the forest, in which the fallen trees lie "blended like jack-straws," and from which they enjoy a sublime prospect over the measureless expanse of woods. "An exclamation of surprise broke from the lips of Deerslayer, an exclamation that was low and guardedly made, however, for his habits were much more thoughtful and regulated than those of the reckless Hurry, when, on reaching the margin of the lake, he beheld the view that unexpectedly met his gaze." A gentle exclamation of astonishment escapes also from the maidens at the sight of the broad surface of "glistening water, over whose bosom the soft image of the moon floated like a lazy cloud." The lake in *Deerslayer* is called "Glimmerglass, seeing that its whole basin is so often fringed with pines, cast upward from its face; as if it would throw back the hills that hang over it." In a pregnant passage in the *Last of the Mohicans*, the "sparkling streams" are spoken of with great emphasis. Glimmer, shimmer, glitter¹ are also favorite and oft-recurring words with Stifter. The whole lake scene in Stifter is like that in Cooper; the changes which he has introduced into the geographical relations of Blockenstein Lake can be explained as results of this literary influence. The equipment of the forest house in Stifter is closely patterned after that of the castle in Cooper, even to the padlock and to the fortification with

¹ "Glimmern, schimmern, flimmern."

palisades¹—a wholly superfluous fortification in case of a building standing on dry land. In the arrangement of both houses, great precautions are taken against fire. Just as, in Stifter, the furnishings are surprisingly comfortable, so also we read in Cooper: a single glance sufficed to show that the house was inhabited by females. Most clearly do the rafts in Stifter betray their foreign origin. Old Tom, for the sake of protection against the bullets of enemies, had erected a sort of blockhouse on a smaller scale upon his ark—commonly designated as boat (*Boot*) or scow (*Fähre*), once, however, as raft (*Flösse*), although besides it genuine rafts were present. On a primitive raft of blocks of wood, a seat was made for Hetty. In the corresponding descriptions in Stifter a contradiction has crept in; at the beginning one raft carries an elevated framework with seats for the company, but later on both rafts carry “bullet-proof houses.” The exaggerated precautions that are taken to keep the raft always at a suitable distance from the shore likewise recall the American novel. And when old Gregory, after shooting at a hawk, laid his gun down along a tree-trunk, and waits to see the unfamiliar noise fetch the animals up out of the water, this too sounds like an Indian trick, so many of which are described in Cooper. The inaccessibility of the strongly fortified spot is strongly emphasized; so far aside from human traffic does it lie that no path, no footprint, no trace of one, can be spied. This tautology recalls the importance of spying out enemies in Cooper’s novels. Yet, in case a hostile band should wander into this wilderness, Gregory knows of a cave, some hours distant up among the highest rocks, to which he only knows the approach; there he can hide the girls till the danger is over, even as Cooper’s characters

¹ Later, Stifter uses “Pflöcke” as the equivalent of “Palissaden” in the translations of Cooper, “Pfeiler” is also employed.

often find refuge in caves. Also in the equipment of the two lake colonies there is much that is similar. When the sisters, in great anxiety about the paternal house which can be seen glistening in the hazy distance, examine it from the "block stone" through a telescope, old Gregory struggled hard to comprehend the enchanted thing, which was quite inexplicable to him. So, too, in Cooper the little company in the lake make observations with the telescope on the castle when it was visited by the enemy; the wonder and curiosity are painted in the same colors. In the *Pioneers*, also, a telescope comes into use. Stifter's employment of the telescope cannot be called an anachronism, as it was already in widespread use by the middle of the seventeenth century.

In these similar settings goes on, both here and there, the idyllic life of the sisters, at first disturbed only at rare intervals by some beast of the forest. "Low and tremulously, but earnestly and solemnly," Hetty sings in the quiet of night; her spirit consoles itself in the prayer of simple faith. So also the tones of Clarissa's harp "penetrate the sleeping midnight air like a sweet heart-throb." As between the two sisters, Clarissa strongly recalls Judith in her chief traits. Of a singular, dark-eyed beauty, Judith has an unconquerable love for bodily ornament, as appears especially in the unpacking of the old chest, descended from her mother. In like manner the two sisters in the mountain forest feel first delight and later shame at this "girlish weakness," as they put on their finest clothes and view themselves in the mirror. Judith puts on most eagerly the red brocade, taken from the chest, in order to impress her naïve friend, but must content herself with a reproof from him; and later she wears it again, when, driven by her love, she goes into the enemy's camp, in order to free her loved one from the hands of the Indians, who thirsting for re-

venge, have condemned him to death. It is expressly said of her: "A charming creature! And she looked like a queen in that brocade dress." Clarissa, too, goes to meet her former lover in all her finery and in her most beautiful dress (a velvet also), "so that she was like a noble lady, who is brought to a king's feast"; and the author assigns a similar motive for her action: "There is something in woman's finery and festive clothes that keeps you at a distance; it is the court dress of their souls; and even the old son of the forest, who had never seen any jewels except those of morning in the fir trees, felt himself oppressed and almost subdued by Clarissa's beauty." And Ronald begs her to lay aside the "stiff finery," as Deerslayer begged Judith. The latter is taken with a tender love, delicately portrayed by the author, which by degrees fills her whole heart; but she is cold in her expression of it, as she is oppressed with remorse on account of her earlier relations with Warley. Clarissa as well regards her love for Ronald as a sin, but finally gives herself entirely up to it. The mutual love of the two sisters is also similarly portrayed by the two authors. Johanna is like Hetty, especially in the unconscious awakening of her love. Cooper likes to bring women of high birth or culture into his novels; and bringing in *two* sisters is quite typical of him, and of Stifter as well (*Field Flowers*, *Two Sisters*); the very similar pair of sisters, Cora and Alice, in the *Last of the Mohicans*, may have hovered before Stifter's mind in many passages.

In comparing Gregory with the Deerslayer, their difference in age need not be too strongly emphasized. In spite of his youth, and though he is on the warpath for the first time, Deerslayer is yet a mature man in thought and action; and Gregory, though standing at the utmost limits of advanced age, is as enthusiastic and fond of adventure, and toys as much with plans for the future, as

Deerslayer. Young Deerslayer is already compared with the most experienced veterans; he speaks earnestly and solemnly, acts with dignity and respect, and is called Straight Tongue. The contrast between his youthful years and his prudent, circumspect bearing and carefully weighed words impresses even the Indian, who says of him: "My brother has two scalps—gray hair under the other. Old wisdom—young tongue!" or "Young head—old mind"; "Young head—old wisdom."

Both Gregory and Deerslayer have grown into unity with their forests: "This is grand!—'t is solemn!—'t is an education in itself, to look upon," says Deerslayer. "Not a tree disturbed even by redskin hand, as I can discover, but everything left in the ordering of the Lord, to live and die according to His own designs and laws!" To him, as to Gregory, settlement seems a desecration of the virgin wilderness! "The woods are never silent," says the Pathfinder, "if one but knows how to interpret their voice. I have wandered through them alone for many days, with never a longing for company. And as regards conversation, there is no lack of varied and instructive talk, if one but understands the language." Gregory, too, goes rather into the forest than to vespers or to the public-house, and he begins "gradually to hear the talk of the wood, and his senses were opened to understand its signs, and they were all words of splendor and of mystery and of love concerning the great Gardener, whom he often felt he must behold, wandering somewhere among the trees." The poetic gift, with which Cooper so often endows his heroes, is Gregory's also. Deerslayer is called "a man of strong native poetic feeling. He loved the woods for their sublime solitudes and for the impress that they everywhere bore of the might and wisdom of their Creator. He rarely moved through them without pausing to dwell on some

peculiar beauty that gave him pleasure, though seldom attempting to investigate the causes; and never did a day pass without his communing in spirit, and this, too, without the aid of forms or language, with the infinite Source of all he saw, felt, and beheld." Gregory's former hunting-comrade praises him in these terms: "The wonderful thoughts were unfolded from his heart even in those days, like the flowers of some exotic spring. . . and it often seemed as if one were reading from some beautiful old book of poetry. Many jeered at him, and against them he closed the fountain of his words as with a stone." And in another place: "His whole course of life, his very soul, he had moulded after the teachings of the forest; and in turn he so harmonized with it that he could not be thought of in another setting. Thus he made himself and the wilderness appear to the eyes of his protégés in such wondrous enchanted form and nature that it began to speak to them, too, while they seemed to themselves to be always floating in the midst of a fairy-tale." The "traditions and legends" of his people influence him as they do the young Deerslayer, who is averse to all book-learning and rejects all metaphysical hair-splitting.

But Cooper did not picture his son of the forest—the Pathfinder, the Deerslayer, Hawk Eye, Leather Stocking, etc.—simply as a young and vigorous man, but also followed him through his later life; he makes the representative of inherited right, of remorseless truth and of faith, when pressed by the always advancing settlers and pioneers, the bringers of innovation and destroyers of the forest's majesty, retreat in proud self-command to the west; and conducts him in the *Prairie* to the furthest bounds of old age, till the splendor of eighty-seven winters dims his eye, and he goes, calm and self-possessed, to meet his death.

Stifter portrays his Gregory at his first appearance as

an extremely old man with waving, snow-white hair. His large, true, sagacious eyes contrast strangely with the two snow-white arches over them. On the hard cheeks lay sunburn, age, and health. "A noble simplicity and goodness was stamped on the whole man." "A comrade of the noon-day heat and of the storm, a brother of the rock," he is called. The woodsman, the huntsman, the son of the forest, formerly so keen and daring a hunter, now he is a little weather-worn, and wears some of the "dignity"¹ of nature ("dignity," a favorite word of Cooper, as for example in this passage of the *Pioneers*: "with the bearing and dignity of an emperor"). The baron has immovable confidence in him.

The Pathfinder is pictured as a man of admirable qualities. Always the same, of single heart, honest, fearless, and yet prudent, in every honorable undertaking the first, in his peculiar way a sort of prototype, as one might conceive Adam before his fall,—not, however, that he was completely sinless,—full of native tact, that would have done credit to the best education. "His feelings seemed to have the freshness and naturalness of the woods, in which he passed most of his time." His fine, unerring sense of right is perhaps the most distinguished trait in his moral composition; his fidelity is firm as the rock that no storm can shake, treason is for him an utterly impossible thing. His blamelessness, self-devotion, and disinterestedness are often praised.

Stifter saw his human ideal realized in this character. In the preface to his *Motley Stones*,² where, in opposition to Hebbel, he sketches the programme of his philosophy of life and of art, he says: "A whole life full of righteousness, simplicity, self-control, reasonableness, efficiency in

¹ "Anstand."

² *Bunte Steine*.

one's sphere, admiration of the beautiful, joined with a calm and cheerful death, I hold to be great: mighty storms of passion, fearful irruptions of rage, the lust for vengeance, the inflamed spirit that strives for activity, demolishes, alters, destroys, and in the excitement often throws away its own life, I hold to be not greater, but less, since these things are, in my eyes, the outcome of single and one-sided forces, as are storms, volcanoes, and earthquakes." He had to imitate Cooper, because in essential convictions he was in agreement with him.

This venerable, prudent ranger or hunter with his serious moral traits, whom men like to call "the old," is reproduced trait for trait in Gregory, with his experience and wisdom, his foresight and circumspection, his prolix garrulity, with nearly all his views. He is the Indian Leather Stocking in the garb and manners of a European woodlander; he, however, preserves many typical details of his original, even to his favorite position. Whereas the other characters support themselves but seldom on their gun or lance, Leather Stocking leans always and everywhere on his famed and feared "long rifle," from which the Indians have given him the nickname, "la longue carabine";—cool at the critical moment, at another time thoughtful and dreaming, motionless as a statue; in this position he gazes after the departing friend; in this position he stands even at the deathbed of his friend. It might be called his identifying mark. Often the situation is described at length: "He leaned on his rifle, and his sinewy fingers squeezed the barrel, sometimes with such violence as if they would bury themselves in the metal"; or, "they stood on the narrow shore, the Pathfinder leaning on his rifle, the butt of which rested on the pebbly beach, while both his hands grasped the barrel at the height of his shoulders." In the critical scene of the *Mountain Forest*, the four principal characters form a

group quite in Cooper's style: "The old hunter stood leaning forward on his rifle, like a statue, no fibre of him betraying what might be in his mind. . . . After some seconds of silent emotion, the group gently dissolved." The illustrators of the *Mountain Forest* have preserved this scene.

Gregory, like the ranger in the *Prairie*, is completely filled with recollections of the past; he lives, as does the other, in the circle of those whose grandfathers he has known. The hearty affection which he has for his two protégés, as he had earlier for the baron's son and for Ronald, whom he loves as a father, finds repeated parallels in the life of Leather Stocking. The Pathfinder is attached with a fatherly love to Mabel. "In this moment the whole honest, manly affection of Pathfinder showed clearly in his features and his glance at our heroine, equal to the love which the tenderest father feels for his favorite child." When a very old man he goes to the Indians, to seek a son in Hardheart, whom he loves without measure; when Hardheart's life is threatened, his eye follows every movement of the tomahawk with the concern of a real father.

Stifter makes Gregory disappear into the darkness of the forest: "An old man, like a phantom, was still seen once and again walking through the wood, but no man can tell the time when he still walked there and the time when he walked there no more." Even so the Pathfinder disappears at the close of the novel that bears his name: "and he was lost in the depths of the forest. Neither Jasper nor Mabel ever beheld the Pathfinder again." As an unknown hunter, in strange dress and unusual bearing, and with a new name, he emerges later in a distance place before them, only to disappear again from their field of view.

For the rest, the opening and closing scenes of the *Mountain Forest*, both of which are enacted in the ruins of Wittingshausen, recall the close of the *Deerslayer*.

Judith is separated from her lover; "fifteen years had passed ere it is in the power of the Deerslayer to revisit the 'Glimmerglass.' . . . They reached the lake just as the sun was setting. Here all was unchanged; the river still rushed through its bower of trees; the little rock was wasting away by the slow action of the waves in the course of centuries; the mountains stood in their native dress, dark, rich, and mysterious; while the sheet glistened in its solitude, a beautiful gem of the forest. . . . From the point, they paddled the canoe towards the shoal, where the remains of the castle were still visible, a picturesque ruin. The storms of winter had long since unroofed the house, and decay had eaten into the logs. All the fastenings were untouched, but the seasons rioted in the place, as if in mockery at the attempt to exclude them." Everything is desolate and dilapidated. "From all these signs it was probable that the lake had not been visited since the occurrence of the final scene of our tale. Accident or tradition had rendered it again a spot sacred to nature."

The greatest agreement is shown in Cooper's and Stifter's descriptions of scenery. Each pictured his land as the land of marvels. Both depict the forest, the primeval forest in its untouched virginity, in its silence and calm, in its sublimity and greatness, as it came from God's hand. The feeling of sublime loneliness awakens in their heroes the thought of God's nearness. "So it is in the woods," says Pathfinder, "there are moments when God seems to walk forth in all his might, and then again a calm reigns far and wide, as if his eternal spirit had peacefully laid itself down to slumber." Even so Stifter gives his heroes the deep feeling of inward piety. Both authors array themselves on the side of nature, against the all-uprooting culture. Both are conservative spirits. Both lose themselves gladly in the stream of nature. Here again their agreement in de-

tail can be explained from the likeness of their fundamental convictions. In the before-mentioned preface to the *Motley Stones* we read: "The breezes of the air, the purling of the water, the growing of plants, the verdure of the earth, the brightness of the sky, the twinkling of the stars, I hold to be great; the magnificence of the thunderstorm, the bolt that cleaves houses, the whirlwind that devastates the fields, the mountain that spews forth fire, the earthquake that overwhelms the lands, I hold not to be greater than the above-mentioned appearances, I even hold them to be less, since they are but effects of much higher laws." So Cooper also prefers the gentle mobility of smaller things, the quiet majesty of all that is really great and powerful; for Deer-slayer, love dwells in the forest, in the dew on the grass, in the twigs of the trees, in gentle rain, in the clouds that hover over the blue sky, the birds that sing in the bushes, the cool springs in which he slakes his thirst, and in all the other noble gifts that God's providence affords.

Stifter's whole romance of the woods is foreshadowed in Cooper,—the sublime solitude of the wild, the solemn stillness and cheerful calm. An atmosphere of pure morality issues from the high, gloomy vault of verdure, from the colonnades and porticoes of the forest. The forest never deceives, "for it is governed and controlled by a hand that remains always unshaken." The "quiet charm of nature, the impression of profound calm and undisturbed solitude" subdues men. The landscape as pictured by the two writers is almost the same, a fact that no longer surprises one who has had the opportunity of comparing the scenery of eastern North America with that of Stifter's home. Cooper as well as Stifter speaks of dark hemlocks, "quivering aspens and melancholy pines, white birches, firs, and maples." The psychological process is to be conceived about as follows: No doubt the mysterious witchery and charm of the woods

had enthralled Stifter's soul from his youth; but Cooper's example first led him to give expression to these beauties. The tongue of the silent admirer of nature is loosed by the eloquent foreign author. Soon the pupil surpasses the master. Cooper's stock of words and figures, in his descriptions of landscape, is very limited; we find almost all of his favorite expressions in Stifter again, but they are modified and developed into greater richness. The woodland glade is in Cooper "a sort of oasis in the solemn obscurity of the virgin forest"; the little spot where the forest house stands, in Stifter, is a "warm, sheltered oasis"; the forest is called a "luxuriant oasis"; Gregory is designated as the "jewel of the wilderness," or, with a biblical allusion, as the "voice of the desert." Cooper takes refuge gladly in citations from other writers; Stifter, more self-dependent, can draw from his own spring of poetry. Cooper is more prolix and circumstantial; where he requires a whole sentence ("It was principally covered with oaks, which, as usual in the American forests, grew to a great height without throwing out a branch, and then arched in a dense and rich foliage") Stifter can express the same in a single epithet, "high-trunked." Both give life, soul, personality to nature. In Cooper a half-fallen giant of the forest leans so far over the surface of the water as to make care necessary in avoiding its limbs. In the first version of the *Mountain Forest*, Stifter calls a tree a "grandfather," or speaks of the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of an unusually large tree. In Cooper a beech and a hemlock lean together "as loving as two brothers, or, for that matter, more loving than some brothers." In a more fully developed scene in Stifter the slender stocks of the pines stand in company and gossip when a breath of wind comes by, the old maple stands by itself and reaches out with its long arms into the air, the bushes, berries, and vines are pushed, like children, to the sides

and into the corners, so that there may be room in the middle for the guests. Cooper likens some young trees, with few branches, to grenadiers standing as sentinels; and Stifter, in the *Heath Village*, still more drastically compares the locusts to Haiducks, in pale green uniform. Everywhere in Cooper we meet dead or dying trees. Keep good hold of your arms,—so reads a passage in the *Pathfinder*,—but lie as still as the corpses of dead trees. In the *Mountain Forest*, “here and there lies the skeleton of a fallen tree,” or one sees along the further shore of the lake, “the old, whitened trunks lying in horrible confusion,” or “fringing the dark water with a melancholy, white *abattis*.” And once more Stifter simplifies in a way that gives greater strength and effect, when he remodels Cooper’s “disabled trunks, marking the earth like headstones in a graveyard,” into the plastic “tree-graveyard.” The thought of grave-stones is suggested also to Sealsfield’s mind by the stumps left where wood has been cut. Stifter, however, is conscious of the difference between his landscape and the tropical landscape of Sealsfield, when he says in a comparison: “Grandly beautiful as a youthful heart, resting in the fullness of poetry and imagination, growing luxuriantly, resplendent as the tropical wilderness, but also as unconscious, as uncultivated, as rough, and as exotic as it.”

If, in accordance with the preceding, we admit the marked dependence of Stifter on Cooper in the conduct of the action, in the characterization of the persons, in the description of the landscapes, and in many other points, we may also find a parallel between the two writers in many details, in which, however, the younger would have had no need of another’s suggestion. For example, the important episode of the hawk is quite exactly prefigured in Cooper; and the similarity of the descriptions is the more striking, because the conversations connected therewith contain related motives.

Many figures and turns of expression, also, that are common to the two writers, cannot be ascribed to mere accident. Stifter's "imagination attuned to witchery" ("Zauberphantasie") recalls the "witchery" which the Indians spy everywhere. As "witchery" appears in the *Mountain Forest*, so Cooper's other favorite word "magic" comes to light in the *Heath Village*. Cooper and Sealsfield put everything in a pictorial or picturesque way, and often use comparisons drawn from painting; Stifter would naturally have been led to the same thing by his talent for painting and his occupation with it. The plastic arts lay further from his bent and knowledge, and when, therefore, he compares Gregory to a statue, and the two sisters to two faultless statues of marble, we are reminded of the countless similar comparisons in Cooper: "like a dark, proud statue"; "she resembled a statue, in which the artist intends to represent profound and silent attention"; "she was like a dumb statue of child-like love"; "like the model for a nude and beautiful statue of skill and strength"; "marble could not be colder nor more motionless"; "like to many lifeless statues," etc. The "Apollo of the wilderness," in the *Deerslayer*, reminds us of a comparison in the *Heath Village*, where the author drops for the moment the prevailing biblical and Oriental tone of the story: "like a war god."

The Indians in Cooper's stories love comparisons with animals: high as the eagle, swift as the stag, and many others; and they like to compare women to animals or flowers: Hist is the Wren of the Woods, Hetty the Drooping Lily or the Woodbine Flower, Judith the Wild Rose, a Huron girl a little slender birch, etc. Gregory turns his eyes, like two eagles, towards the girls: "They are two beautiful wood-flowers." Johanna's little white hand drops, like a dove, among the rocks of Gregory's fingers.

A close relationship is shown by the following two pas-

sages. From the *Deerslayer*: "The tramp of the warriors, as they sprang from the fire, was plainly audible; and at the next moment, three or four of them appeared on the top of the ridge, drawn against the background of light, resembling the dim shadows of the phantasmagoria." From the *Mountain Forest*: "These were the only words spoken by the company regarding the singular betrothal, which had glided past on their meadow like some strange phantasmagoria." Not only is the sameness of the figure striking, but the contrast between noise and noiselessness is similar in the two passages.

Cooper is fond of the expression: "There are always some who think...and others who think," a turn of expression that I have not yet observed in Stifter. But it is in a very similar vein that Gregory says, while relating the legend of the aspen: "There are here two opinions."

In the first composition of his works, Stifter thoughtlessly takes over, from the bad translations of Cooper, foreign words, which more care subsequently leads him to change to corresponding Germanized expressions; for example "Hauptcorps," later not very happily changed to "Hauptschlachthaufe."

Thus these Indian stories made fertile the European author's imagination, made his observation keener, awakened his feeling for style, and influenced his language. As if on a long and distant journey, he was carried through strange, far-off, untrodden regions, in a mad medley of unheard of adventures, in a different world. And hence the old familiar ground at home seemed often strange and weird to him, as if lighted by another and paler sun: "It is a wild jumble of torn strata, consisting of nothing but coal-black earth, the dark death-bed of a thousand years of vegetation, on which lie many isolated globes of granite, like white skulls rising from the ground, laid bare, washed

and worn by the rain." Does not this sound as if taken from an Indian romance?

Whether Stifter read also Cooper's sea-stories is a question that is not answered. Slight reminiscences of them may be indicated—since Stifter was unacquainted with the sea and quite unlikely of himself to think of figures drawn from naval warfare—by his comparing the scene of his narrative to a secluded bay of the sea, and by his speaking of "island summits of a submerged melody," or of a "squadron of thoughts."

In summary, we can say: A German writer of inborn poetic gifts, genuinely rooted in his native soil, was intoxicated, in his early years, by exotic stories of adventure, which had been borne across the sea from far North America, and which were then among the most widely read of entertaining literature. His religious and artistic development then took a direction quite independent of the foreign author, but similar to his. When in riper years the spring of literary production suddenly broke forth in him, new works of the old friend were the means of furthering and accelerating the creative process and giving it a definite direction. The invention of a plot was, all his life, Stifter's weakest point; but to his aid comes an author who is one of the richest in matter in the world's literature. The representation of a foreign landscape, not unlike that of his home, awoke in him the slumbering remembrance of the impressions of his childhood, and helped him to discover the most precious side of his talent, that of painting nature in words, which he had previously done only in colors. Through Cooper's influence, a mediocre painter becomes an eminent writer. The foreign divining-rod conjures ever new treasures from his native endowment. The literary stimulus unites with his close acquaintance with his own land and with the painful experiences of his own heart.

What was foreign and what was individual fused most intimately to form a fresh and worthy literary work, which seemed to spring, as if from a fountain, out of the innermost being of its creator, and which has always counted as his most original production: a noteworthy example of the close and fruitful contact of two authors, two literatures, two hemispheres.

PRESENT PROBLEMS OF ENGLISH LITERARY HISTORY

BY JOHANNES HOOPS

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THE subject which was assigned to me for my address would seem naturally to require a certain choice and limitation. The number of problems with which students of English literary history are at present occupied is endless; only the principal ones can come into consideration for our purpose, and even among these a selection is necessary, which must needs be of a subjective character: opinion will differ as to the importance of different problems. Nor can a solution of the problems discussed be attempted in the scope of a lecture; only some suggestions can be given.

Significant problems present themselves in all periods of English literary history. In Old English literature the Beowulf question still awaits its final settlement. Some points, to be sure, are almost unanimously accepted to-day. So far as the historical basis of the Beowulf epic, the age and the dialect of the manuscript, the scene of the action, and the home of the saga is concerned, there seems to be an almost general agreement; but as to locality, time, and mode of the genesis of the Beowulf poem, as to its mythological foundation, the author, etc., opinions at present still differ

widely, and it surely will be some time before the controversy about it will subside, if this will ever be the case.

In Chaucer philology one important task is above all to be solved; the establishment of a critical text. Meritorious as Skeat's great edition certainly is by reason of its valuable introductions, notes, glossary, and various readings—the text is treated too arbitrarily and cannot be regarded as final. No doubt, the establishment of a critical Chaucer text is particularly difficult: it is not only a task, it involves a problem. But it must be tackled and will be achieved some day. John Koch's critical edition of *The Pardoner's Tale*, lately published, on the basis of the entire material, is an encouraging attempt in this direction.

In spite of the thousands of books that have been written on Shakespeare during the last two centuries, in spite of the legion of authors, both learned and dilettante, who are still engaged in editing, criticising, and commenting upon the works of the greatest British poet, there remain a great many questions unanswered, and new ones crop up continuously that demand an earnest consideration. I am not thinking of the famous Shakespeare-Bacon squabble, which is nothing but a literary farce. Originated in the land of humbug, and eagerly adopted by would-be scholars in the land of mists and in the land of dreamers, it is still carried on by a set of people who may, on the whole, be characterized either as amateurs with an enviable superfluity of leisure; as hysteric women with a sense for the mysterious; or as cranks, or as swindlers. It would be an encroachment upon the reader's time to enter once more into a discussion of this literary sea-serpent. But the origin of the *Hamlet* drama, the rainbow character of its hero, the relation of the two Quartos to one another, the personal allusions in the Sonnets—these and many others are questions which still excite, and may well excite, the curi-

osity and sagacity of men of letters, and which continue to provoke new attempts at explanation.

Yet it is none of these much mooted problems that forms the subject of my present paper. I rather beg leave to direct my readers' attention to a few less known tasks, the handling of which appears to me to be a thing of urgent necessity.

An important problem of this kind is a pragmatic history of Oriental subjects in English literature. To point out the historical facts which, in their turn, caused the ever-renewed interest of the Occidental world in the Orient, the literary subjects which at different times found their way into the European literatures, their significance for the development of English poetry especially, and the numberless channels and rills and veins through which they were spread, and separated, and interwoven, and handed down from generation to generation: such would be the task of the future historian who dares grapple with this difficult problem.

I venture a few unpretending suggestions as to the general history of these Oriental influences in English literature.

The Bible, and especially the Old Testament, has always directed the interest of the Christian nations to the Orient. It was indorsed by influences of classical literature. Earlier than to other countries of the West, the Alexander saga found its way to England, where as early as the eleventh century we meet with translations of the Latin *Epistle of Alexander to Aristotle* and *De rebus in Oriente mirabilibus*, containing miraculous descriptions of the Orient and of that land of wonders, India. To the same period belongs the Old English adaptation of the late Greek novel of *Apolonius of Tyre*, from a Latin version. The stories of sea-voyages, storms, pirates, and adventures which occur in this novel seem to have rendered it particularly congenial to the Anglo-Saxon reader.

An important part as intermediaries between the East

and the West was played by the Moors in Spain. From the tenth to the twelfth century Cordoba was a centre and arts and science for the whole of Western Europe, and a large number of Oriental books and literary subjects owe their introduction into the literatures of the Occident to Moorish or Spanish authors. It was in Spain that the converted Jew, Petrus Alphonsus, compiled the famous *Disciplina Clericalis* (1106) from Arabic sources.

The Crusades gave a fresh and lasting impulse to the interest in the Orient in all countries, an impulse which can hardly be overrated as to its importance for the literary history of Europe. The number of tales with Oriental subject-matter or Oriental scenery now increases rapidly. The Middle English story of *Richard Cœur de Lion* is a direct product of this era of chivalrous romanticism and aspiring religious ideals. The *Book of the Seven Sages*, together with the *Disciplina Clericalis*, became a treasury of Oriental subjects for all European literatures, headed by the French. It was from one of the many French versions that this collection of Eastern novels was translated into English early in the fourteenth century, under the title of *The proces of the Sevyng Sages*. The *Lai of Dame Siriz*, and the story of *Generydes* are of Oriental origin, and *Floris and Blanche-fleure*, *The Romance of the Sowdone of Babylone*, *Sir Ferumbras*, *Rowland and Vernagu*, and other novels of the Charlemagne cycle are more or less full of Oriental elements. Like *Richard Cœur de Lion* and *The Proces of the Sevyng Sages*, most of these poems are translations or adaptations of French originals.

In the thirteenth century the court of Frederick II in Sicily, and afterwards the North Italian city-republics, continued the relations with the nations of the East, and were the centres of exchange for the cultures of the Orient and Occident.

Pilgrimages and journeys to the Holy Land, too, had become frequent since the Crusades. They were greatly encouraged by the appearance in the fourteenth century of John Mandeville's *Travels in the Orient*, a fantastic compilation which, written originally in French, has come down to us in numerous versions both in manuscript and in print, in the Latin, French, and English languages, testifying to the immense popularity with this work enjoyed. All the old legends of the *Miracles of the Orient* are here amalgamated with much that is new about those fabulous monsters with which the medieval fancy populated the mysterious East.

The relations with the Orient received a new and mighty impulse through the victorious progress of the Turks and the Mongols in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries and the perpetual wars against the Turks in the following periods. The glorious reign of Solyman the Magnificent (1520-66) especially drew the eyes of all Christian nations to the Muhammadan people that, by conquering Constantinople in 1453, had gained a firm footing on European soil. This gave rise to an altogether new series of Eastern subjects: whereas the older class of Oriental tales is of purely literary character (fables, parables, fairy-tales, stories, etc.), the Turkish wars occasioned a number of compositions, chiefly dramatic, dealing with characters and events taken from contemporary history. The rule of Solyman, the tragic death of his eldest son Mustapha in 1553, and the deeds of his general Ibrahim, became favorite subjects of Occidental poetry.

As early as 1567 we find some Turkish tales, "Mohamet and Irene," "Sultan Solyman," and others, in Painter's *Pastyme of Pleasure*, and in the French collection of novels *Le Printemps*, by Jacques Yver (1572, translated into English by Henry Wotton in 1578), the story of "Solyman

and *Perseda*" is related. In 1581 a Latin drama, *Solyman et Mustapha*, was performed; in 1587 Marlowe produced his *Tamburlaine the Great* on the stage; in 1592 the drama of *Solyman and Perseda*, generally ascribed to Kyd, appeared, followed in 1594 by the anonymous piece, *Selimus*, ascribed to Greene, in 1609 by Brooke's *Mustapha*, and in 1612 by Daborne's *A Christian turned Turk*. In 1603 Knolles published his fundamental *Generall Historie of the Turks*, which filled young Byron with enthusiasm for the Orient, excited in him the desire of seeing the Levant with his own eyes, and, according to his own statement, contributed toward giving the Oriental coloring to his epic tales.

The above-named borrowings from Turkish history are almost the sole Oriental subjects which can be pointed out in Elizabethan literature. Only Greene's *Penelope's Web* (1582) and Marlowe's *Jew of Malta* (ca. 1589) remain to be mentioned. Otherwise English literature in the age of the Renaissance keeps remarkably aloof from Oriental influences. Spenser, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, save for occasional isolated instances, show no Oriental features at all. *Antony and Cleopatra*, in spite of its local background, is a Roman tragedy. Classical antiquity and the great national tradition or the commanding influences in English renaissance literature by which all others are overshadowed. The fact that England in those times, as contrasted with the ensuing centuries on one side and the era of the Crusades on the other, was comparatively little concerned in the political events of the Orient, may also in part be responsible for the lack of Oriental influences in the literature of the age.

In the latter respect a change was to take place soon enough. The goal of all the great explorers in the epoch of discoveries had been the land of gold and wonders, India,

to the quest of which even the discovery of America was due. During the sixteenth century, the Indies had been in the hands of the Portuguese and the Dutch; the foundation, in 1600, of what was later called the East India Company, however, marked the commencement of the conquest of India by the English, which was gradually achieved during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. A number of books of travel, among them notably those by Linschoten, Hakluyt, Sandys, and Purchas, apprized the British public of the men, manners, institutions, and scenery of the newly conquered countries. But it was long before the conquest of India became of significance also for English literature. Fletcher's *Island Princess* (1621) and Dryden's *Aureng-zebe* (1657) remained rather solitary specimens of poems with the scene localized in India. Nor were the treasures of old Indian literature disclosed and made accessible until much later times. The importance of the steadily proceeding conquest of India for English literature in the next century and a half consisted principally in keeping the interest of the English permanently directed toward the Orient.

The countries east and south of the Mediterranean, from the old Moorish dominion in Spain and Morocco to Persia and Turkey, still continued to furnish the local background of the majority of poems with Oriental subjects.

But to the sober zeal of the Puritans, with their strenuous religious and social aims, the satiated, indolent, sensuous life of the heathenish, Muhammadan Orient in general could not but be a matter of detestation. It is, therefore, natural enough that in the first half of the seventeenth century, as in the preceding Elizabethan ages, we find but comparatively few works with Oriental coloring. Massinger, in his drama, *The Renegado* (1624), created the type of the defiant renegade which was to become such a favorite figure, especially

in the poetry of Byron. Fletcher's *Island Princess* (1621) has already been mentioned; Chapman's *Revenge for Honour*, Lord Brooke's *Alaham* (1633), Suckling's *Aglaura* (1638), and Denham's *The Sophy* (1641) belong to this period.

With the Restoration of the Stuarts, however, which caused such a general revolution in the history of English literature, a golden age of Oriental subjects began, occasioned partly by the historical facts already mentioned, partly by literary forces—the influence of French literature, and, coherent with it, the rise of the heroic drama.

In France the interest in Oriental subjects had been revived by the novels of Madeleine de Scudéry. In 1641, her *Ibrahim ou l'Illustre Bassa* appeared, which contained an episode on *Mustapha et Zéangir*. It was dramatized by her brother Georges in 1643, and was translated into English. Between 1649 and 1653 *Artamène, ou le Grand Cyrus*, was issued, followed in 1660 by *Almahide*. All of these novels furnished subject-matter for dramatic productions by English writers. The heroic novel was succeeded by the heroic drama. Both novelists and dramatists took their themes with conscious preference from civilizations remote either in space or time, in order to give to their figures the dignity adequate to the character of their heroic poetry, and at the same time to allow themselves a greater freedom in composition. Besides classical antiquity, therefore, especially the rulers and events of modern Oriental history were chosen as subjects for novels and plays.

The same holds good for England where the heroic play was introduced from France. It was Davenant who, in his epoch-marking opera, *The Siege of Rhodes*, in 1656, took the lead in the new fashion of Oriental dramas in England, taking for his theme the famous siege, in 1522, of the island of Rhodes by Soliman the Magnificent, who

finally succeeded in conquering the fortress which had long been gallantly defended by the Hospitallers. Davenant's example was followed by Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery, in his drama *Mustapha* (1665), based upon Madeleine de Scudéry's *Mustapha et Zangir*. In Head's *English Rogue* (1665-80), a unique mixture of the picaresque and the traveling novel, the scene is also laid to a great extent in the Orient. Then came the long series of Oriental dramas, both ancient and recent, with which Elkanah Settle flooded the contemporary stage for thirty years (from about 1666 to 1694): *Cambyzes*, *The Empress of Morocco*, *The Conquest of China by the Tartars*, *Ibrahim the Illustrious Bassa* (adapted from the English translation of Mlle. de Scudéry's novel *Ibrahim, ou l'Illustre Bassa*), *The Distressed Innocence, or The Princess of Persia*, *The Heir of Morocco*, a sequel to *The Empress of Morocco*, etc. Dryden, too, wrote several dramas with Oriental subjects: *Almanzor and Almahide, or the Conquest of Granada by the Spaniards* (1670), derived from Mlle. de Scudéry's *Almahide*; *Aurengzebe* (1675), the Indian drama already referred to, and *Don Sebastian* (1690). Crowne followed suit with *Cambyzes* (1670) and *Darius* (1688), Southern with *The Royal Brother, or the Persian Prince* (1682), Banks with his *Cyrus the Great* (1696), on the model of Mlle. de Scudéry's *Artamène, ou le Grand Cyrus*, Mary Pix with *Ibrahim, the 12th Emperor of the Turks* (1696), and Rowe, in his *Tamerlane* (1702), tried his hand on the same subject which Marlowe had handled before him. The title of Davenant's *Siege of Rhodes* gave rise to several Oriental dramas or tales with similar titles: Nevil Payne's *Siege of Constantinople* (1675), Durfey's *Siege of Memphis* (1676), Hughes's *Siege of Damascus* (1726), and, to conclude with the most famous, Byron's *Siege of Corinth* (1816).

This list of heroic plays dealing with Oriental subjects

aims by no means at completeness, but it will sufficiently show how immensely popular themes of this kind were in the days of Dryden.

In the age of Pope, Oriental subjects disappear together with the heroic drama. *The Vision of Mirza* and the *Story of Shalem and Hilpa*, in the *Spectator* (no. 159, September 1, 1711 and nos. 584, 585, August 23, 25, 1714), Young's *Busiris* (1719), Hughes's *Siege of Damascus*, just mentioned (1726), Lillo's *Christian Hero* (1735), and Mallet's *Mustapha* (1759), are the last stragglers. In France the enchanted world of the *Arabian Nights* had already in 1675 made its first entrance through de la Croix's specimens of translation, and in Galland's classical rendering of *Les mille et une nuits* (1704-17), a repertory of inexhaustible riches for Oriental subjects was disclosed which was to become of great and fruitful significance for the development of romanticism. Montesquieu in his *Lettres Persanes* (1721), on the other hand, and Voltaire in his Eastern dramas and novels (1732-48) opened a new epoch in the application of Oriental themes by making them the background of their rationalistic philosophical speculations, a movement which attained its climax and conclusion in Germany with Lessing's *Nathan der Weise* (1779).

Both currents reached England comparatively late. The rationalistic bent has sporadic representatives in Johnson's *Rasselas* (1759) and in Horace Walpole's anonymous squib, *A Letter from Xo Ho, a Chinese Philosopher in London, to his friend Lien Chi, at Peking* (1757), which was written in the manner of Montesquieu's *Lettres Persanes*, and in its turn gave rise to Goldsmith's kindred *Chinese Letters* (1760), reprinted, in 1762, as *The Citizen of the World*. The *Arabian Nights*, on the other hand, though recommended to the British public, in Galland's translation, by Addison in the *Spectator* (no. 535, Nov. 13, 1712),

had hardly any noticeable influence until after 1760, when it gradually became an important element in the development of the new romantic movement. Beckford's *Vathek* (1786), so highly admired by Byron, is its first lineal descendant in English literature.

In the mean time an entirely new departure in the Eastern influences affecting European literature was initiated by the final conquest and opening up of India through the English in the times of Lord Clive and Warren Hastings. To the ancients and in the Middle Ages the eastern border of the world had been the mysterious home of wonders and monstrosities, and their conception of it had been greatly colored by Christian ideas throughout medieval times; in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the countries of the East had been haunted and partly conquered by adventurous conquistadores in search of gold and riches; the eighteenth century had viewed the Orient through the spectacles of deism and rationalism: it was now for the first time that a really scientific investigation of the literatures, languages, laws, institutions, and manners of the Oriental peoples was begun.

Of important significance in this respect was the restless activity of Sir William Jones (1746-94), who, in 1772, published a volume of *Poems* containing translations and adaptations of Arabian, Persian, and Indian poems, followed in 1783 by a rendering of the Arabian *Moallakat* and of Kalidasa's *Sakuntala* in 1789. He was the founder and lifelong president of the Asiatic Society. Through his and Colebrooke's efforts, moreover, translations of Indian and Persian books on law and philosophy were undertaken that added a literary interest in India to the political.

The outcome of it was the rise of Oriental studies which pervaded all the European countries, and which in Germany resulted in the creation of such works as Friedrich von

Schlegel's *Sprache und Weisheit der Inder* (1808), Goethe's *Westöstlicher Divan* (1819), Rückert's long series of Oriental poems and translations (from 1822 on), Platen's fairy epic *Die Abassiden* (1834), Bodenstedt's *Lieder des Mirza Schaffy* (1851), and others. Schopenhauer's philosophy was greatly influenced by these Oriental studies, and the beginning of comparative Indo-Germanic philology was one of the earliest consequences of this new movement. In Denmark it gave rise to pieces like Oehlenschläger's *Aladdin* (1805), a dramatic fairy-tale from the *Arabian Nights*. In France Châteaubriand (*Les Martyrs*, 1809, *Itinéraire de Paris à Jérusalem*, 1811, *Les aventures du dernier des Abencérages*), Victor Hugo (*Les Orientals*, 1828), and others, owe much to this era of Orientalism.

Its effect on English literature, too, was far-reaching. It so happened that the commencement of Oriental studies, in the sixties of the eighteenth century, coincided with the beginnings of the romantic movement inaugurated by Macpherson, Percy, Walpole, Chatterton, as a reaction against the rule of rationalism. The Orient with its wonders and mysteries, its legends and fairy-tales, its splendor of colors and sensuousness, has always been particularly congenial to romanticism; no wonder, therefore, that the adherents of the new spirit soon turned to the East for inspiration in their poetry.

The revival of the interest in the Orient which now began in England was furthermore nourished and deepened by political events like Bonaparte's expedition to Egypt (1798-99), the Peninsular War (1808-14), and the struggle for independence in Greece, events in all of which England was most vitally concerned.

In consequence of all this, a second period of cultivation of Oriental subjects was opened in English literature, as different in its character from the first as romanticism dif-

fers from rationalism. Beckford led the van with his splendid Eastern tale *Vathek* (1786), already mentioned, which has with it all the fairy charm of the *Arabian Nights*. Coleridge's gorgeous vision, *Kubla Khan* (composed in 1797), Landor's *Gebir* (1798), and Southey's Arabian epic, *Thalaba the Destroyer* (1801), came next. Almost all the leading poets of this great era came under the spell of these Oriental influences, nearly all of them treated Eastern subjects in their poems, the only exceptions being Wordsworth and Keats. The Peninsular War occasioned no less than three poems dealing with the conquest of Spain by the Moors: Scott's *Vision of Don Roderick* (1811), Landor's *Count Julian* (1812), and Southey's *Roderick, the last of the Goths* (1814). In 1810 Southey published his Hindoo tale, *The Curse of Kchama*; from 1813-1816 Byron poured forth in rapid succession his series of Oriental epics (*The Giaour*, *The Bride of Abydos*, *The Corsair*, *Lara*, *The Siege of Corinth*), which were devoured with delight by his compatriots; but by far the finest sketches that Byron has given us of Oriental life and characters are to be found in his *Don Juan* and *Sardanapalus*: a figure like that of Haidee is so intensely Oriental in all her passionate love and tender sensuousness that it has no equal in the Oriental tales of English literature.

Moore followed the example given by Byron in his Eastern epics; *Lalla Rookh* (1817) is one of the most perfect attempts at imitating the style and atmosphere of genuine Oriental poetry. Shelley, too, did homage to the Orient in *Alastor* (1816) and the *Revolt of Islam* (1818). Of Walter Scott's novels the two "Tales of the Crusaders," (*The Betrothed* and *The Talisman*, 1825), *The Surgeon's Daughter* (1827), and *Count Robert of Paris* (1832), belong to our province. One of the most brilliant specimens of Orientalism in the English literature of this period is

James Morier's *Hajji Baba of Ispahan*, which beats *Vathek* in the fidelity of its descriptions and the vivacity of its narrative, and has become one of the classical books of English literature.

Of the poets of the Victorian era, Tennyson borrowed the idea of his *Locksley Hall* from Sir William Jones's English translation of the Arabian *Moallakat*, and according to an acute observation by Koeppel, even the solemn, majestically broad-flowing meter was suggested by the cadence of the Arabian original as he read it in Sir William Jones's translation. From the same current which caused Goethe, Schlegel, Rückert, and Bodenstedt to study Oriental literature, sprang Matthew Arnold's *Sohrab and Rustum* (1853), and the free adaptation of the *Rubaiyat* from the Persian of Omar Khayyam, by Tennyson's friend Edward Fitzgerald (1859), which in its turn exercised considerable influence on the pre-Raphaelites and younger bards, and is an abiding stimulus to the study and translation of other Persian poets. Sir Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*, too, is an outcome of the same movement. Of American authors Emerson and Thoreau were deeply impressed by Oriental philosophy and *Weltanschauung*.

All these literary works belong to the period that was initiated by the English conquest of India and which may be termed the period of learned study of Oriental languages, literatures, and institutions. Rudyard Kipling's Indian tales, with their descriptions mostly realistic of human characters and nature painted from life, seem to begin a new period in the history of Oriental subjects. And the rise of the Japanese in the last decades and their successes in the present time may perhaps result in giving another impulse to the literature of the West, and may transfer the interest in the Orient from the eastern border of the ancient Græco-Roman world to the shores of Cathay and the Land of the Rising Sun.

Let us now turn to another group of problems which challenge the acumen of the literary historian, in the field of recent literature, where everything is moving and developing, where literature itself is busy with the solution of problems. It is an indispensable task of the literary historian to grasp the main currents of modern literature, to recognize and appreciate the problems with which it is engaged, to understand and describe them in their origin and development, and to contribute to their solution.

After the battles of Trafalgar and Waterloo, England had the uncontested sway of the sea. The result was an enormous increase of trade and commerce, but together with this unprecedented rise of commerce and national wealth a certain narrow-minded utilitarianism and commercial spirit seized hold of the majority of the British people and invaded even the policy of the Government. It was the period of unlimited individualism, of the Manchester doctrine which had the command of British politics for several decades of the middle nineteenth century. But in the second half of the century two different reactions set in against this policy of utilitarianism and individualism: the social or humanitarian and the imperialistic movement, both of which had their reflection in literature.

The former is the older of the two. It ran parallel with, and was antagonistic to, the free-trade movement of the liberal parties by which it was only temporarily outstripped. The reform of 1832 had principally fulfilled the desires of the middle classes; it left the laborers unsatisfied. It was this feeling of disappointment in the working classes that gave rise to the first utterances of a socialist spirit in the Chartist movement. Among the first to recognize its essence and importance was Carlyle, who in his books on Chartism (1839) and *Past and Present* (1843) pointed out its significance and made an attempt at a just appre-

ciation of it. The idea he puts forth in these works are those of a strong opponent to the individualist *laissez-faire* doctrine, and of an ardent believer in collectivism, in this respect disclosing him as an adherent of the spirit of the Middle Ages, for which he otherwise had little admiration.

If Carlyle's writings were more or less historical, economic, and philosophic treatises, the new ideas were not slow to invade also the field of belles-lettres proper. Strongly influenced by the Oxford Tractarian movement, Disraeli, in *Sybil* and other novels, advocated the rights of the people from a social conservative point of view. In decided opposition to the ascetic Tractarian spirit, but in pursuance of the same general aim of ameliorating the condition of the people, Kingsley, in *The Saint's Tragedy* (1848), *Yeast* (1848), *Cheap Clothes and Nasty* (1850), and *Alton Locke* (1850) displayed his ideas of Christian Socialism and muscular Christianity. Though a promoter of trade-unions and coöperative societies, he has nothing of a socialist radical in him. His novels exhibit a rare combination of the stalwart bravery of the old Teutonic warrior with deep Christian piety and humane social collectivism.

A long series of other writers coöperated in the same direction: Maurice, Hughes, Thomas Hood, Ebenezer Elliott, Thomas Cooper, Bamford the Weaver, and, last but not least, Dickens. They all in their turn and in their respective lines contributed to the development of the idea of social reform, to a greater acknowledgment of the rights of the people by the governing classes, and towards a reaction against the liberal Manchester school.

As time passed on the socialist doctrines by degrees consolidated themselves to the present system, mainly communistic in character. And here again some of the leading men of the purely literary world were among the first to adopt the new ideas and impress them upon the reading

public. Inspired by Carlyle, Ruskin after 1850 imbibed the social spirit. Socialism in his mind is strangely connected with romanticism. He hated the nervous competition of the present age, with its materialistic, commercial spirit and capitalistic organization of industry, he hated the modern division of labor which reduced man to a machine, he had an innate aversion to engines and factories, they disturbed his æsthetic sense, and he regarded their introduction as the principal cause of the general discontent of the laboring classes. In *Fors clavigera* (1871-94) he called upon the workmen of Great Britain to join him in order to save English country life from the invasion of machinery. He longed for a return to the primitive conditions of the Middle Ages where every artisan was an artist. With all his sympathy for the social current, he had no sense for the necessary development of things, like those people of the present day who are unable to realize that the organization of capital in the form of pools and trusts is merely the inevitable reaction against the organization of labor and a necessary outcome of the general economic development of our age. If Carlyle's social opinions were deeply saturated with a strong moral and philosophic sense, Ruskin's social theory may be described as an amalgamation of socialist and æsthetic views.

Starting from Carlyle and Ruskin, William Morris, in his Utopian romance, *News from Nowhere* (1890), in his *Poems by the Way* (1891), in his work on *Socialism: Its Growth and Outcome* (1893), and other writings, developed more radical ideas. He, too, is a hater of large cities; he, too, in a manner is an admirer of the Middle Ages, but without feudalism, monarchy, and church. He preaches the abolition of the differences of classes, he demands higher wages, shorter hours, more chances of amusement for the working people. His ideal, like Ruskin's, was a

blending of socialist and artistic elements, and in his practical activity as an artist he tried to carry out Ruskin's ideas of the mission of art as a means of refining and adorning the every-day life of the people.

In the field of fiction, the American Bellamy in his *Looking Backward* (1889) made an attempt at constructing an ideal picture of the socialist state to come, and of late H. G. Wells has ventured upon similar ground. In dramatic literature Bernard Shaw who, like W. Morris, has also taken active part in the socialist movement in a series of dramas full of cynical criticism, caustic satire, and grim humor, attacks the present foundations of society with a view towards a socialist revolution. Though in most of his pieces the "tendency" is too obtrusive to make them enjoyable from an æsthetic point of view, some no doubt exhibit a true dramatic spirit, and have been successful on the stage.

On the whole, in surveying the part which socialism plays in modern English literature, we receive the impression that though it figures in belles-lettres rather more considerably than one might at first expect, the influence which the literary representatives of socialism have had on the reading public of Great Britain appears to have been but small. Even Ruskin's powerful mind has hardly been able to impress his socialist views upon any large circle of educated English readers, seeing that socialism has after all gained but a scanty influence on the political life of Great Britain and America as compared with that of the Continental European states.

Far more important both in its political and its literary significance is the imperialist movement. The commercial spirit of the Manchester doctrine reached its climax in the Little England movement of the sixties, which through Granville and Gladstone even gained control of the practical policy of the Government, and which down to the

present day has its advocates in some prominent representatives of the old liberal era, such as Goldwin Smith, with whom I had the privilege of having a long conversation on the matter only the other day. The radical postulate of this group of politicians and writers, to get rid of the colonies and above all of India as soon as possible, could not but evoke a strong patriotic reaction which manifested itself first in literature, then in politics.

And here again Carlyle is the leader. In the same impetuous manner in which he combated individualism in internal politics, he waged war upon the commercial spirit and utilitarianism in foreign politics, his friend Tennyson effectively aiding him in the language of poetry. The first work, however, in which the claims of a Greater Britain were deliberately opposed to the adherents of Little England, was Charles Dilke's *Greater Britain* (1st ed. 1867, new ed. 1890), which exercised a deep and far-reaching influence on the public opinion of England. The new spirit soon showed itself also in politics: in direct opposition to the demands of the Little Englanders, Beaconsfield, when he came into office, endeavored to bring about a closer union between England and India. It would appear that he had the somewhat fantastic idea of winning Syria and Palestine for England and of founding a continuous Oriental empire under English control from the Mediterranean to the Bay of Bengal—a scheme with which he resumed a dream of Lord Byron's, whose ultimate idea in going to Greece and sacrificing his fortune, his poetry, yea, his life, to the cause of Greek rebellion was to lead the modern Greeks through battles and victory to the border of India, and thus to become a second, an English Alexander! Beaconsfield could not carry out his ambitious plans, but he at least succeeded in persuading the Queen to assume the title of Empress of India (1876), an event that was in so

far important as it was the first official manifestation of the idea of a British Empire.

The further development of the imperialistic movement in England was principally influenced by historical events of extreme significance. Up to 1860 England's command of the sea was practically uncontested; after that date several new nations sprang up which before had almost been *des quantités négligables* for English foreign policy. Germany and Italy were consolidated into national states of the first order, and Germany particularly soon entered upon a very close commercial competition with England, so that at the present day she is her most dangerous rival. France recovered with an astounding vitality from the blows which the war of 1870 had dealt her. In the United States a field of almost unbounded possibilities for commercial and industrial enterprise opened after the crisis of the Civil War, and with the marvelous growth of their industries, the rapid increase of their population and wealth, their national importance grew from year to year and resulted in their abandonment of the traditional Monroe policy and their first effective interference in European politics on the occasion of the Spanish War. Russia built a navy and made menacing progress in Asia toward the frontier of India. Lastly, Japan, too, joined the number of the Great Powers and became a serious rival of the European nations in the trade and commerce of the far East.

All these events which have taken place in the course of the last forty years could not but deeply impress the mind of the English people, and create, by way of reaction, a wave of national pride and patriotic enthusiasm which culminated in the desire for a closer union of the mother country and the colonies in the shape of an imperial federation. A number of prominent writers, both in prose and in verse, greatly contributed in making this idea popular. Froude

in his *Oceana* (1886) portrayed in vivid pictures the greatness and expanse of the empire to the eyes of the British people, and Sir John Seeley, in his lectures on *The Expansion of England* (1883), brought home to the hearts and minds, first of the Cambridge students, and then of a wider public, the necessity of an imperial union, and helped largely to foster and spread the new idea among the professional classes. What Seeley and Froude did in prose essays and addresses, Kipling expressed in poetry and fiction. His warm and vivid sketches of Indian life and manners went a long way towards creating a new interest in India among the British public, while the powerful outburst of patriotic feeling in collections of poems like *The Seven Seas*, etc., which indeed is sometimes not far from chauvinism, touched kindred strings and found a rejoicing echo in the hearts of thousands of his countrymen. Nor was he the only patriotic singer in the field: the Boer War especially produced quite a series of poems of a similar character, Alfred Austin, the poet laureate, Swinburne, and others, being among those who chimed in with the author of *The Barrack Room Ballads* and *The Seven Seas*. All these writers paved the way for that chief political representative of imperialism, Joseph Chamberlain, whose ambition it is to become the Bismarck of the British Empire.

America, too, was not slow to respond to the appeal of the imperialistic spirit which in point of fact seems to pervade all nations at present. Here again the men of letters had a considerable share in the spreading of the new ideas. It was the epoch-making works of Captain Mahan above all that prepared the public for the far-sighted and ambitious foreign policy which was inaugurated by President McKinley and his counselors, and continued by the present Government.

Besides these political currents there are several of a

purely literary character. One of the most remarkable features of English poetry in the second half of the nineteenth century is the predominance of a formal, æstheticizing tendency.

In the age of Scott and Byron the material interest was greatly predominant in poetry. The descriptions of nature and of plain and simple human conditions in Wordsworth's poems are conveyed in an unpretending, sometimes even prosaic language; in Southey's and Scott's works it is the story itself and the culture-historical background; with Byron it is passion and the general view of the world; it is philosophic and æsthetic speculation with Shelley that form the essential features in their poetry respectively and claim the reader's principal interest. With some of them indeed, as especially in the case of Shelley, form and matter are almost equally balanced, equally prominent, but in none of them is form domineering.

This prevalence of matter, of contents, is still stronger in the tendency of Carlyle's works, which indeed in a manner are hostile to all poetry. Resulting partly from the tradition of Scottish Puritanism, partly from the influence of German thinkers, a rigid moral standard is here set up for judging literature, and æsthetic aims are made subservient to ethics. In the outward garb of Carlyle's writings, too, form is entirely subordinate to matter; his capricious language has deservedly been reprimanded for its impossible imitations of German models, though it should never be forgotten that underlying this rough and rugged surface there is an elementary force of mind and character in the Sage of Chelsea which has impressed its stamp upon the literature and the thought of a whole age, and it is an unjust exaggeration when Gosse compares Carlyle to an ill-tempered dog that barks at mankind, "angry if it is still, yet more angry if it moves."

The same combination of deep thinking with outward formlessness recurs in Browning, who adds dramatic power and subtle psychological analysis to the moral strength of Carlyle. Striking and original though his poetic images frequently are if judged singly, his language in general is the reverse of formally beautiful.

Although both Carlyle and Browning lived till the ninth decade of the nineteenth century, literature in the second half of this century was on the whole rather characterized by a trend towards refinement of form. In many respects this was directly antagonistic to the style of Carlyle and Browning, and derived its inspiration from such lofty singers as Shelly, or perhaps even more so from romanticists like Coleridge and especially Keats, who endeavored to teach mankind the lesson that "Beauty is truth, truth beauty; that is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know," and in whose poetry the significance of matter decidedly yielded to the beauty of form.

The victory of the formal element this time was not, as in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, achieved by classicism, but by romanticism. Tennyson was strongly influenced by Keats, but in Tennyson as in Shelly, and, for the matter of that, also in Wordsworth, contents and form are harmoniously balanced. It was especially Ruskin, the apostle of beauty, and his friends the pre-Raphaelites, to whose work this triumph of form was largely due. Starting as he did from the ethical standpoint of Carlyle, which he retained in his views on social policy, Ruskin at the same time supplied what was lacking in Carlyle by adding the æsthetic principle to his view of the world. He thus became the leader and adviser of the younger generation of poets.

The latent influence of Coleridge and Keats is noticeable everywhere in this new movement. As in the poetry of Keats, the material interest in the poems and pictures of

the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood and their congeners is generally small. The continued repetition of similar motives and the perpetual reiteration of the same frail, hectic, morbid characters would needs have a monotonous and tiring effect, if not counterbalanced by beauty of form, which was therefore elaborately cultivated.

This instinct for formal beauty in poetry attained its maximum in Swinburne, who, together with Pope and Byron, is perhaps the most marvelous formal genius in English literature. His productions are conspicuous for a wonderful word-melody, and he has not unjustly been termed the musician among English poets, but the value of his creations is lamentably impaired by his irresistible inclination toward sacrificing sense to form. In an epic poem like *The Tale of Balen* the interest in the story is entirely overshadowed, the discriminating faculty of the intellect is almost lulled asleep by the continuous jingling of melodious words and alliterative or rhymed phrases; the reader does not even get a clear conception of the poetic pictures which form such a prominent feature, for example, in the plastic poetry of Keats.

And it is similar in painting, with which poetry is indissolubly connected in the work of the pre-Raphaelites. In the pictures of the first pre-Raphaelite painters, there was at all events variety and interest of subject. Burne-Jones is typical for the predominance of form. His figures are to a great extent conventional, monotonous, tiresome, the effect of his pictures being principally due to the beauty of lines and color. In the paintings of Burne-Jones the transition to the decorative is clearly visible; the increased emphasis is laid upon the decorative element, in the natural course of events led to a preference for the industrial arts, which were successfully cultivated both by Burne-Jones and by William Morris, and which, principally through the merit

and efforts of the latter, have witnessed a new era of their development in the last decades.

English literature had once before seen a period when the formal element had the sway over poetry; it was in the age of classicism, the age of Dryden and Pope. As in those times, so at the present day, we find closely correlated with it an ascendancy of French influence in England which again is not restricted to the formal side alone.

From 1795 to 1850 the heroes of German literature had exerted a far-reaching influence on the English world of letters, and Carlyle had been its enthusiastic apostle. According to the natural law of change the taste of the public became gradually satiated, and grew tired of it. Now it happened that while the interest in German literature faded slowly away, and the level of German poetry itself was decidedly declining, French literature witnessed an era of remarkable brilliancy: the age of Balzac, Victor Hugo, Mérimée, Dumas, Sainte-Beuve, Musset, Gautier, Augier, Baudelaire, Sardou, Zola, Daudet, Maupassant, etc. It was also perhaps not without significance that the French court under Napoleon III occupied a leading position in Europe similar to that which it had had in the great age of Louis Quatorze. Thus it seems natural enough that the interest of the English public in French literature and life should have conquered the position which in the first half of the century had been occupied by the interest in Germany.

The French influence manifests in different directions: it is not restricted to the formal side, the elegance of the language and terseness of expression, it is also conspicuous in the matter of tendency, and in this respect both the romantic and the realistic schools have fallen under the spell of French writers. Neo-Romanticists like O'Shaughnessy (*An Epic of Women*, 1870, *Lays of France*, 1872, *Music and Moonlight*, 1874, *Songs of a Worker*, 1881), John

Payne (*A Masque of Shadows*, 1870, *Intaglios*, 1871, *Songs of Life and Death*, 1872, *Lautrec*, 1878, *New Poems*, 1880), and Th. Marzials (*A Gallery of Pigeons*, 1873), wrote under the influence of Victor Hugo, Gautier, and the decadents, such as Banville, Baudelaire, and Bertrand. On the other side, novels, like those by Thomas Hardy, George Moore, and George Gissing (who, in spite of a recent utterance of Mr. Wells, is after all essentially a realist), would be simply incomprehensible without Guy de Maupassant, Zola, and other French authors.

In criticism, too, French influence is very prominent. Since Ruskin and Matthew Arnold most English critics, *c. g.* Swinburne, Saintsbury, Gosse, and others, have shown a decided preference for the French school of thinking and feeling.

A further striking characteristic of English literature at the present day is the almost entire lack of dramatic poetry of high standard. The effects of the blow which the Puritans inflicted on the English drama in 1642 have never been wholly overcome. The theatre is still regarded in many quarters, even among the educated classes in England and America, as an amusement of lower rank, or other people fail to recognize the educational value of good stage performances. There are no city or court theatres as in Germany, where the stage has long since been officially acknowledged as a source of refinement and higher education. Irving's endeavors in this direction have so far been unsuccessful. Private theatres, however, naturally favor modern sensational pieces which insure full houses.

But the lack of high-class dramatic poetry in England and America may find a further explanation in the general growth of commercial life, which causes a certain prosaic sobriety in the tastes and interests of the people. There is no such lively sympathy with literary questions as there was,

e. g., in the eighteenth century. The astounding development of sport, moreover, since the beginning of the eighteenth century, absorbs the entire interest of wide circles of the people in the hours of leisure and dulls the capacity for amusements of a more refined sort. The public that does attend theatrical performances wants to be amused rather than educated; hence the preference for comedy, farce, pantomime, operetta, and melodrama. Various attempts to raise the level of the stage have been without result. To-day it is an undeniable fact that most good book-dramas do not succeed on the stage, while those pieces that attract the public are generally poor poetry.

Creditable work, to be sure, has been done by the late Oscar Wilde, or by living authors like Stephen Phillips and Bernard Shaw, but they could not be called first-class dramatists. *Paolo and Francesca* no doubt is full of dramatic vigor, but it is a single scene stretched out into a drama. *Candida* and one or two other pieces of Shaw's have been successful on the stage, but his work on the whole is hampered by a tendency to doctrinairianism. The fact remains that since Sheridan England has not had a dramatic writer of first rank.

Lyric and epic poetry suffer from the same misfortunes. Epic poetry indeed has never occupied an important place in English literature. But at present lyric poetry is unpopular in England, as, for that matter, it is in Germany, where the drama is a favorite with the public.

All literary interests of the English public to-day are absorbed by the novel and the magazines and newspapers. They furnish the intellectual daily food of thousands of people. Reading, like stage performances, must be light and amusing to insure the relish of the public. But the English novel seems to have passed its culminating point, and there is reason to hope that we may witness sooner or

later a revival of the other kinds of poetry like that which followed the great age of English novelists in the eighteenth century.

These would seem to me to be some of the burning questions that claim the interest of the historian of English literature. A vast amount of work has still to be done before all these problems will be adequately treated, and there is a wide field of work for scholars both on this side and the other side of the Atlantic. A considerable part of this work will fall to the share of American scholarship, which is progressing with such astounding rapidity.

THE PRESENT PROBLEMS OF BELLES-LETTRES

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

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It is a characteristic of the arts that their vocabulary must needs be less exact than the terminology of the sciences, because the material of the artist is ever the varying emotion of his fellow man. In the language of the library and of the studio there can be no words like *horse-power* and *foot-ton*, the content of which is precise and rigid. Wit and humor, for example, classic and romantic, the fancy and the imagination,—these are pairs of words that a writer may employ almost as he pleases, but always at his peril, since there is no certainty of their conveying to his hearers the exact meaning with which he himself has charged them. It is in vain that the dictionary-maker seeks to differentiate accurately the one from the other, for he cannot hope to control the personal equation of every user of the language. Indeed, the dictionary-maker is often ready enough to confess his difficulty, and to admit, for instance, that *belles-lettres* has a somewhat indefinite application, synonymous sometimes with the humanities in general, and sometimes with works of the imagination in poetry and

the drama, in fiction and in the essay. He tells us also that the term includes chiefly the study and criticism of literature; and that it concerns itself mainly with literature regarded as a fine art.

Here in this Congress of the Arts and Sciences, Sections have been set apart for the discussion of the literatures of each of the leading languages, ancient and modern; and to the Section of Belles-Lettres has been confided the consideration of literature as a whole,—of literature as an art,—of literature pure and simple, distinguished not only from linguistics, but also from literary history and literary biography,—of literature as it transcends the boundaries of any single tongue and as it appears in its comparative and more cosmopolitan aspects.

I.

There is no disguising the difficulty of any attempt to survey the whole field of literature as it is disclosed before us now at the opening of a new century; and there is no denying the danger of any effort to declare the outlook in the actual present and the prospect in the immediate future. How is it possible to project our vision? To foresee whither the current is bearing us? To anticipate the rocks ahead and the shallows whereon our bark may be stranded? And if it is not easy to suggest the problems that are pressing for solution, it is harder still to hint at an adequate answer to them.

But one reflection is as obvious as it is helpful. The problems of literature are not often merely literary; and in so far as literature is an honest attempt to express life,—as it always has been at the moments of highest achievement,—the problems of literature must have an intimate relation to the problems which confront us insistently in life. If we

turn from the disputations of the schools and look out on the world, we may discover forces at work in society which are exerting also a potent influence upon the future of literature.

Now that the century in which we were born and bred is receding swiftly into the past, we can perceive in the perspective more clearly than ever before its larger movements and its main endeavor. We are at last beginning to be able to estimate the heritage it has left us and to see for ourselves what our portion is, what our possessions are, and what our obligations. While it is for us to make the twentieth century, no doubt, we need always to remember that it was the nineteenth century which made us; and we do not know ourselves if we fail to understand the years in which we were moulded to the work that lies before us. It is for us to single out the salient characteristics of the nineteenth century. It is for us to seize the significance of the striking advance in scientific method, for example, and of the widespread acceptance of the scientific attitude. It is for us again to recognize the meaning of that extension of the democratic movement, which is the most striking characteristic of the past sixscore years. It is for us, once more, to weigh the importance of the intensifying of the national spirit and of the sharpening of racial pride. And finally it is for us to take account also of the growth of what must be called cosmopolitanism, that breaking down of the hostile barriers keeping one people apart from the others, ignorant of them, and often contemptuous.

Here then are four legacies from the nineteenth century to the twentieth; first, the scientific spirit; second, the spread of democracy; third, the assertion of nationality; and fourth, that stepping across the confines of language and race for which we have no more accurate name than cosmopolitanism.

II

"The scientific spirit," so an acute American critic defined it recently in an essay on Carlyle,—who was devoid of it and detested it,—"the scientific signifies poise between hypothesis and verification, between statement and proof, between appearance and reality. It is inspired by the impulse of investigation, tempered with distrust and edged with curiosity. It is at once avid of certainty and skeptical of seeming. It is enthusiastically patient, nobly literal, candid, tolerant, hospitable." This is the statement of a man of letters, who had found in science "a tonic force" stimulating to all the arts.

By the side of this it may be well to set also the statement of a man of science. In his address delivered here in St. Louis last December, the President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science—who is also the president of one of the foremost of American universities—declared that "the fundamental characteristic of the scientific method is honesty. . . . The sole object is to learn the truth and to be guided by the truth. Absolute accuracy, absolute fidelity, absolute honesty, are the prime conditions of scientific progress." And then Dr. Remsen went on to make the significant assertion that "the constant use of the scientific method must in the end leave its impress upon him who uses it. A life spent in accord with scientific teaching would be of a high order. It would practically conform to the teachings of the highest type of religion."

This "use of the scientific method" is as remote as may be from that barren adoption of scientific phrases and that sterile application of scientific formulas, which may be dismissed as an aspect of "science falsely so called." It is of deeper import also than any mere utilization by art of the discoveries of science, however helpful this may be. The

GOLDEN AGE OF THE MEDICI

Photogravure of a Painting by Andreas Muller

While the Medici family were distinguished for cruelty, some of them, notably the queen of Henry IV., were no less famous for their patronage of learning. The artist has admirably illustrated the spirit of that age by grouping the most famous literati of Europe in the Park Monceaux, each being a portrait, while the assemblage is presided over by Marie de Medici, who is awarding tributes to those who have contributed to the glory of literature. The conception is grand, and the execution most excellent.



painter has been aided by science to perceive more precisely the effect of the vibrations of light and to analyze more sharply the successive stages of animal movement; and the poet also has found his profit in the wider knowledge brought to us by later investigation. Longfellow, for one, drew upon astronomy for the figure with which he once made plain his moral:

Were a star quenched on high
For ages would its light,
Still travelling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

Already had Wordsworth, a hundred years ago, welcomed "the remotest discoveries of the chemist, the botanist and mineralogist," as "proper objects of the poet's art," declaring that "if the time should ever come when what is now called science, thus familiarized to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the being thus produced as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man."

Again, the "use of the scientific method" is not equivalent to the application in the arts of scientific theories, although here once more the man of letters is free to take these for his own and to bend them to his purpose. Ibsen has found in the doctrine of heredity a modern analogue of the ancient Greek idea of fate; and although he may not "see life steadily and see it whole," he has been enabled to invest his sombre *Ghosts* with not a little of the inexorable inevitability which we feel to be so appalling in the master work of Sophocles. Criticism, no less than creation, has been stim-

ulated by scientific hypothesis; and for one thing, the conception of literary history has been wholly transformed since the theory of evolution was declared. To M. Brunetière—whom I hoped to have had the honor of following to-day and to whom I am glad here to be able to express my many debts—we owe the application of this doctrine to the development of the drama in his own language. He has shown us most convincingly how the several literary forms—the lyric, the oration, the epic, with its illegitimate descendant the modern novel in prose—may cross-fertilize each other from time to time, and also how the casual hybrids that result are ever struggling to revert each to its own species.

Science is thus seen to be stimulating to art; but the “use of the scientific method” would seem to be more than stimulation only. It leads the practitioners of the several arts to set up an ideal of disinterestedness, inspired by a lofty curiosity, which shall scorn nothing as insignificant and which is ever eager after knowledge ascertained for its own sake. As it abhors the abnormal and the freakish, the superficial and the extravagant, it helps the creative artist to strive for a more classic directness and simplicity; and it guides the critic toward passionless proportion and moderation. Although it tends toward intellectual freedom, it forces us always to recognize the reign of law. It establishes the strength of the social bond; and thereby, for example, it aids us to see that, although romance is ever young and ever true, what is known as neo-romanticism, with its reckless assertion of individual whim, is anti-social,—and therefore probably immoral.

The “use of the scientific method” will surely strengthen the conscience of the novelist and of the dramatist; and it will train them to a sterner veracity in dealing with human character. It will inhibit that pitiful tendency toward a

falsification of the facts of life which asserts the reform of a character in the twinkling of an eye just before the final fall of the curtain. It will lead to a renunciation of the feeble and summary psychology which permits a man of indurated habits of weakness or of wickedness to transform himself by a single and sudden effort of will. And on the other hand, it may tempt certain students of life, subtler than their fellow craftsmen and more inquisitive, to dwell unduly on the mere machinery of human motive and to aim not at a rich portrayal of the actions of men and women, but at an arid analysis of the mechanism of their impulses. More than one novelist of the twentieth century has already yielded to this tendency. No doubt, it is only the negative defect accompanying a positive quality; yet it indicates an imperfect appreciation of the artist's duty. "In every art," so Taine reminded us, "it is necessary to linger long over the true in order to attain the beautiful. The eye, fixing itself on an object, begins by noting details with an excess of precision and fullness; it is only later, when the inventory is complete, that the mind, master of its wealth, rises higher, in order to take or to neglect what suits it."

The attitude of the literary critic will be modified by the constant use of the scientific method, quite as much as the attitude of the literary creator. He will seek to relate a work of art, whether it is an epic or a tragedy, a novel or a play, to its environment, weighing all the circumstances of its creation. He will strive to estimate it as it is, of course, but also as a contribution to the evolution of its species made by a given people at a given period. He will endeavor to keep himself free from lip-service and from ancestor-worship, holding himself derelict to his duty if he should fail to admit frankly that in every masterpiece of the past, however transcendent its merits, there must needs be much that is temporary, admixed with more that is perma-

nent,—many things which pleased its author's countrymen in his own time and which do not appeal to us, even though we can perceive also what is eternal and universal, even though we read into every masterpiece much that the author's contemporaries had not our eyes to perceive. All the works of Shakespeare and of Molière are not of equal value; and even the finest of them is not impeccable; and a literary critic who has a scientific sincerity will not gloss over the minor defects, whatever his desire to concentrate attention on the nobler qualities by which Shakespeare and Molière achieved their mighty fame. Indeed, the scientific spirit will make it plain that an unwavering admiration for all the works of a great writer, unequal as these must be of necessity, is proof in itself of an obvious inability to perceive wherein lies his real greatness.

Whatever the service the scientific spirit is likely to render in the future, we need to be on our guard against the obsession of science itself. There is danger that an exclusive devotion to science may starve out all interest in the arts, to the impoverishment of the soul. Already are there examples of men who hold science to be all-sufficient and who insist that it has superseded art. Already it is necessary to recall Lowell's setting off of "art, whose concern is with the ideal and the potential, from science which is limited by the actual and the positive." Science bids us go so far and no farther, despite the fact that man longs to peer beyond the confines. Vistas closed to science are opened for us by art. Science fails us, if we ask too much; for it can provide no satisfactory explanation of the enigmas of existence. Above all, it tempts us to a hard and fast acceptance of its own formulas, an acceptance as deadening to progress as it is false to the scientific spirit itself. "History warns us," so Huxley declared, "that it is the customary fate of new truths to begin as heresies, and to end as superstitions."

III

The growth of the scientific spirit is not more evident in the nineteenth century than the spread of the democratic movement. Democracy in its inner essence means not only the slow broadening down of government until it rests upon the assured foundation of the people as a whole, it signifies also the final disappearance of the feudal organization, of the system of caste, of the privileges which are not founded on justice, of the belief in any superiority conferred by the accident of birth. It starts with the assertion of the equality of all men before the law; and it ends with the right of every man to do his own thinking. Accepting the dignity of human nature, the democratic spirit, in its finer manifestations, is free from intolerance and rich in sympathy, rejoicing to learn how the other half lives. It is increasingly interested in human personality, in spite of the fact that humanity no longer bulks as big in the universe as it did before scientific discovery shattered the ancient assumption that the world had been made for man alone.

Perhaps, indeed, it is the perception of our own insignificance which is making us cling together more closely and seek to understand each other at least, even if we must fail to grasp the full import of the cosmic scheme. Whatever the reason, there is no gainsaying the growth of fellow feeling and of a curiosity founded on friendly interest,—both of which are revealed far more abundantly in our later literatures than in the earlier classics. In the austere masterpieces of the Greek drama, for example, we may discover a lack of this warmth of sympathy; and we cannot but suspect a certain aloofness, which is akin to callousness. The cultivated citizens of Athens were supported by slave-labor; but their great dramatic poets cast little light on the life of the slaves or on the sad conditions of their servitude.

Something of this narrow chilliness is to be detected also in the literature of the court of Louis XIV; Corneille and Racine prefer to ignore not only the peasant but also the burgher; and it is partly because Molière's outlook on life is broader that the master of comedy appears to us now so much greater than his tragic contemporaries. Even of late the Latin races have seemed perhaps a little less susceptible to this appeal than the Teutonic or the Slavonic; and the impassive contempt of Flaubert and of Maupassant toward the creatures of their imaginative observation is more characteristic of the French attitude than the genial compassion of Daudet. In Hawthorne and in George Eliot there is no aristocratic remoteness, and Turgenev and Tolstoi are innocent of haughty condescension. Everywhere now in the new century can we perceive the working of the democratic spirit, making literature more clear-sighted, more tolerant, more pitying.

In his uplifting discussion of democracy Lowell sought to encourage the timid souls who dreaded the danger that it might "reduce all mankind to a dead level of mediocrity" and that it might "lessen the respect due to eminence, whether in station, virtue, or genius;" and he explained that, in fact, democracy meant a career open to talent, an opportunity equal to all, and therefore in reality a larger likelihood that genius would be set free. Here in America we have discovered by more than a century of experience that democracy levels up and not down; and that it is not jealous of a commanding personality even in public life, revealing a swift shrewdness of its own in gauging character, and showing both respect and regard for the independent leaders strong enough to withstand what may seem at the moment to be the popular will.

Nor is democracy hostile to original genius, or slow to recognize it. The people as a whole may throw careless

and liberal rewards to the jesters and to the sycophants who are seeking its favor, as their forerunners sought to gain the ear of the monarch of old; but the authors of substantial popularity are never those who abase themselves or who scheme to cajole. At the beginning of the twentieth century there were only two writers whose new books appeared simultaneously in half a dozen different tongues; and what man has ever been so foolish as to call Ibsen and Tolstoi flatterers of humanity? The sturdy independence of these masters, their sincerity, their obstinate reiteration each of his own message—these are main reasons for the esteem in which they are held. And in our own language, the two writers of widest renown are Mark Twain and Rudyard Kipling, known wherever English is spoken, in every remote corner of the seven seas, one an American of the Americans and the other the spokesman of the British Empire. They are not only conscientious craftsmen, each in his own way, but moralists also and even preachers; and they go forward in the path they have marked out, each for himself, with no swervings aside to curry favor or to avoid unpopularity.

The fear has been expressed freely that the position of literature is made more precarious by the recent immense increase in the reading public, deficient in standards of taste and anxious to be amused. It is in the hope of hitting the fancy of this motley body that there is now a tumultuous multiplication of books of every degree of merit, and amid all this din there must be redoubled difficulty of choice. Yet the selection gets itself made somehow, and not unsatisfactorily. Unworthy books may have vogue for a while, and even adulation, but their fame is fleeting. The books which the last generation transmitted to us were after all the books best worth our consideration; and we may be confident that the books we shall pass along to the next generation will be

as wisely selected. Out of the wasteful over-production only those works emerge which have in them something that the world will not willingly let die.

Those books that survive are always chosen from out the books that have been popular, and never from those that failed to catch the ear of their contemporaries. The poet who scorns the men of his own time and who retires into an ivory tower to inlay rhymes for the sole enjoyment of his fellow mandarins, the poet who writes for posterity, will wait in vain for his audience. Never has posterity reversed the unfavorable verdict of an artist's own century. As Cicero said,—and Cicero was both an aristocrat and an artist in letters,—“given time and opportunity, the recognition of the many is as necessary a test of excellence in an artist as that of the few.” Verse, however exquisite, is almost valueless if its appeal is merely technical and merely academic, if it pleases only the sophisticated palate of the dilettant, if it fails to touch the heart of the plain people. That which vauntingly styles itself the *écriture artiste* must reap its reward promptly in praise from the *précieuses ridicules* of the hour. It may please those who pretend to culture without possessing even education; but this aristocratic affectation has no roots and it is doomed to wither swiftly, as one fad is ever fading away before another, as asianism and euphuism have withered in the past.

Fictitious reputations may be inflated for a little space; but all the while the public is slowly making up its mind; and the judgment of the main body is as trustworthy as it is enduring. *Robinson Crusoe* and *Pilgrim's Progress* hold their own, generation after generation, although the cultivated class did not discover their merits until long after the plain people had taken them to heart. Cervantes and Shakespeare were widely popular from the start; and appreciative criticism limped lamely after the approval of the

mob. The *Jungle-Book* and *Huckleberry Finn* will be found in the hands of countless readers when many a book now bepraised by newspaper reviewers has slipped out of sight forever. Whatever blunders in belauding the plain people may make now and again, in time they come un-faillingly to a hearty appreciation of work that is honest, genuine, and broad in its appeal; and when once they have laid hold of the real thing they hold fast with abiding loyalty.

IV.

As significant as the spread of democracy in the nineteenth century is the success with which the abstract idea of nationality has expressed itself in concrete form. Within less than twoscore years Italy has ceased to be only a geographical expression; and Germany has given itself boundaries more sharply defined than those claimed for the fatherland by the martial lyric of a century ago. Hungary has asserted itself against the Austrians, and Norway against the Swedes; and each by the stiffening of racial pride has insisted on the recognition of its national integrity. This is but the accomplishment of an ideal toward which the western world has been tending since it emerged from the Dark Ages into the Renaissance and since it began to suspect that the Holy Roman Empire was only the empty shadow of a disestablished realm. In the long centuries the heptarchy in England had been followed by a monarchy with London for its capital; and in like manner the seven kingdoms of Spain had been united under sovereigns who dwelt in Madrid. Normandy and Gascony, Burgundy and Provence had been incorporated slowly with the France of which the chief city was Paris.

Latin had been the tongue of every man who was entitled to claim benefit of clergy; but slowly the modern lan-

guages compacted themselves out of the warring dialects, when race after race came to a consciousness of its unity and when the speech of a capital was set up at last as the standard to which all were expected to conform. In Latin Dante discussed the vulgar tongue, though he wrote the *Divine Comedy* in his provincial Tuscan; yet Petrarch, who came after, was afraid that his poems in Italian were, by that fact, fated to be transitory. Chaucer made choice of the dialect of London, performing for it the service Dante had rendered to the speech of the Florentines; yet Bacon and Newton went back to Latin as the language still common to men of science. Milton practiced his pen in Latin verse, but never hesitated to compose his epic in English. Latin served Descartes and Spinoza, men of science again; and it was not until the nineteenth century that the invading vernaculars finally ousted the language of the learned which had once been in universal use. And even now Latin is retained by the church which still styles itself Catholic.

It was as fortunate as it was necessary that the single language of the learned should give way before the vulgar tongues, the speech of the people, each in its own region best fitted to phrase the feelings and the aspirations of races dissimilar in their characteristics and in their ideals. No one tongue could voice the opposite desires of the northern peoples and of the southern; and we see the several modern languages revealing by their structure as well as by their vocabularies the essential qualities of the races that fashioned them, each for its own use. Indeed, these racial characteristics are so distinct and so evident to us now that we fancy we can detect them even though they are disguised in the language of Rome; and we find significance in the fact that Seneca, the grandiloquent rhetorician, was by birth a Spaniard, and that Petronius, the robust realist, was probably born in what is now France.

The segregation of nationality has been accompanied by an increasing interest in the several states out of which the nation has made itself, and sometimes even by an effort to raise the dialects of these provinces up to the literary standard of the national language. In this there is no disloyalty to the national ideal,—rather is it to be taken as a tribute to the nation, since it seeks to call attention again to the several strands twined in the single bond. In literature this tendency is reflected in a wider liking for local color and in an intense relish for the flavor of the soil. We find Verga painting the violent passions of the Sicilians, and Reuter depicting the calmer joys of the Platt-Deutsch. We see Maupassant etching the canny and cautious Normans, while Daudet brushed in broadly the expansive exuberance of the Provençals. We delight alike in the Wessex-folk of Mr. Hardy and in the humorous Scots of Mr. Barrie. We extend an equal welcome to the patient figures of New England spinsterhood as drawn by Miss Jewett and Miss Wilkins, and to the virile Westerners set bodily on their feet by Mr. Wister and Mr. Garland.

What we wish to have explored for us are not only the nooks and corners of our own nation; those of other races appeal also to our sympathetic curiosity. These inquiries help us to understand the larger peoples, of whom the smaller communities are constituent elements. They serve to sharpen our insight into the differences which divide one race from another; and the contrast of Daudet and Maupassant on the one hand with Mark Twain and Kipling on the other brings out the width of the gap that yawns between the Latins (with their solidarity of the family and their reliance on the social instinct) and the Teutons (with their energetic independence and their aggressive individuality). With increase of knowledge there is less likelihood of mutual misunderstandings; and here literature performs

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a most useful service to the cause of civilization. As Tennyson once said, "It is the authors, more than the diplomats, who make nations love one another." Fortunately no high tariff can keep out the masterpieces of foreign literature which freely cross the frontier, bearing messages of good will and broadening our understanding of our fellow men.

V

The deeper interest in the expression of national qualities and in the representation of provincial peculiarities is to-day accompanied by an increasing cosmopolitanism which seems to be casting down the barriers of race and of language. More than fourscore years ago Goethe said that even then national literature was "rather an unmeaning term" as "the epoch of world-literature was at hand." With all his wisdom Goethe failed to perceive that cosmopolitanism is a sorry thing when it is not the final expression of patriotism. An artist without a country and with no roots in the soil of his nativity is not likely to bring forth flower and fruit. As an American critic aptly put it, "a true cosmopolitan is at home—even in his own country." A Russian novelist has set forth the same thought; and it is the wisest character in Turgenev's *Dimitri Roudine*, who asserted that the great misfortune of the hero was his ignorance of his native land. Russia can get along without any of us, but we cannot do without Russia. Woe betide him who does not understand her! and still more him who really forgets the manners and the ideas of his fatherland. Cosmopolitanism is an absurdity and a zero,—less than a zero; outside of nationality, there is no art, no truth, no life possible."

Perhaps it may be feasible to attempt a reconciliation of Turgenev and Goethe, by pointing out that the cosmopolitanism of this growing century is revealed mainly in a similarity of the external forms of literature, while it is the

national spirit which supplies the internal inspiration that gives life. For example, it is a fact that the *Demi-Monde* of Dumas, the *Pillars of Society* of Ibsen, the *Magda* of Sudermann, the *Grand Galeoto* of Etchegaray, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* of Pinero, the *Gioconda* of d'Annunzio are all of them cast in the same dramatic mould; but it is also a fact that the metal of which each is made was smelted in the native land of its author. Similar as they are in structure, in their artistic formula, they are radically dissimilar in their essence, in the motives that move the characters, and in their outlook on life; and this dissimilarity is due not alone to the individuality of the several authors,—it is to be credited chiefly to the nationality of each.

Of course, international borrowings have always been profitable to the arts,—not merely the taking over of raw material, but the more stimulating absorption of methods and processes, and even of artistic ideals. The Sicilian Gorgias had for a pupil the Athenian Isocrates; and the style of the Greek was imitated by the Roman Cicero, thus helping to sustain the standard of oratory in every modern language. The *Matron of Ephesus* of Petronius was the great grandmother of the *Yvette* of Maupassant; and the dialogues of Herondas and of Theocritus serve as models for many a vignette of modern life. The *Golden Ass* went before *Gil Blas* and made a path for him, and *Gil Blas* pointed the way for *Huckleberry Finn*. It is easy to detect the influence of Richardson on Rousseau, of Rousseau on George Sand, of George Sand on Turgenev, of Turgenev on Mr. Henry James, of Mr. James on M. Paul Bourget, of M. Bourget on Signor d'Annunzio; and yet there is no denying that Richardson is radically British, that Turgenev is thoroughly Russian, and that d'Annunzio is unquestionably Italian.

In like manner we may recognize the striking similarity—

but only in so far as the external form is concerned—discoverable in those short stories which are as abundant as they are important in every modern literature; and yet much of our delight in these brief studies from life is due to the pungency of their local flavor, whether they were written by Kjelland or by Sacher-Masoch, by Auerbach or by Daudet, by Barrie or by Bret Harte. "All can grow the flower now, for all have got the seed"; but the blossoms are rich with the strength of the soil in which each of them is rooted.

This racial individuality is our immediate hope; it is our safeguard against mere craftsmanship, against dilettant dexterity, against cleverness for its own sake, against the danger that our cosmopolitanism may degenerate into Alexandrianism and that our century may come to be like the age of the Antonines, when "a cloud of critics, of compilers, of commentators darkened the face of learning," so Gibbon tells us, and "the decline of genius was soon followed by the corruption of taste." It is the spirit of nationality which will supply needful idealism; it will allow a man of letters to frequent the past without becoming archaic and to travel abroad without becoming exotic, because it will supply him always with a good reason for remaining a citizen of his own country.

VI

Whether it is due to this correction of cosmopolitanism by national ideals, whether it is rather to be credited to the spread of democracy or to the increasing use of the scientific method,—the fact is indisputable that since the slow disintegration of the Holy Roman Empire was followed by the steady compacting of the modern nations with their several tongues (finally forcing the abandonment of Latin as the universal language of the learned), there has been

no epoch until the present when all men of education and of culture have been able to consider themselves as citizens of the world. Perhaps it is not fanciful to see in this Congress of the Arts and Sciences satisfactory evidence of the solidarity of the artists and of the scientists of every race. A Congress like this has been possible only within the past score or two of years. That it has gathered now is a good augury for the future; and that it has gathered here is a lasting benefit for us who are native to this region.

The tale is told that after the statues from the studio of Thorwaldsen had been unpacked in Copenhagen in the courtyard of the museum, there sprang up the next spring certain flowers of the Roman Campagna, never before seen in Denmark, and a few of them were acclimated and have flourished ever since in their new home in the north. Is it too much to hope that a like good fortune may befall some of the seeds of thought which have been brought here from afar?

THE RELATIONS OF BELLES-LETTRES

BY WILLIAM HENRY SCHOFIELD

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BELLES-LETTRES! Perhaps, Ladies and Gentlemen, you know exactly what this term means. If so, you have me straightway at a disadvantage. For when, not long since, I was invited to address this International Congress on "The Relations of Belles-Lettres" (to other manifestations of human thought), I found myself unable to define satisfactorily these the main words of my proffered theme; and much subsequent inquiry has shown me to be not singular in this uncertainty. So great, indeed, is the variety in connotation of belles-lettres in the minds of those who employ it, that one is led to believe that in the interest of precision, for the sake of a clearer understanding of what it but vaguely suggests, the term is one we should do well to abandon.

When the French speak of "les religieux," they usually refer to monks of the Roman Catholic Church; but the most of us "the religious" has no such limited application. It may be that belles-lettres means still in France what it meant in the eighteenth century,—the cult of the classicists, advanced by appropriate ceremonies in the *salon*. But surely it does not mean this to us. Those who arranged the

programme of this Congress did not intend to have a section devoted to the consideration of "polite and elegant literature" in the ordinary sense of this dictionary definition, any more than they desired to institute a section of Society to discuss the relations and problems of the "smart sets" in the many countries of the world. By belles-lettres they undoubtedly meant that we are now disposed to call simply "literature," writings not planned primarily to convey information, but to arouse sensations of beauty, writings whose virtue is to awaken to new life.

The term "belles-lettres" envelops us with the atmosphere of the *beaumonde*; it smacks of spice and sweetmeats; it has the aroma of concocted scent; it instills the sentiments of the drawing-room; it suggests curtsies and cushions, snuff and point-device; it demands as concomitants of its being luxury and ease; it is exclusive in its appeal. We prefer the term "literature" because, without restriction, it offers its riches to all in need, because it is the noble helpmeet of democracy. Its fragrance is of the outer air, its graces those of nature herself. Its beauty is not of the sort that merely kindles the fancies of the polite; it rejuvenates the hearts of all mankind. We now speak of literature as of religion in a larger sense than our ancestors: we acknowledge both universal in inspiration, though diversified in creed, found in all lands, in all ages, in all degrees of civilization, alike in essence, varying only in revelation, in understanding. We discover fundamental agreement the universe over in literary standards because of the common human emotions that make the whole world kin.

The spirit of literature, moreover, does not lodge in books alone. It did not arise with print or parchment or rune or hieroglyph. It arose the first time that one human being consciously strove to convey feelings to another in words chosen to create a desired effect. The spirit of liter-

ature found expression long before any instrument of record was used to body it forth. By this spirit even the commonest of folk, who strive not to fathom its agency, nay, can hardly spell its name, the simplest of people that tread the earth, are profoundly stirred, for it is the spirit of their poetic tradition, the soul of their imaginative life.

Speaking of the charming songs of Roumania that Mlle. Vacaresco first collected and rewrote, that accomplished lady remarks in her preface: "*Avant de m'être révélés ils ont plané sur la vie des générations sans nombre.*" "*Planer sur la vie*"—truly an expressive phrase! "*Planer*"—how can it be rendered in English speech? One must use a sentence in default of a satisfactory single word. This poetry in Roumania, like popular literature in every land that is a permanent power, "fillet all round about and will not easily away."

But you say: "We are not concerned with this primordial force, with what you are pleased to call the spirit of literature. That is as intangible as the electric current that propels our cars and gives us heat and light. Pray, treat the embodied forms in which it appears." A reasonable request, in truth, at which one cannot demur! Yet not now would I attempt to enumerate in systematic order the various literatures of civilization, or to state the conditions of their rise and flourishing. That were at any time a lordly enterprise and here plainly unsuitable. Let me but comment briefly on certain aspects of literary study and literary creation that may be viewed among us with too little discernment of their rich significance.

Many of those who would subscribe themselves students of belles-lettres neglect deliberately—whether it be from affectation, or laziness, or from pure ignorance, one cannot always tell, but in any case deliberately neglect—sometimes openly scorn—the writings of their direct progenitors in

earlier times. Most lightly they pass over nearly all the centuries of the Christian Era to the time of the Renaissance, as if forsooth the spirit of literature had been absent from the earth this long while, when the people lived simply, and only returned, like an Arthurian knight from the happy Otherworld, at a call to engage in tilt and tournament. "Go back behind the Renaissance!" one often hears students of our literature remark. "What is the need? Well, perhaps for the sake of Dante and Chaucer—but behind them again? There is surely no behind that one who is interested only in 'art for art's sake' need bother about." And I have marveled at the singular unwisdom of such men's attitude, at their folly in thus limiting their powers to judge and appreciate adequately the periods of their own special predilection. Do they disdain knowledge of the earlier periods because they have it not themselves, or are they actually blind to the advantage of it? No one who can speak with knowledge but will affirm that he has never found any study of any period of any literature unless in the investigation of any other. The more one learns of ancient and medieval conceptions, the better one seems to understand those of one's contemporaries. The more familiar one becomes with works written in French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Provençal,—works in German, Scandinavian, Dutch, and Celtic, not to mention the classics,—the more enlightenment one possesses for the elucidation of the best productions in one's own native tongue. The more definitely conversant one is with the facts determining past phenomena in the history of any literature, the more confidence one may feel in a forecast of its probable future.

Formerly the literature of the so-called Dark Ages was thought to consist merely of a few pedantic treatises in barbarous Latin. Now a happy tendency is becoming manifest to consider as far more valuable than these artificial

documents the wealth of embryonic poetry once instinct with the people, and partially preserved in artistic form. In such early indications of the common thought and feeling, we must, I believe, seek the primal quality of each nation's originality, the determining spirit of its *belles-lettres*. Students will be more helped to a proper understanding of what literature really is by examining its development in periods of communal effort than in those marked by the sway of great individuals.

The literature of the Middle Ages differentiates itself from that of later eras by certain notable characteristics: it is in the main anonymous, and static in type, impersonal in attitude, and international in scope. A recognition of these attributes should affect not only the method of its study, but the judgment of its merit. It is a mistake to consider the productions of any one country in the Middle Ages apart from those closely connected with it, for the vernacular literature in all lands of Western Europe was then of very similar origin and kind. It is misleading to pick out a few individual writers whose names happen to be preserved, and romance about their personalities, for even had we details about their environment and careers, these would be found comparatively unimportant in determining the real significance of their work. Medieval literature is largely a record of society at large and not of its separate members. It evinces in one form or another the tastes, the sentiments, the needs of the whole nation. Nor yet of one alone, but of the several nations that belonged to the wide province under the control of the Church of Rome. France was then the centre of Western civilization, and at Paris were established the general canons of art, and the acknowledged standards of literary achievement. The fashions of Paris had a predominant influence on the writings of England for several centuries, and under

their influence our literary styles were almost wholly transformed from what they had been in Saxon times.

Gaston Paris has convincingly shown that the Middle Ages form an epoch essentially poetic. It had few great poets, but it created or perpetuated a vast supply of poetic thought. Especially in the domain of fiction,—than which no imaginative production has ever exerted greater force,—its achievement remains unsurpassed. Many and fine are the literary conceptions for which the poets and painters and musicians of our own time are indebted to the Middle Ages. In some instances modern writers have ennobled ancient themes by treating them in maturer style. But often it is the charm, the spell of the past that is the power in their works most efficacious still. Only by knowing the facts of development in each separate case can our judgment of poems be fair. When art has alchemized base metal into gold, we should give all credit to the art. But when the foundation of the artist's experiments is gold, as it was with alchemists who of old beguiled many to their own advantage, then this truth should not be kept dark. We rejoice when we see poetic thought heightened in effect by the art of the poet; we see how a single man of genius can remodel old material immensely to the increase of its value. But we shall do well not to forget that he began where others left off; that some, moreover, of the greatest poems of the world are but the exaltation of valuable ideas previously existing in the rough. Therefore I would plead for a study of the elements as essential to an understanding of the product. The underlying force is the vitality of art.

But pray do not credit me with insufficient appreciation of what we call style in composition. Style, on the contrary, is a virtue to which I am keenly susceptible. It is, I recognize, as manners to men—the outward and visible

sign of good breeding. But for all that one may esteem courtesy and gentleness in one's associates, and lament their lack whenever it appears in one's own demeanor, it is clear that the world is better served by virility and earnestness, if a choice must be made. Fine feeling and delicacy are noble attributes of any man, but they are not to be equalized with native vigor and moral might, when it becomes a question of achieving a great task. Thus it is that I regard as just the critics' demand for evidence of strong elemental emotion in a work before they are willing to stamp it as great literature. I dread ever the blighting sway of conventionality, the prevalence of art that is "tongue-tied by authority." I lament the spread of good taste if it means that literature is to become anæmic, colorless, sapped of personality. Admirable is the force of restraint where there is something to hold back, great is the virtue of control when it regulates passion. An earnest writer strives to free himself of prejudice, and to avoid excess; he rids himself as best he can of self-sufficiency, and conceit; he is ready to learn of every one who has before wrought well in the domain of imagination; but all to this end, that his personal powers may be the more effective, that he may clarify his individual vision, and, being true to himself, promote the general good. What we need in literature is character,—more than refinement, more than intellectuality, more than passion,—character, that unifies all three, yet mounts higher to the majesty of wisdom.

Toward what are known as the "fine points" of style, I feel almost as Bacon felt toward "ceremonies and respects": "to attain them it almost sufficeth not to despise them; for so shall a man observe them in others, and let him trust himself with the rest. For if he labour too much to express them, he shall lose their grace, which is to be natural and unaffected....How can a man comprehend

great matters, that breaketh his mind too much to small observations?" Few, in fact, are the words required to sum up the law and the prophets of the highest literary creed; and details of command are good only as sign-posts of wise direction to travelers already in the way of truth.

We hear a great deal of empty talk nowadays about "art for art's sake." This once pregnant phrase is now so bandied about by the glib and the facile, so wrenched to suit private inclination, that it has no clear and definite meaning. To some critics it seems to justify petty desire to dismiss as worthless everything that does not accord with their own preference, to minimize the merit of careful study, to cry frantically, "Out! harrow! and weylaway!" at the bare sight of a specialist near their chaunticleer's yard; it leads them to be vainglorious in ignorant disdain. Such critics forget that to be merely entertaining is to be hastily dismissed; they forget that, while a superficial knowledge of many things is a strong armor to a man with a profound knowledge of some one of them, he who wears it without individual power may soon be as ridiculously overthrown as the threatening clay-giant Mokkurkalfi whom Thor befooled and, at a single blow of his mighty hammer, tumbled down on the dismal plain. Again, some young poets are persuaded by the phrase to write only to please a select company of congenial spirits, particularly to win applause by the display of cleverness which only the initiated can enjoy, and thus are deluded to their own harm.

"Art for art's sake," otherwise considered, advises the critic to regard the works of which he treats no more as a show-case of rhetorical devices, or as a specimen of metrical structure, than as a *corpus vile* for linguistic dissection, or as an illustrative manual of historical and social conditions. He is admonished by it that a great poem is more than words and phrases and facts and examples, curiously con-

joined to test his sensitiveness or erudition; that on the contrary it is a living thing in whose creation was motive, in whose soul is aspiration, in whose heart is feeling, in whose mind is understanding,—a living being with a peculiar character which is its force.

“Art for art’s sake” advises the poet to write with purely ideal aim, with eye single to untarnished truth, intent on showing forth the faith that is in him without fawning or fear. By it he is admonished to exalt in his composition whatsoever things are honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report, and to scorn any compromise with imperfection. It keeps before him the highest standard of a book, that it shall be a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

We are agreed that our present concern is only with imaginative literature. This, you remember, De Quincey distinguishes from unimagined literature, as the “literature of power”—opposed to that of knowledge; and Pater makes clearer the contrast by this addition: “In the former of which the composer gives us not fact, but his peculiar sense of fact, whether past or present, or prospective, it may be, as often in oratory.” Accepting De Quincey’s definition, let us proceed to examine certain of the relations in which literature may exert power.

Had I time I might dwell on the intimate relations of “belles-lettres” with the “beaux-arts,” and point out superficially how many beautiful paintings, sculptures, and embroideries, how many monuments of architecture, were inspired by literary conceptions; or, *vice versa*, how often various products of fine art suggested genuine works of literature. More profoundly, I might endeavor to formulate certain fundamental spiritual laws of “fine” creation in general, from which it would appear that all good achievements of this kind result from one and the same impulse,—to manifest and evoke beauty,—and that the

medium is the least significant thing in a consideration of its permanent power. I might dwell upon the influence on one another of men diversely trying to interpret beauty, on the stimulus and restraining value of their intercourse, on the enlightenment that comes to each by understanding his fellow's struggles and triumphs. All this would be worth while—but here we must pass it by.

The relations of literature to philosophy and religion would need a man of much more learning in those fields than I possess to show forth worthily, and he would require, not a few paragraphs in a popular discourse, but a large volume of intricate reasoning, to make the situation clear. Naturally it would not be necessary to determine the service of books that systematize theory, or promulgate dogma; for such works belong not to pure literature, but to that of science. But to inquire into the value of imaginative suggestion and vivid statement as an aid to religious and philosophic contemplation,—the power of words to create an atmosphere in which men become sensitive to exalted impressions,—that would be helpful to every one who recognizes the tremendous influence of some great writing on his own spiritual life.

And how separate literature from education? More and more, education is being encouraged as a factor of social progress. School and college are now receiving in large measure the public patronage that once was the honor of the church. University men are looked to for light on most of the problems of national life. They set the tone of public thought. Fortunately, there is no student but desires acquaintance with great books. No one in the best collegiate circles is more envied than he who can communicate to thought that peculiar transfiguration of expression which is called the literary touch. The general appreciation of his work is like the response of those who, seeing a man

act nobly, rise up with instinctive recognition of his superiority, to applaud character so capable of doing good. Virtue of speech is as incommunicable by command as nobility of character, but it can be inculcated by intercourse with those who are eminent for it, and the desire for its possession is common to all who think. Thus men are led to read the best books as they are led to associate with the best of their fellows, for they perceive that virtue goes out of each superior being when he is touched, and that sympathetic association awakens dormant ideals to life.

On the relations of literature to history and nationality I should like to dwell a little longer. In general, history is the record of a nation's deeds, while literature is the outcome of its thoughts. If one stops to consider the matter, one is surprised to see that a fine literary work has very seldom *made* history, as is sometimes said, except indirectly, and not at the period of its composition. Literature may reflect history, echo it, explain it: it may be the mirror of prevailing sentiment, the sounding-board of contemporary ideas, the key of extant emotion; but it is not the foundation of the feelings it exhibits. Is it, then, without influence on history? Certainly not. If it does not move the present, it establishes it, to move the future. Thus, itself the outgrowth of conditions that were effected by previous writing, it becomes a force for new conditions destined to develop another product, and start it again on a career of influence. While history gradually unfolds itself, literature unifies its evolution. Literature is a mighty power to conserve and perfect a nation's experience. It contributes solidarity to public sentiments and ideals. It procreates patriotism. Through it a people takes cognizance of itself.

Consider, for example, the influence of a notable history of the fourteenth century,—a biography that falls within

our domain because the author, we perceive, was not scrupulous to convey fact so much as his peculiar sense of fact: I refer to Barbour's *Bruce*. John Barbour in writing his story of Bruce had clearly before him the lives of the illustrious "Nine Worthies" of the world. He knew in full the romantic tales of Julius Cæsar, Hector, and Alexander, of Joshua, David, and Judas Maccabæus, of Charlemagne, Arthur, and Godefroy de Bouillon; and he deliberately distorted history to fashion for his hero a career that would make him a suitable associate of these ancient warriors. He represented Bruce as constantly mindful of their exploits, as prompted, encouraged, and kept from mistake by their example, as delivering addresses and exhortations to his troops in their manner, as displaying principles of honor, courtesy, heroic courage, and perseverance in their similitude. He made him the exponent of all the finest qualities of character that his prototypes had displayed. In the tales of the Nine Worthies,—imaginative history for the most part, almost entirely fable,—men of all stations in the Middle Ages found examples of virtue which determined their actual conduct in daily life; and the influence of these medieval narratives is not dead yet. Barbour took advantage of the emotions of his time to ennoble the standards of his countrymen. Magnifying their experience by bringing it into the light of celebrated comparison, he perpetuated as ideals of the Scottish nation those principles of conduct that many generations of literary men had agreed upon as the most worthy of applause.

Somewhat similar is the way in which the fame of William Wallace was established by the minstrel Blind Harry, or by whoever it was that wrote the poem in which he is eloquently exalted. And the spirit that these poems infused into contemporary Scots remains still the source of their descendants' pride. Centuries after its composition, Robert

Burns wrote of the story of Wallace: "It poured a tide of Scottish prejudice into my veins that will boil along there till the flood-gates of life close in eternal rest." Surely no historian can leave such literature out of consideration in estimating the bases of Scottish nationality. Is it not, then, literature of power?

We should do well to seek more in history the influence of popular legends,—old poetic imaginings that have fostered love of country, tightened racial ties. It was no vain appeal that Björnson made to his countrymen when he justified their patriotism by singing of the "saga-night that has spread dreams" over their land. Such dreams in general possession yield the secret of that common social impulse which is a nation's strength. Through literature is often made manifest the halo of a nation, which, representative of its spiritual glory, commands reverence and devotion.

It is, nevertheless, difficult to generalize about the immediate relations of literature to national movements. There seems no fixed rule apparent. With the exception of some orations, the American Revolution was neither preluded nor followed by any literary works of note, while the French Revolution presents a situation exactly the opposite. Wherein lies the difference? What has this country lost by the absence of an oracle of its former spirit? What has France gained by the concern of its writers with the form of its government?

Some historians are disposed to calculate the greatness of a nation by the number of great men it has produced, and the method is not to be wholly blamed. Great men are but the mouthpiece of great spirit, and that is usually the spirit of their time. We are justified in denying unusual uplift to the spirit of a nation when it reaches to no superior heights in gifted individuals. Grant that the

originality of a people is not to be measured by its records in letters alone, but in the other arts, as well, in social and intellectual progress, in the advancement of civilization variously apparent; yet an age when literature is weak, when it is frivolous, cheap, and insincere, not to say vulgar or depraved, is an age which the future historian will find it hard to call great, no matter how proudly that age may have vaunted itself on a high general level of education, or a prosperous mediocrity of culture.

It is appalling to consider how little direct influence literature has as literature on the multitudes that embrace our civilization. Frankly, if we had any way to discover how many of the eighty million American citizens read books with any concern for them as works of art, with any conception of what makes them good or bad in the eyes of the trained, with any power to discriminate on their own behalf, we should probably be ashamed to state the results of our research. Nor is it probable that conditions in this regard are much worse here than elsewhere, though undoubtedly in older countries books of polite literature are more sure of an extensive sale. In the whole world the number of people who can and do appreciate literature as such is a very small minority of the population. This, to be sure, does not signify much to those who believe that literature is only for the *élite*, that it is a luxury for the refined, and debases itself when it goes to minister to the lowly of intellect and taste. But there is another view, the view of the democrat, who proclaims all men free and equal in the domain of letters, free to produce, free to enjoy, free to understand. And those who have most at heart the sway of ideals in the world have the greatest eagerness to enlighten the masses to comprehension of what literature means, not by telling them about its charm, but by revealing to them its quickening power, as they can be taught

patriotism by the consideration of a patriot, or fair play and uprightness by observing a conspicuously "straight" man, a man of honor. It behooves writers seriously to inquire why their appeal is so limited, to see how far their failure to move many is due to a mistaken vision. I entertain no foolish notions with regard to a large increase of reading among the working classes. There are millions of men who by reason of their occupation, if for no other, will always be deprived of the chance to read at all. But I should like to have every one, if possible, surrounded by an atmosphere of imaginative thought, so pervasive that somehow they must feel it, and, being led to observe those who see and hear more than they, wittingly or unwittingly yield subservience to its power.

Good literature is a wholesome stimulant to the man in private as well as to the citizen in public. Yet now, when it is most needed, in this age of intellectuality, there is a pitiful lack of writings that serve to refresh the heart. While in conversation the other day with an economist, I asked him how much he read books that had no direct bearing on his professional work. "Very little," was the reply. "Nor can I say," he added, "exactly why. I know I need greatly the strength that literature affords, but I do not seem to find anything, in contemporary production, at least, that supplies my need." Now if this man had really sought and not found, if he had read and was unrewarded by increase of courage, not renewed in inner life, then it is a great reproach to present works of literary art. Such a man as he needs props,—Matthew Arnold remarked wisely that all men need props,—and these he had a right to claim that literature should afford him. Formerly the Bible was deemed a sufficient prop for all men in their every spiritual emergency. But more and more the educated are seeking other support in the crises great or small that

daily arise. Very different are the books that serve us as individuals, for very different are our wants. But we have a longing for beauty; we all crave the uplift that comes from contemplation of the ideal.

You will recall how a *chanson de geste* concerning Charlemagne and Roland and Oliver and those who fell at Ronceval stimulated the host of William the Conqueror at the Battle of Hastings. It helped to make them brave. You will recall how Wolfe repeated Gray's *Elegy* beneath the battlements of Quebec the night before the memorable struggle of Abraham's Heights. It helped to make him calm. You will recall how Robert Bruce sat all day long at the difficult pass of Loch Lomond and read aloud to his followers the Old French story of Ferumbras, and how the Lord gave his assailants might in their peril. It helped to hold their courage at the sticking point. You will recall, perhaps, the fascinating picture of the British king Bademagus in his chair of ivory, and how he heard the minstrel harp of Orpheus so sweetly that he was moved with great emotion and no one dared speak a word. It distracted him from his grief. You will recall the scene of the old Norse monarch Sverrir on his deathbed, as he listened with glad eagerness to the heroic sagas of his ancestors and kin, recited one after another to animate his heart. Thus he was strengthened for his approaching end.

There is, in truth, no circumstance in which literature will not serve, whether it be to increase joy or diminish sorrow, to heighten courage or evoke tenderness, to stimulate in action or soothe in repose, to give one in life wisdom and in death serenity. Literature is the consolation as well as the inspiration of humanity, an eternal spring of refreshment which never is far off, the water-brook for which the soul of every life-traveler panteth, like the hart, when he is will-of-his-way.

How, then, will the course of literature be guided aright? What is, or should be, the purpose of literary criticism, the rôle of professors of belles-lettres?

We have at Harvard a chair of belles-lettres, which since the death of James Russell Lowell has had no occupant. Why for these thirteen years past has it remained vacant? Ask this question of the members of the Corporation, and they will probably give as a chief reason that they know of no one quite fitted for the place. And in this opinion they seem to be right. In truth, it is not by learning or fidelity that one can gain the power to occupy suitably any such chair. One does not fit one's self apparently, but is fitted by nature, or fate, or God, or whatever one may term the hidden power that rules our being, to sit in this high seat, this "siege perilous," and not be confounded. For ideally the professor of belles-lettres should be the qualified spokesman of vital literary opinion, as the poet-laureate of Britain should utter in convincing phrase the deep emotions of his land. Poets-laureate have at times been chosen who were unable to maintain the dignity of their lofty office, but it is a common feeling that a weakling in the post is worse than none at all.

Now Lowell took the Smith Professorship of Belles-Lettres with general commendation of the propriety of his appointment. If some have felt inclined to demur at the fidelity with which he performed the routine of his position, no one has ever denied his fitness, by nature and training, for what he was called upon to do, even as all admit that Tennyson's choice as poet-laureate merited public applause. It is well, then to inquire what qualities Lowell possessed that led the wise to seal his election with open marks of approval. In the first place, he was not only a gentleman (in the best sense of that fine old word—a man of gentle, courteous instincts, of careful cultivation and dignity)—

he was also a scholar, in both the ancient and the modern way.

This point I should like to emphasize. No one can read Lowell's letters or essays without becoming aware of the fact that he had large learning at his command. But if any one desires further confirmation, he will examine the books of Lowell's private collections that are now possessed by the Harvard Library. These are numerous and varied. They are not confined to productions of any one period. The poet himself declares, for example, that he had read every work of Old French literature available to him. And examination of his own texts (for he bought everything) shows that he read them with scrupulous pains, not in the superficial way that Taine might have adopted, but with the conscientiousness of Gaston Paris, to whom every fact had significance, who was not content to generalize on the basis of mere casual knowledge, who left no avenue unapproached to seek out the truth in its fullness.

And Lowell read to make use of the knowledge he thus acquired. He matured his opinions with the intent to set them forth. This fact, too, I would emphasize. I am aware that there is a foolish importance attached to publication nowadays. Every young student is encouraged to get into print, whether he have anything new to say or not. And it is too often forgotten that a man may write reams and not have one-tenth the ideas of one who has been absolutely silent to the world at large. But even as music is not music, or poetry poetry, until it is composed, even as a building is not a building before it is erected, so ideas demand publication to be capable of estimate. Publication, of course, can be achieved in other ways than by written books. A professor may most potently publish his ideas by word of mouth. But where there is no evidence of a teacher's influence either by its effect on the personally taught or

the impersonally wrought upon, we are justified in believing that it is a thing of nought.

Lowell had good taste, and his phrases please the sensibilities of the refined. He was thorough in research, and his judgments stand the test of careful scrutiny. Yet another quality of his publication is perhaps more notable. It has all-inspiring force. Himself enthusiastic in study, he brought others to understand its charm. Ready to restrain, he was still more eager to encourage. Not content with the consideration of the past, he inquired into the future. This also I believe it was his duty to do as professor of belles-lettres. For of what other use is the acquisition of knowledge than to revivify it and put it to better service? Odin, the wise God, sent out two ravens abroad into the world, and welcomed them back with news. Hugin and Munnin, these ravens, symbolize Thought and Memory, coequal, both needed in Odin's mature counsel. But to what end should this counsel serve? Clearly, to anticipate the future for the common good. The ideal professor of belles-lettres is wise in determining tendencies—to this purpose, that the bad may be kept hidden and the good given cheerful countenance. His chief consideration must be coming accomplishment, that it may be rich in fulfillment of apparent promise or possible good chance. He must, by his knowledge of what has been, be keen to perceive the best of what may be, and keep the eyes of others open to dangers likely to overcome the unwary, teach those whom he can influence to discriminate between the meretricious and the honest, between the vulgar and the fine, between the ephemeral and the permanent, between artifice and art.

"Your young men shall see visions and your old men shall dream dreams," said the prophet. Here we have, as it were, the creators and the critics of literature. The critic indicates the course of past developments; the creator takes

the lead to form the new. The student of literature makes stable standards, which he who is destined to replenish the treasured store of ideal art struggles to fulfill.

Belles-lettres! Yes, beautiful indeed are the letters that reveal nations and individuals to themselves, and stir them to noble endeavor. There will, it is evident, be no great literature worthy of America until its citizens, once again as clearly as of yore, perceive the firm basis of its national life, how and why these States are United. Are they united merely for the advantage of reciprocal trade and mutual protection, only by reason of propinquity, or convenient purchase, or warlike conquest? These are not bonds of much strength. If there is no underlying community of race, or tradition, or history among its members, by what shall they be kept one when factions arise, when local or class interests threaten to disturb the paths of peace? By nothing vital, so far as one can see, except a sympathy of moral life, a sympathy of ideals. And here above all literature has the high privilege to serve. Men of letters have the power to keep clear the vision without which the nation shall perish. Theirs is the duty to glorify truth and make it worshiped of the people. They can touch the hearts of all fellow citizens to a common response, and surprise them to the full realization of a common love.

We hear of *La douce France* and *Bell' Italia*, of *Gamle Norge* and *Merry England*, of the *Vaterland* and the *Emerald Isle*, and such literary phrases as these suffice to arouse intense patriotic emotion. We are now in a land that pre-eminently deserves the title "free," and freedom as here newly conceived and enacted may well be the burden of a new nation's song. Let our writers renew the best imaginings of their fathers; but let them also open their eyes and see afar off: let them descry the land of hope.

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FUNDAMENTAL CONCEPTIONS AND METHODS IN THE STUDY OF THE HISTORY OF ART

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THIS is the subject on which I was invited to speak. It is a large subject, almost immense. When it was announced to me it reminded me of the theological student who came to his first pastorate full of enthusiasm, and began to hit out straight from the shoulder at specific evils. After his first sermon on the sin of intemperance the deacons of the church waited upon him and told him that would never do, because one of the richest men in the church was likely to take the sermon as a personal attack. The next Sunday he hit out in another direction, coming down hard on dishonesty in business. This time *one* of the deacons came and told him that the other one had regarded the sermon as a direct attack on him. Again he was advised to be more cautious. The young man, however, having a bent for the specific, found himself getting deeper and deeper into trouble, and at last, to save himself, fell back on the noble but vast subject of "the exceeding sinfulness of sin." After that he was held by all the congregation to be a powerful preacher, and a safe man. He had a large subject, and

could hammer away on it for a lifetime without hurting anybody's feelings.

"Fundamental Conceptions and Methods in the Study of the History of Art" is also a large subject. I was thankful that with the invitation came the suggestion, "Of course, there is no objection that you emphasize classical art." Better a "pent-up Utica" where one can at least get his back to a wall than "a whole unbounded continent." The field of classical art is, to be sure, no pent-up Utica; but one has in it at least the comfortable feeling of seeing boundaries. It is also easier to formulate conceptions and methods as to the *study* of the *history* of classical art than as to classical art itself. We have something tangible, an historical study.

A recent writer of a stimulating book entitled *The Spirit and Principles of Greek Sculpture* has filed a mild protest against the historical treatment of Greek sculpture. "All their books," he says, "follow the historic development. They are histories of ancient artists." And yet we find the author himself following in general the same historical development of Greek sculpture as his predecessors, the "scientific archæologists," as he somewhat disparagingly calls them. The natural excuse of these scientific archæologists is that no art was ever so clearly a natural development with a birth, a growth to maturity, and a decline, as Greek sculpture. If we try to give an orderly description of it we naturally make it a history. It is true that about three-quarters of Winckelmann's great *History of Ancient Art* is not in the form of history, but is rather a tender, loving rhapsody, ever held in check, over the objects taken singly and in the order of his liking, an order with which one need find no fault; and then follows about one-quarter called *The History of Ancient Art in Relation to External Circumstances among the Greeks*, which deals with the subject chronologically. Brunn, on the other hand, wrote a

History of Greek Sculptors apart from any description and estimate of their works. But in later times, in Germany, France, England, and America, it has become the custom to clothe the skeleton with flesh and blood, and treat the works along with the workmen. One will hardly abandon the form of Collignon's *History of Greek Sculpture* to go back to Winchelmann's arrangement.

It is an interesting, one might say a fascinating, study to trace the development of Greek sculpture from the almost formless Nikandra statue to the Lemnian Athena and on to the Niké of Samothrace, from the stiff "Apollos" to the Hermes of Praxiteles and the works of Lysippos represented to us by the apoxyomenos, apportioning as we go, to each great sculptor, as far as we can, his share in the development which came not of itself, but was brought about by men whom we begin to know and honor as elemental forces.

I foresee that the subject will be large enough if I limit it once for all to Greek sculpture, and take as a subject the study of the history of Greek sculpture as the most prominent branch of the history of Greek art. The world has suffered no greater loss in art than the wiping out of Greek painting. One might infer from Pliny that it was almost, if not quite, as important and interesting as Greek sculpture.¹ From this description it is clear that the great painters, Zeuxis, Parrhasios, Protogenes, and Apelles gave a freer rein to expression than ever Myron did in sculpture. What the Greek painters could do in the way of expression can be only inadequately brought home to us by late frescoes like those of Pompeii and by the delicate work on red-figured vases. The best of these vase-paintings, however,

¹ The Laocoon group and the Pergamon after frieze did not perhaps fall a whit short of painting in this matter of expression. Pliny indeed (36, 37) lets his enthusiasm run away with him, and says that the Laocoon "is worth all the pictures and bronzes in the world."

would probably compare with the paintings in the Stoa Poikile as pastels to the Sistine Madonna. Sculpture is, and probably will always remain, the art which ancient Greece has given us.¹

Before speaking of methods in the study of the history of Greek sculpture we should speak of the conceptions which underlie that art, and differentiate it from modern art, and exercise an influence on our methods of studying it. During the whole period of the greatness of Greece sculpture was *religious*, inasmuch as most of the statues were representatives of divinities or heroes, offerings devoted to them, and adornments of their shrines. It was also *popular*, in the sense that a whole people appreciated and enjoyed it, as they enjoyed the national poetry. This was perhaps more true of Athens than of other parts of the Greek world, but the statement will stand for all Greece.

Modern sculpture as well as painting is neither religious nor popular; and does not seem likely to become so. It has ceased to be religious in large measure from the slackening of religious fervor. It is not in the heart of painters of to-day to produce Madonnas like those of Bellini, and the people do not clamor for them. Sculpture is still further from being religious. In this practical and bustling age the artist who tried anything as august as the Olympian Zeus would find himself behind the times, and out of touch with the public. Nor are the old conditions likely to return.

The artists have become a guild, and are not in and of the people. Their clientèle is limited to a few, mostly wealthy persons, and some others who patronize art often as a mere fad. No one feels this more than the artists themselves, who often have to resort to something striking in order to keep themselves alive. For us who are simply

¹ But what has happened in the case of painting would have happened in sculpture also had not rich Romans of taste demanded copies of masterpieces to adorn their houses and villas.

lookers-on, there is something refreshing in the frankness of those who make no pretense of appreciating art, and are as outspoken as the "bourgeois gentilhomme," whose love of music was satisfied with the "trompette marine." In one of the most interesting rooms of the Berlin Museum I heard a man by no means of the lower classes say in a stentorian voice, "Diese Sachen interessiren mich gar nicht." The days seem forever past when a whole city would rise up in arms as one man to protest against the removal from it of a beautiful statue. Artists and art-lovers, while they may well despair of bringing back those golden days, may perhaps say with Touchstone, "We that have good wits have much to answer for."

It may seem like beginning history with Adam to go back here to Winckelmann; but back to him we must go if we wish to get a view of the beginnings of the study of the history of Greek sculpture. He is the founder of that study and an example to us all. How far he outran his generation is seen by the fact that his enlightened patron, Count von Bunau, said, "Winckelmann is a fool, and will come to a terrible end." Others were willing to concede that he was an *inspired* fool. Rome was to him Mecca and Jerusalem combined. So absorbed was he in its treasures of art that the question of becoming a Catholic instead of a Protestant seemed to him much like a question between tweedledum and tweedledee. His coming to Rome was an event in the history of the study of art almost as important as the arrival of Greek scholars in Europe which brought on the renaissance.

When he had once become papal antiquary and had charge of the museums of Rome his one thought was the mastery of all the *material*. His contempt of Belesenheit and of "those who excogitate huge books and sicken the understanding"; his saying that "no scribe can penetrate the in-

most essence of art," show how proud he was, intrenched in his museums. He could hardly disguise his contempt for a certain "superficial English writer" who formulated theories on the sight of a few statues, and said of him, "such an inference was to be expected only from those who had seen Rome in dreams or like young travelers in one day." He exacted as much from himself as he did from others. Nothing less than an acquaintance with the whole field satisfied him. His principle was comparable to that which Ritschl formulated for the study of the classics, "Lesen, viel Lesen, Möglichst viel Lesen." In his judgment only he who had seen a thousand statues was capable of understanding *one*.

The wonder is that dealing as he did with copies, he still felt the spirit and power of Greek sculpture as perhaps no man since has felt it. No one can ever improve on his defining the essence of Greek art as "noble simplicity and quiet grandeur" (Edle Einfalt und stille Grösse). Bosanquet, an English writer, offers as a substitute "harmony, regularity, and repose." But this leaves out the prime qualities of "simplicity, greatness, and nobility."

Winckelmann was not so visionary and rhapsodical as to fail to give some practical directions for the study of art, as follows:

(1) "Seek not to detect deficiencies and imperfections in works of art until you have previously learned to recognize and discover beauties."

(2) "Be not governed in your opinion by the judgment of the guild, which generally prefers what is difficult to what is beautiful."

(3) "The observer should discriminate as the ancient artists apparently did between what is essential and what is only accessory (in the drawing)."

He could be, we see, as practical as when he was teaching troublesome boys in Saxony; and yet the fervor of his great work shook Germany, stirred Lessing and Goethe, and made the author recognized as a power wherever there were lovers of art.

Of course, no one could make so many utterances as he did without making some mistakes, "Es irrt der Mensch so long er Strebt." Even with the first publication of his great *History of Ancient Art* came many corrections by the editors and others. But he stands colossal above editors and annotators.

One hundred and thirty-six years have passed since the tragic death of Winckelmann, and we know immensely more of the history of Greek sculpture than it was permitted him to know. A presentation of some of the principal additions to our knowledge will also illustrate some of the fundamental methods of the study of the history of Greek sculpture. We have gone on to larger acquaintance with the field, and have gathered in the fruits ripened by reflection and comparison. It might not be difficult to find twenty such lines of advance. But I will confine myself to three:

(1) *Modern Excavations.*

(2) *The Study and Groupings of Copies of Ancient Statues.*

(3) *The Examination of the Literary Sources of our Knowledge.*

(1) Modern excavations have modified, if not wholly revolutionized, the old notions of Greek sculpture, and rapidly made our hand-books of sculpture antiquated. The excavation of Olympia, the first suggestion of which came from Winckelmann, a suggestion that ripened in the mind of Ernst Curtius, did not, it is true, yield so many fine statues as might have been expected from the statement

of Pliny that seventy-three thousand statues remained at Olympia in A. D. 67, after the Romans had been systematically transporting statues from Greece for nearly a century and a quarter. But even apart from the other important discoveries at Olympia the yield in sculpture alone put the stamp of success on the enterprise. For the Hermes of Praxiteles alone, the only Greek statue on which we can put our hand and say "this is an original from the hand of one of the great masters,"¹ probably some rich man could be found who would gladly pay the whole cost of the excavation of Olympia. Having now a sure Praxitelean statue, the obvious method is to judge all material hitherto supposed to be Praxitelean by this standard. By this test, for example, the so-called Eubouleus head is accepted or rejected as a claimant for membership in the Praxitelean group. The sculptures of the great temple of Zeus have taken a very important place in the history of art. The statement of Pausanias that Paionios and Alkamenes made the gable sculptures has generally been rejected on account of their style, which seems to point to a date earlier than that of these two sculptors. It is quite possible that there will never be agreement as to the school that produced these temple adornments; but one thing seems fairly well settled, *viz.*, that both gables and the metopes bear the stamp of a single style. Since the metopes were surely made at the time of the building of the temple, the gables also must have been made at about the same time; and their style fits well enough to the reported date of their execution, about 460 B. C., long before Phidias had appeared to make his Olympian Zeus.

The excavation of Delphi has at present raised more ques-

¹ Pliny (34, 87), speaks of a Hermes of Kephisotodos holding a child. On the strength of this Miss Sellars, in *Pliny's Chapters on the History of Greek Art* (addenda, p. 236), has suggested that Pliny must be preferred to Pausanias, and that we must understand the famous Hermes to be the work of Kephisotodos, father or elder brother of Praxiteles.

tions than it has settled. Of the miscellaneous cargo of statues found in the sea at Antikythera the same may be said.

But the excavations on the Athenian Acropolis have thrown a wonderful light on the history of sculpture. They made Mrs. Mitchell's carefully prepared *History of Greek Sculpture* antiquated almost as soon as it was printed. Luckily in their case we had a *terminus ante quem* to fix the date of the objects. The debris left by the Persians came forth, and lo! it silenced all doubts as to the painting of statues. Not only did the old statues of soft limestone here show a coating of most brilliant colors, red and blue, thickly laid on, but the somewhat later archaic *marble* statues showed garments with painted borders, hair, diadems, and eyes painted with discretion if not with taste. That the nude parts also had a toning of less strong color could hardly be doubted. Where color was lacking it might in some cases be seen that it was simply because it had worn away. The garment of the Moschophoros could be properly understood only by the supposition that it was painted. The notion of chaste, white marble as the material of Greek sculpture vanished at a touch of truth. The question became, not whether the Greeks painted their statues, but *how* they painted them. One simply surrendered to the evidence, which was compelling. That this practice did not cease with the archaic period, but was continued as long as Greece practiced the art is absolutely certain. That this was true of Praxiteles might have been well enough known from the statement of Pliny, so much neglected, that Praxiteles valued most his statues that had been touched up by the painter Nikias.¹

Now applying the proper method of study, one sees traces of paint everywhere, even where it was least expected. One

¹ Pliny, 35, 133.

finds them especially on the backgrounds of reliefs. On metopes of temples it is best recognized by the fact that strong colors, especially blue, were there used, although red was not uncommon.¹ Even on a statue clearly of Roman times, found at Corinth in the recent excavations, the folds of the outer garment carried large patches of vermilion color.

How little Winckelmann knew of the marked difference between local schools! What would he have said if he had seen the Ægina statues with their lean stiff style and the full forms of the gable groups of both the Old and the Oldest Athena temple on the Athenian Acropolis? It is wonderful that two schools some ten or twelve miles apart should have been producing at the same time sculpture of such distinctively opposite character.

(2) *The study and grouping of copies.* How little did Ulrichs know of Skopas when over forty years ago he wrote his book *Skopas, sein Leben und seine Werke!* One smiles now at the list of works there ascribed to Skopas. But twenty-five years ago two male heads were found on the site of ancient Tegea which evidently belonged to a gable. They were left unwrought on one side, and the top of each was cut off a little to fit the slope of an ascending cornice. Since the head of a boar was found near by, the conclusion was at once drawn that the pieces, one or all, came from the east gable of the temple of Athena Alea which Pausanias described as containing the Hunting of the Caledonian Boar. Skopas was the architect of the temple, and since he was a sculptor it was natural to suppose that these sculptures were as much influenced by him as the sculptures of the Parthenon were influenced by Phidias. Luckily they had a very marked character. The heads were distinctly

¹ On the Zeus Temple at Olympia the metopes, it is said, were alternately red and blue.

different from the Praxitelean type. Their greatest dimension was from front to rear, while the Praxitelean head is extended upward in a dome. The under jaw and cheek were strongly marked, giving an impression of intense energy. The peculiar feature, however, was the eyes, which being deepest in their sockets, with the inner corner depressed, had a pad of flesh drawn down over their outer corner so that the upper lid entirely disappears in a profile view. The gaze directed upward and onward expressed an intensity of emotion contrasted with the dreamy look of the Hermes of Praxiteles. For the first time we seemed to catch the characteristics of Skopas.

In spite, however, of the admirable discussion of these sculptures by Treu,¹ the connection with Skopas was not regarded as absolutely fixed. But eight years later, Botho Gräf² was struck by the similarity of two heads of a youthful Herakles crowned with poplar wreaths, in Roman museums, to the heads from Tegea. He then enlarged his list materially with copies poorer or more remote from the presumed original. It was evident that some famous original had led to this multiplication of copies. Pausanias records that a youthful Herakles made by Skopas was set up in the gymnasium at Sikyon. Coins of Sikyon of a rather late date show a beardless Herakles with the *trænia* of a wreath, a fact that makes it certain that the statue was highly esteemed at Sikyon. That, then, was probably the famous original which evoked so many copies. This series combined with the Tegea heads made a base both broad and firm, and other statues were invited to come and stand on it, and form a Skopasian group. A Meleager in Rome and a female head from the south slope of the Athenian Acropolis, supposed by some to be an original, were invited by accla-

¹ *Ath. Mitt.*, 1881, p. 303 ff.

² *Röm. Mitt.*, 1889, p. 189 ff.

mation. The test was then applied to the sculptures of the Mausoleum of Helicarnassus with the result that while many heads there appeared to bear the Skopasian features they were not confined to the east side, as we ought to expect if we trust Pliny's already incredible report that each one of four sculptors executed the sculpture on each of the four sides, Skopas, as the elder, receiving the front.¹ And if any single frieze does not seem to be more Skopasian in character than some of the others the safest inference to be drawn is that Skopas as the master mind left the Skopasian stamp upon the work as a whole.

Pliny also records that Skopas sculptured one of the drums of the temple of Artemis at Ephesus; and the British Museum possesses such a drum from that temple, which represents probably Alcestis between Thanatos and Hermes, who has the Skopasian eye. By the method thus established several other candidates were severely scrutinized and some admitted and some rejected. The Ludovisi Ares receives a majority of the suffrages. But it fares hard with some of the old claimants. The Niobe group is rejected. Furtwängler has invited in the Aphrodite of Melos (Venus of Milo) as a descendant, through the Aphrodite of Capua, of the famous but lost Aphrodite of Knidos. She ought to be received with shouts and almost with tears of joy if her title can be made clear.

The resurrection of Skopa's Herakles was a single application of a method which in the hands of a master has produced great results. Eleven years ago appeared an epoch-making book, *Meisterwerke der Griechischen Skulptur*, by Adolf Furtwängler.² The book is full of illustra-

¹ It seems more reasonable, inasmuch as there were several friezes going around all four sides of the building, that a given sculptor should execute a given frieze rather than parts of several friezes.

² Translated in the following year into English by Miss E. Sellars. Eighteen plates and nearly two hundred figures in the English edition represent by no means all the statues that are cited.

tions, that the reader may not grope in darkness when comparisons are made. The first impression made upon many people by the book was that Furtwängler had inaugurated a boom in second-class sculpture, and brought to honor many trifles. But let any one pay careful attention to the method by which the first section of the book brings before us the Lemnian Athena, a perfect flower of Phidias's work, and he will realize that it is a method with no *madness* in it.

Whether every one of the heads which the author puts into a certain group is there to stay remains, of course, yet to be seen. Let it be conceded that half the groupings are open to contention, the method is still the method of the future. The only danger is that tyros will try their hand at constructing groups and proclaim or assume their success. But this is a field where the tyro ought to realize that he must proceed with caution or he will find that he has let loose the Geister and to lay them he must call in the "alte Meister."

To continue a work such as Furtwängler has inaugurated is not Jedermann's Ding, but there lies the path of progress even if it is the path of danger. Every few years somebody tries to construct a Pythagoras group, generally out of some outlying part of Myron's preserves. Much as we may desire to construct such a group we do not appear to have the materials for it yet. For whipping back into the Myronian corral certain waifs that sometimes threaten to make a group by themselves, we get a sort of sanction from Furtwängler, who allows that a great sculptor cannot always be credited with only one shape of head. In speaking of the Discobolos, Ince Blundell, and Riccardi heads, he says, "the strikingly different individuality of these three heads need not perplex us, for from what artist should we expect such variety as from Myron who *multiplicasse veritatem videtur.*" He also gives the reminder that "copyists

allow themselves great freedom in the execution of details, especially in the case of the hair." In fact, to the casual observer there is in some of the bearded heads which Furtwängler calls Myronian very little superficial resemblance to the head of the youthful Discobolos.

(3) *The study of ancient authorities.* It may be profitable to confine ourselves to two cases, Pausanias and Pliny. Pausanias, the traveler, has long been suspected, and sometimes unjustly suspected, of making great mistakes in his descriptions of ancient sculpture. It has long been customary to regard the two corner figures in the west gable of the Parthenon as representing the Kephisos and the Ilissos, and writers on sculpture have recognized and admired forsooth the "liquid flow" in the form of the Ilissos. The great master, Brunn, went on to the natural conclusion that the other figures of the gable must be interpreted in like fashion; and he accordingly made this gable into a sort of animated map of Attica. The starting-point of this manner of interpreting such corner figures seems to be that when Pausanias was at Olympia some local guide told him that the two reclining figures of the east gable of the Zeus temple represented the river Alphaios and the brook Kladeos. It is more than likely that Pausanias, who belonged to an age when this sort of personification was current, more than half extorted this statement from his guides, who may well have told him what he wanted to have them tell. At any rate Furtwängler is authority for the statement that "in the artistic products of the fifth century there are no instances of any figures serving merely as indications of locality."

It is pretty generally believed that Pausanias's statement that Paionios and Alkamenes were the sculptors of the gables of the Zeus temple at Olympia was based on information of about the same character. It was quite likely un-

known to the ciceroni of that time in Olympia, more than six hundred years after the erection of the temple, who did execute these gable figures. The ciceroni might fall upon almost any known sculptor rather than say that they did not know. The name of Paionios was right at hand, cut on the pedestal of his Niké, famous and admired, adjacent to the east front of the temple.

The other so-called authority is Pliny the Elder, who wrote more than a century before Pausanias. We know from his nephew something as to how he wrote. He allowed himself little sleep. He had readers read to him all the time that was left to him after his onerous official duties were attended to, even when he was being rubbed after the bath, through his dinner, and far on into the night. He never read a book without making copious extracts. "My thirty-six volumes," he says, "contain twenty thousand matters worthy of attention, gathered from some two thousand books." Well, we have his wonderful book, called *Natural History*, which corresponds pretty closely to what one would expect as result of such omnivorous reading. Books 34, 35, and 36 are concerned with the history of art; and this is all that interests us here. Inasmuch as it was known in advance that these were a patchwork from older writers, some of whom are casually mentioned, here was a grand chance for *Quellen-Studien* offered as a challenge. Perhaps never was such study more successful. It has been continued down to the present time with unabated interest, in many lands and by many hands. One rises from a reading of these studies with admiration for the acumen which has arrived at a fair understanding of what Pliny himself did, and at what some of the main contributors furnished. If we could ever find a copy of Pliny with quotation marks and footnotes we could go somewhat, but not very much, beyond what we now know as to the sources of the art-historical part of Pliny's compilation.

It has been made clear that very little except a few outbursts of enthusiasm are the thoughts of Pliny himself. The greater part was soon traced to Varro, who, though he had been swallowed by Pliny, was already fat with what he had swallowed from others. The interest really began when it was made out that Varro's work was largely taken from Xenocrates of Sikyon, who lived in the first part of the third century B. C.

To Xenocrates may be ascribed the praise of his townsman Lysippos as the head of an ascending scale, who, guided by another Sikyonian, Eupompos the painter, took nature as his teacher. Phidias, Polykleitos, Myron, and Pythagoras¹ had made each his own advances in art, but Lysippos gained the summit. To Xenocrates also is usually ascribed the ascending scale of painters, ending in Apelles.

Antigonos of Karystos, a contemporary of Xenocrates, also prepared a history of art, adding to his work many of the things which pleased him from Xenocrates' works. Features that are supposed to be characteristic of him are passages with epigrammatical and art-historical points. He probably set the proud Zeuxis and Parrhasios over against the mild Apelles and Protogenes; the poor Protogenes against the rich Apelles; Polygnotos taking no pay for his painting in the Stoa Poikile while Mikon took it. He is also supposed to be the contributor of the criticism of the story that Hipponax's satire drove the sculptors Bupalos and Athenis to suicide, adducing inscriptions later than the time of the alleged suicide which showed that they were still producing works which were the pride of Chios.

Duris of Samos, who lived in the fourth century B. C.,

¹ It has been thought that Pythagoras, and perhaps Myron also, were chronologically misplaced in order to create this climax; but it appears from the recently discovered table of Olympic victors, discussed by Robert (Hermes, 1900), that in all probability no such violence need be assumed. Polykleitos was active in 460 B. C., Myron in 448, Pythagoras also in 448. The table also shows that Polykleitos and Myron could have been pupils of Ageladas as well as Phidias.

was the most prominent citizen of Samos in his time, being the tyrant and at the same time the historian of the island. He was a literary personality. Xenocrates and Antigonos of Carystos drew so strongly on him that if we had the books of all three we should probably see that these two later writers indulged in one of the most gigantic literary thefts that was ever practiced. In Pliny 34, 61, we read that Duris declared that Lysippos was nobody's pupil. Much of the anecdotal element of Pliny may probably be traced to him. An example is the story of the money-box into which it was Lysippos's custom to drop a gold-piece every time that he made one of the fifteen hundred statues that are ascribed to him, and the astonishment of the heir when he came to break open the box. It was the contrast between the poor worker in bronze and the famous and rich sculptor that tickled Duris's fancy. He delighted to represent the poor ship-painter Protogenes as living to decorate the propylæa at Athens, and Erigonos, the slave who ground colors for his master, as becoming a great master himself. That such contrasts especially pleased Duris appears from Plutarch's citing him as recording that Eumenes of Kardia rose by the kindness of Philip from the son of a poor porter to wealth and power.

The whirl of fortune's wheel was a pleasing subject of reflection to him. "He hath put down the mighty from their seat and hath exalted them of low degree." The story of Apelles telling Alexander when he began to indulge in art-criticism that he had better stop because the servants who were grinding colors were laughing at him is supposed to be one of the best of Duris's anecdotes.

It may perhaps seem to one who has not looked into this matter that it is precarious to try to dissect Pliny in this way. But a legion of the best minds in Germany have devoted their best efforts to the understanding of the genesis

of his work: and they are pretty well agreed except in some small details. We may take it for an established fact that hardly anything in his work was original with him. He was willing, however, as practically all ancient authors, to palm off other people's ideas as his own.

By the studies here briefly sketched, Pliny, instead of being despised, has grown in value because we understand him better. Both he and Pausanias are invaluable, partly because we have lost the literature from which they so freely drew, and partly because we have read their riddle.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE HISTORY OF ART

BY JOHN C. VAN DYKE

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GENTLEMEN,—I have been asked by the officers of this Congress to speak to you to-day on the "Development of the History of Art"—not of art itself, nor of its history, but of the men who write the history and of the methods which they use in its construction. In other words, I am to speak of the science of the history of art. There has been strict injunction laid upon me that I talk not more than forty-five minutes, so you will pardon me if I plunge into the subject without preface or apology.

Some months ago, in conversation with one of our most distinguished critics, I chanced to remark that the art-books of to-day were so much better than those of twenty years ago. "Yes," he answered, "the books are better than the art." By which caustic extravagance he probably meant that the art was not so very bad nor the writing so very good, but merely that both had improved. Certainly there has been a great advance since the days when our fathers wrote expansive essays upon sculpture and painting, guessing at both their facts and their feelings, with a charming commingling of frankness and ignorance. The standard

has been raised. Something more is now required of the writer than a miscellaneous "taste for art." He must have knowledge gained at first hand, knowledge not only of the work of art whereof he writes, but knowledge of materials, methods, mediums, schools, guilds, peoples, languages, countries, climates, skies—all things that may even remotely relate to the production of the artist or his art. He must have discernment, judgment, and above all sympathy, or that intuitive feeling which enables him to grasp the spirit and quality of a work without perhaps knowing just why or how. And finally he must have the ability to tell what he knows in a readable manner—in a language that may be understood by the common people.

Happily much of this equipment is now our possession. The writers of the newer art-criticism are certainly far ahead of all predecessors in knowledge. As for their writing, it is so good that one wonders it is not better. By that I mean more convincing, more satisfying, more acceptable as the final word. "But there is no final word," you say. Pray, why not? "Because history has to be rewritten every ten years." And again I ask, Why? You may retort about "a new point of view," "more perspective," "a broader outlook," and all that; which is perhaps only another way of saying that we of the present do not see truly or estimate truly, or report truly. If we did, history would not have to be rewritten "every ten years." Either the system or the operator is at fault, and we shall not go far astray if we entertain suspicions of both. At any rate, let us look into the matter for a moment. I am not here to combat the higher criticism in art, nor am I here to accept it with an unthinking gulp as one would a dose of medicine. It has been of immense value and is not to be sneered at; but if it were quite perfect, quite acceptable, there would be no need of revised editions; and the art-historian of the next

generation would lack an occupation. Instead of something tentative we should have a finality.

Now it is frequently said—and often with a little smile as though conscious of some absurdity—that the archæologist or historian is lost if he have not imagination. He must have a mind for the plausible and the possible, a mind to discern a mountain in a molehill, perceive Praxiteles in a Roman garden sculpture, or a forgotten masterpiece by Giorgione in a panel signed Cariani. And that as a general proposition is perhaps sound enough. It would be a strangely deficient intelligence that could not put signs and characteristics together and conclude that Cariani and Giorgione were of the same school and period. That Cariani painted certain alleged Giorgiones or Correggios is a much longer step, a much larger imagining, and one that may very easily lead us into error unless guarded at every point. Let me illustrate that.

When Mr. Charles Waldstein saw a water-worn marble head among a group of broken fragments in the Louvre he felt almost instantly, as he tells us, “that this was a work not Roman, but Greek, and moreover of the great period of Greek art.” That, to begin with, is a perfectly proper exercise of the archæologist’s imagination. He tells us further that “the conviction soon forced itself upon him that here was a piece of Attic workmanship of the period corresponding to the earlier works of Phidias and, though reserving the final verification for the time when it would be possible to make a detailed examination and comparison with the metopes, he was morally convinced that this was the head of a Lapith belonging to one of the metopes of the Parthenon.” So far, so good; but had Mr. Waldstein stopped there and claimed a newly discovered fact in art-history by virtue of his intuition or imagination he would not have been writing art-history, but arrant assumption.

It was a mere conjecture and not a demonstration—not a fact proved. But in this instance at least, he did not stop there. He ran down the history of that head and found in it confirmation. He compared the kind of stone, the exact measurements, the treatment of frontal bone, flesh, and hair, the frown of the brow and the protrusion of the lip, the passion, spirit, and whole quality of the head with the Parthenon metopes. Finally he took a cast of the head to London, fitted it on the shoulders of one of the Lapiths in the British Museum, and had the satisfaction of seeing that it fitted exactly even to the lines of the fracture in the neck. That I should say was a proper exercise of the combining imagination—nay, more, a stroke of real genius. And that is art-history properly constructed, authoritative, and final in its conclusion. That chapter at least will not have to be rewritten in ten years or in this century.

But it is not such imagination as this that satisfies some of our more advanced thinkers. They mean by “imagination” only too often the ability to construct “a working hypothesis”—a scheme of cause and effect into which the facts can be somehow squeezed and made to do service even though the machinery creaks a bit in the working. Professor Furtwängler, for example, in his learned volume on the *Masterpieces of Greek Sculpture* has no hesitation whatever in pointing out to us the exact style of Phidias, something about which we had thought our information a trifle hazy. But Professor Furtwängler explains it by supposing a case. He has an hypothesis and the hypothesis is the thing. Whether it wrecks probability, or for that matter Phidias himself, is of small consequence. He tells us that there were countless copies of Greek marbles made *in* Rome and *for* Rome, and that the works of Phidias must certainly have been among the copied. Assumption number one. All that is necessary then to understand his style,

method, and spirit is to read him in the Latin translation, study him in the Roman copies. Assumption number two, resting upon assumption number one. Some people might have difficulty in picking out these copies, but Professor Furtwängler, who knows about copies, variants, and replicas, has no trouble in laying his hand upon these various marbles in European galleries. Assumption number three, or rather a substitution of Professor Furtwängler's judgment for the fact. He begins with the Lemnian Venus and ends with the coins and vases, and there you have the style of Phidias, proved to an eye-lash. If you protest that this is a mere hypothesis, that if one link in the chain is faulty or lacking, the whole falls to the ground, and that no logical proof, not even hearsay evidence, is offered, you are somehow scouted as old fogey, and not in sympathy with the modern movement.

The evil of this theorizing is two-fold. First, the hypothesis is accepted as proven fact by the rank and file, and is written down finally as history. It is the kind of history, to be sure, that has to be rewritten every ten years—a kind that could not live ten minutes by virtue of its own strength;—but nevertheless it is accepted, and confuses for a time. Secondly, the learning and research put into such a theory is not placed to the best advantage, and does not count for as much as it should because used to uphold a questionable structure. That is such a pity, particularly in the case of Professor Furtwängler, whose knowledge cannot be gainsaid.

One feels some regret of this kind in reading the works of so cautious an archaeologist as Professor George Perrot. His histories of ancient art are monumental, marvels of patient research and shrewd perception; and yet when he comes to Greece, his final goal, and opens with his volumes on Mykenaeen art he shakes our faith in his judgment

somewhat. For instance, he accepts the Schliemann conclusion about Troy. Schliemann, it will be remembered, dreamed as a boy of finding Troy and Agamemnon's Tomb, and when as a man he started out in search of them he naturally found them in the first mound he unearthed. Had he been seeking Aladdin's lamp he would have found it in the first junk-shop on the Mouski. Professor Perrot, strangely enough, accepts this hypothesis, and couples it with the theory of the sequential development of the Greek race. Of course this combined theory is not impossible, not improbable. Indeed, it is made quite plausible; and yet one may question whether it is the archæologist's or the historian's affair to theorize and argue to such an extent. Imagination may, in the end, remain imagination, and the argument may be true enough and yet point to a false conclusion. The facts are these. The mound which Schliemann discovered and called Troy was found to contain three strata, each one reflective of a different stage of civilization. Professor Perrot's conclusion is that the so-called Stone-Age man of the first stratum was the lineal ancestor of the Bronze-Age Trojan of the third stratum. And so the links in a chain are forged to show you how the Greek finally came to power and splendor, in life as in art.

But now let us see how it might have been; let us imagine something not a whit less improbable. Suppose this city of St. Louis destroyed by an earthquake, buried deep, forgotten. Two thousand years hence it is dug up by scientific historians. They find in the ruins three strata representing three stages of civilization. They first dig out the remains of a twenty-story "sky-scraper," then the remains of a log hut, and under all they find mounds and mound-builders' pottery. The conclusion according to Professor Perrot would be most obvious. The present people of St. Louis must have evolved from their ancestors, the Mound-Build-

ers! It is all very plausible. There is nothing wrong with the argument. But the conclusion is somewhat beside the truth. The imagination has imagined entirely too much.

It is not different with the reconstructors of the history of painting. The higher criticism is more rampant there perhaps than elsewhere. Painters long dead and forgotten are resurrected, galvanized into life, or reconstructed on scientific principles; and panels and altar-pieces are tossed about from painter to painter like balls in a tennis-court. If an ichthyologist can reconstruct a fish from a single bone, what prevents an archæologist from writing the biography of Rembrandt from his pictures. There are only two or three bones in Rembrandt's life, but when put together by the aid of the life-giving imagination they may produce something startling. We know nothing of importance about Rembrandt's youth, family, or bringing-up; but here is a picture by him out of which we may be able to distort some evidence. It was evidently painted when he was a young man. It shows the portrait of a woman past middle life. Rembrandt being a poor young man could not afford to hire sitters or models and therefore it is probable that he painted the members of his own family. This is doubtless his mother. She holds a book in her hand. It is no doubt the Bible, because other books were scarce in those days. From the fact that it is a Bible we may infer that Rembrandt's mother was a religious woman. *Ergo*: she must have brought Rembrandt up in the faith! And that, you see, accounts for Rembrandt painting so many religious pictures!

I do not think I am here exaggerating very much the line of argument followed in the most recent and the most important life of Rembrandt. It is a very interesting way of building up a life, or a house of cards, as you please. All you need to do is to keep on with your inferences and

you will surely arrive. And the result is what? Why, the acceptance of the hypothesis as proven fact. On what other ground can one explain the Vienna Gallery Catalogue naming one of its portraits by Rembrandt, "Rembrandt's Mother," or, the Berlin Gallery Catalogue writing down "Hendrickje Stoffels" as the subject of another Rembrandt portrait. There is not a scrap of evidence that would be accepted in a police court for either title. We have no facts about the looks of either Rembrandt's mother or his mistress; but the imagination of the critic can supply the vacancy. And this is sometimes called scientific art-history, when it would hardly pass muster as historical romance!

And there is my friend, Mr. Berenson, who knows more, I believe, about Italian painting than any one living, confusing history with some of his conclusions while illuminating it with others. That imagination, without which no historian's equipment is complete, seems to be leading so many of them, like a will-o'-the-wisp, into strange morasses. Perhaps Mr. Berenson is less blinded by it than others because he frankly says that: "Method interests me more than results, the functioning of the mind much more than the ephemeral object of functioning." He is more interested in whether his hypothesis will work out than in the facts which constitute history. He has "long cherished the conviction that the world's art can be, nay, should be, studied as independently of all documents as the world's fauna or the world's flora."

Now let me cite just one instance of the way this principle has worked in the hands of Mr. Berenson. He notes, as many of us have noted, that there are a number of fifteenth-century Florentine pictures, variously attributed in the European galleries to Botticelli, Filippo Lippi, and Filippino, which are obviously by one hand. He rightly

assumes that these pictures may be by a painter now unknown and forgotten. He brings them together and shows their points of resemblance quite conclusively. It is really a fine clearing up of a dubious lot of pictures, done skillfully and with great knowledge. Had he rested there, with the statement that this painter was unknown, no one could have found the least fault with his mental functioning. But he goes a step further. He ventures, half in jest and half in earnest, to give this unknown painter a name, a manufactured name—Amico di Sandro—that is the friend or companion in art of Sandro Botticelli. He not only constructs and names this painter but he actually makes him influence Filippino in order to account for a something in Filippino's work not traceable to his reputed master Botticelli!

I submit that, however clever, audacious, or inspired this method of Mr. Berenson's may seem, it is not productive of art-history; and if you ask me what harm it does I answer that I have seen since that essay was written, more than once, the name of Amico di Sandro recorded in art-histories as a fact and not a figment. It will take many years before that man of straw is finally removed from the pathway, and meantime it is a stumbling-block to those who are seeking the truth of history. I cannot but feel that the creation of such an homunculus does not exemplify the science of the history of art at all. The method is not scientific in the true sense but wildly speculative; though I admit it is interesting and in its incidental information most instructive.

The worst or the best, if you please, of all these modern critics and historians is that they are not to be ignored. They are very learned, very keen seers, very appreciative students. And in the main they are on the right track. I myself was committed to the Morellian theory over twenty

years ago, and I am still a student of it and a believer in it. It is an invaluable aid in establishing the authenticity of works of art; but it is not the whole truth, not the only truth, not finality in itself. It needs support from without, and every scrap of evidence that corroborates should be brought to bear.

As for evidence itself and its weight I sometimes sigh for a good book on the "Value of Human Testimony," and a companion volume on "What is Logic?" They should be in the hands of every historian of art. It is necessary, of course, that the connoisseur should know what is a copy, what a variant, what an original; but it is also necessary that he should know what is common sense. It is not, for instance, common sense to cast out all documents about pictures or marbles simply because some of them have been misleading or erroneous. A Raphael contract or agreement to paint a Hercules and the Nemean Lion may be worthless because the agreement was never carried out; but a Raphael agreement for a "School of Athens" would be excellent evidence because the agreement *was* carried out. To be sure, a document may point to a certain altar-piece which was afterward stolen and a copy quietly put in its place, and in such a case criticism is justified in saying that the copy is a copy and not the original; but the agreement of Correggio to paint the "Holy Night" now in the Dresden Gallery is extant and is good corroborative proof of the Dresden picture having been painted by Correggio. True enough documents have been forged and so also have signatures—forged galore—but there are true documents as there are true signatures, and either or both may be trustworthy evidence. The question of probability comes in just here. There is nothing inherently improbable about the inscription on the St. Bavon altar-piece to the effect that Hubert van Eyck began it and Jan van Eyck

finished it. If it were a lie, it would not have been tolerated there in the first place. It has always been accepted as a true statement until the recent exhibition of early Flemish art at Bruges gave the critics a chance to spin theories and formulate doubts. The St. Bavon altar-piece failed to fit the theories and, of course, the theories could not be in error. The altar-piece was wrong. Then followed slur and innuendo, the glance askance, and the "I could and I would," all because the critics wanted to reconstruct the lost personality of Hubert van Eyck by taking away from the established personality of Jan van Eyck. In fact the defects of the newer criticism have been exemplified in the most extravagant form in the recent attempts at rewriting the history of the early Flemings. The writers have put down a long series of unsupported guesses and asked their acceptance as facts, ignoring all papers, past histories and traditions as mere "petty documentation."

Without doubt a signature or inscription needs support by the internal evidence of the work itself, but where one confirms the other both should be accepted. And every one knows that written history, such as that of Lucian or Vasari, is not to be trusted implicitly. It needs confirmation, but is not the less in itself a positive aid to conviction. It cannot be tossed aside as worthless, nor yet again used as a skeleton key to unlock any door. That Pliny records the making of a Venus by Skopas is no proof whatever that a Venus found in the ruins of Rome is a copy or a variant of the Skopas marble. At that rate you could make documents prove anything you pleased. If, on the contrary, Vasari says that Giorgione was a pupil of Bellini it is to be believed, even though Giorgione does not show traces of the Bellini shop in his work. Bastien-Lepage did not show Cabanel nor did Whistler in his late work show Gleyre, but each was a pupil of each as stated.

There is, to be sure, plenty of old woman's gossip retailed by the old chroniclers that may not be believed at all. The threadbare stories about Dædalus, the first sculptor of Greece, who carved the gods so true to life that they had to be bound with ropes to keep them from walking away, about Zeuxis deceiving the birds with painted grapes, and Parrhasios deceiving Zeuxis with a painted curtain, are merely pleasant nonsense. Quite useless as well as improbable are many tales of Vasari—that story, for instance, retold from Ghiberti, of Giotto the sheep-boy being discovered by Cimabue drawing sheep on a stone and the old painter standing aghast at the excellence of the drawing. The story is of small importance whether fact or fiction; but we have a strong inducement to doubt it because we have Giotto's sheep preserved to us on the wall of the Arena Chapel in Padua. They are miserable little wooden sheep out of a toy Noah's-Ark and not even a Byzantine-trained painter like Cimabue could have been staggered by them. On the contrary, had the story read that Giotto was a donkey-boy, and was discovered by Cimabue drawing his donkey, it would be equally unimportant perhaps, but certainly more believable, for we have Giotto's donkey in the "Flight into Egypt" in that same Arena Chapel, and a very excellent donkey it is, too. It might easily enough have astonished Cimabue, for it is astonishing to artists of greater learning even to this day.

Tradition—tradition handed down from mouth to mouth—is not a thing to be lightly set aside. It is often the very basis of history. Traditional accounts of Goethe, Shakespeare, Reynolds, or Frans Hals, their methods of work, their conversation or personal appearance may all be acceptable. Just so with traditions about art works. If all the history of the Sistine Chapel were lost, the tradition that Michael Angelo painted the ceiling would still be be-

lievable—more believable perhaps than the tale of Benvenuto's escape from the neighboring castle of St. Angelo. The frescoes themselves would corroborate it. Again, the "Madonna of the Rocks" in the Louvre is said not to be by Leonardo da Vinci. But it came to the Louvre from the collection of Francis I, in whose service Leonardo worked and died. In the king's lifetime it was considered a Leonardo; and it is not probable that Francis would be deceived about it. The tradition has come on down to the present time and is believable. Unfortunately, however, the "Madonna of the Rocks" is not in Leonardo's best manner: *ergo*, he did not do it at all. That, on the principle that the king can do no wrong, and that Homer never nods, whereas we know that all Homers do nod occasionally, and that the greatest painters sometimes do poor work.

However, the inferior work does militate against the tradition of this Madonna picture, just as Giotto's sheep discredit Ghiberti's story about Giotto. For it cannot be denied that the internal evidence of the work or art itself is the best evidence of all. There the newer criticism is well based and deserving of all praise. Yet because the analysis of a picture or a marble is the safest of all methods, it is perhaps the one that is the most often put in peril. It is so easy to determine, almost at a glance, the national and provincial characteristics of a work—so easy to locate an unknown marble or picture in its century, school, town, and almost workshop—that the attribution to a certain artist is often jumped at with equal ease and haste. But the difficulty is enormously increased as the hunt draws to a close. When the style, spirit, *technique*, type, mannerisms, and characteristics of, say, an altar-piece are so marked that you locate it in the workshop of Bellini or Perugino or Costa, your search has but begun. You are now brought to consider the possibilities of pupils, imitators, copyists,

even forgers. And the last are not so despicable. There was a clever rascal recently at work in Siena, who has deceived the very elect with his forgeries of old Sienese pictures; and we all know how forgeries of Corot and Dupré have led astray the Paris experts for many years. But forgeries aside, there are the genuine pictures of pupils and imitators that show the master's mannerisms and characteristics to the very life. No one is too cunning to be deceived by them. Botticini is sometimes read into Botticelli, and I have no doubt that sometimes Botticelli is back of the label Botticini. Great caution is necessary, and in the end the final test is hardly scientific at all. It is brought about by an appeal to the quality of the picture—the quality of drawing, contour, light-and-shade, color. The questions are formulated, “Is the line of that firm quality, that lightness of touch here and emphasis there, worthy of Raphael?” “Has that light-and-shade a subtlety and depth and gradation worthy of Leonardo?” “Does that color-note ring true to Titian?” In other words, it is by its quality that one should say whether he has in hand a piece of silk or a piece of gingham, and by a similar test he should be able to tell a work of a master from that of an imitator, a copyist, or a forger. But this brings in the personality of the artist and the spirit and feeling of his work which is last century's method of criticism—a method now somewhat obsolescent because regarded as unscientific.

So you see that with all the newer and higher criticism has taught us, there is still cause for doubt and room for caution. And these must inevitably centre about extravagant theories and unproved hypotheses. That very quality of imagination, which has been esteemed a virtue in the historian, has by continuous abuse become little short of a vice. By its employment art-history has become less of a fact and more of a fiction, until now people scarcely know

what to believe about, let us say, Giorgione, Lotto, the van Eycks, or Phidias, Mino, and Jean Goujon. Skepticism is bred of this, and I know of no more discouraging state of mind. When a person does not know what to believe and doubts everything, he sometimes thinks that at least he is scientific, but in reality he is only unhappy.

If I were asked the remedy for this ailment of historical criticism I should certainly suggest that there be less of this twisting and warping of facts to fit a preconceived theory—less of subjective imagination and mental functioning and more of objective fact. Why not state the facts as they are and let the reader draw his own conclusions? It is the business of the historian or the critic to get at the truth; it is not a part of his business to be forever putting the other fellow in the wrong. He is not, or should not be, a partisan advocate trying, by contorted statement and specious argument, to win the case for his client, whether rightfully or otherwise; he should be an investigator trying to establish the truth, though the finding of it should shake his idol from its pedestal.

If I mistake not, impartial investigation, with the truth only as a goal, is to be the spirit of the very newest criticism, and is to be the ruling factor in the science of art-history for the next decade. Some little volumes recently published—*Michael Angelo*, by Sir Charles Holroyd, and *Donatello*, by Lord Balcarres—will point my meaning. In them one feels the disposition to get at the truth without partisan bias; and in the *Donatello* book you have an assembling of the facts without dogmatic utterances and fine-spun theories. That, it seems to me, is as it should be. If there is anything very obvious or noteworthy about the man or his work or the period, the facts will all point toward it; if there is not, all the argument in the world will fail to convince. There is something radically wrong with

the theory that has to be argued through five hundred pages. It doth protest too much.

Now I would not have it thought for a moment that I am out of sympathy with this higher criticism in art-history, or that I think it might better never have been. On the contrary, it has done great good, and though many of its hypotheses will pass away, its discoveries and its learning will be the bases of a truer development hereafter. The theory of descent, which was so widely accepted twenty-five years ago, is now almost discarded, but evolution as a principle still exists, and it would be a strange mind that could not see wonderful development in the sciences as the direct result of that theory. Suppose we admit the hypothesis to be false, the immense information gained in its pursuit is by no means without its compensation. The art-criticism of the past fifteen years, though it may unsettle rather than convince, has nevertheless been wonderfully informing. The patient research, the collection of materials, the comparison of works, the publication of reproductions have gone far to establish a criticism that is scientifically based. The old guesswork, the hiding of ignorance by a burst of emotional enthusiasm, the trusting to impressions, the reliance upon tradition only, have rather passed into the background. We are certainly upon safer ground with a surer foundation under foot.

And what is perhaps of more moment to the people at large, we are nearer to a true understanding and appreciation of art. All this criticism that is being written, scientific or otherwise, is of no avail unless it touches and informs and influences the public. Art is meant for the public. Praxiteles carved and Giotto built and Paolo Veronese painted, not for any little group of artists, but for the mob in the street. The orator, the novelist, the critic, the historian, what use for them to talk unless they

have an audience? The painter and sculptor, why should they labor if no one sees or cares? Let us have no nonsense about art being exclusively for the artist or criticism for the critic. If the arrow fly no further than that, it might better not be shot at all.

Art is for the public, but the public not being too intelligent has always needed some guidance from its better-informed members, and still needs to be told what is good and what is bad, what is to be admired, and what is to be shunned. That gives about the only reason for the existence of art-criticism. Such being the case, it is gratifying to note that present-day criticism deals with the art-product in the light of the producer's intention. Art may not be for the artist exclusively, but the artist knows his aim in his work, and it is that aim rather than his interpreter's imagination that is to be explained to the public. The day of reading literary and romantic meanings into pictures and marbles is past. We are too firmly based in materials and know the *technique* of all the arts far too well for that. In its place we are to-day appreciating the beauties of things purely decorative as well as expressive, and realizing with the artists that ideas are good or bad as they reveal or are revealed by the particular medium in which they are cast. The public is being taught to look at art from the artist's point of view. And, once more, that is as it should be.

I trust all this means progress, expansion, enlightenment. And I certainly believe in the future of art-history, though I have devoted the most of this hurried paper to stating my unbeliefs. If I have deprecated certain tendencies it is not that the work itself is so bad. On the contrary, it is so good that I could wish it might be better, more enduring, more authoritative.

CLASSICAL ARCHAEOLOGY AND ITS RELATIONS TO THE ALLIED SCIENCES

BY ADOLPH FURTWAENGLER

(*Translated from the German by Miss Ethel D. Puffer,
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BEFORE we inquire what classical archæology is to-day, and what it aims at, let us cast a quick glance over what it was formerly.

In the period of the Renaissance and the succeeding time up to the rise of Winckelmann, the study of the monuments of ancient art was either purely artistic or purely antiquarian but always absolutely unhistorical. Artists made collections of drawing of antique works, some of which collections are still extant; many objects were also engraved and published. People rejoiced in and admired the antique, but they did not perceive that in its fashioning it was very different from contemporary art; for those drawings and engravings translated the ancient works of art completely in the stylistic forms of their own time; of an historical understanding of them there was as yet no trace. And the learned antiquarians of that period busied themselves with ancient iconography and all sorts of minor matters, while the elucidation of ancient works of art was sought mostly in Roman history, which was most familiar to them; here,

too, the historical understanding of the antique is yet entirely wanting.

With Winckelmann a new epoch begins. In his *History of Ancient Art* (1763) the attempt is made for the first time to portray the antique as an evolution, as an historically conditioned product of different styles, organically unfolding one from another. Here was it first acknowledged that the Greek is the basis of the Roman style, and that the plastic works which have been preserved to us in Italy are mostly only copies of lost Greek originals, and that the understanding of most of the works of art must be reached through Greek legends and poetry.

But Winckelmann did not carry through to fulfillment his demand for historical appreciation. In opposition to it stood his own and his time's conviction that the antique was the canon of all beauty, the model and ideal in which all laws of the beautiful were exemplified, and which modern art was bidden to imitate directly. This idea was in complete contradiction to the historical view, which saw in antique art not a rigid norm, but a play of organically developing style-forms. These two fundamentally opposed tendencies cross each other continually in Winckelmann's works; he was himself never conscious of the logical conclusions of his own new historical conception; he speaks as if there were only one antique ideal form, holding as model for all time, and forgets his own great achievement, the establishment of the demand that the antique shall be understood in its evolution.

This contradiction was not resolved for a long time afterward; indeed, it persists into modern times, inasmuch as, for instance, Overbeck's treatment of the so-called mythology of art still suffered from it.

It is the merit of that intellectual tendency—really opposed to Winckelmann's—which was manifested first in

Herder, then in the circle of the so-called Romanticists, that a truly historical method in the science of antiquity came to full formulation and conquest in all fields. Men became able to put themselves sympathetically into the alien feeling of long-vanished times. They applied no longer the absolute measure of fixed concepts, but learned to use relative historical judgments. The seemingly humble and hitherto disdained now, too, attained to consideration. The religion, the folk-belief and the whole mass of legend, as it appears in poetry, or as embalmed only in local tradition, was recognized as the source, as the nourishing soil, from which even the humblest of the works of ancient art drew their intimate meaning and power.

This really new and—for the whole field of mental sciences—most blessed transformation, which this historical feeling, heretofore unattained by any epoch, brought about, had nevertheless untoward results for classical archæology. Attention was turned from the really artistic element, the essential form of the work of art, for only the content and significance and the position of the work in the whole cultural development was inquired into, and the problems of the æsthetic form were ignored. It is a fact that very many æsthetically important examples of the antique were recognized and appreciated by Winckelmann and his immediate disciples, but were later forgotten until in most recent times the threads were again picked up where these last had let them fall.

Another important circumstance tended to the same result, namely, to the suppression of the artistic element in the archæological research of the nineteenth century: the extraordinary accumulation of actual material which this very period saw; what the excavations, the travels and discoveries of all kinds brought to light had to be first of all sifted and ordered, before it was possible to press on to the

deeper problems. Great tracts in the archæological production of the second half of the nineteenth century—and much work belonging to state-subsidized institutions falls into this class—are characterized by a completely sterile aridity. While aforetime scarcely any but gifted spirits had devoted themselves to the study of antique art, now the necessary work on the abundance of new material attracted also many mediocre minds; and mediocrity, here as elsewhere, understood but too well how to fix and socially establish itself with the aid of state provision. Whoever had other and higher aims found the mighty phalanx of unproductive Philistinism against him.

But in spite of this retarding element, classical archæology has made progress, and, if we now ask what is the present status of this science and what its aims, we must answer, that it is in truth everywhere in its beginnings, but that it has at least learned to see what is most important for it, what it lacks and what it has to do.

Its problem is, in brief, to envisage and to interpret the history of ancient art from its remains—just that task in which Winckelmann had made the first start. To interpret the history means to display the continuity of organic development in the totality of phenomena in the entire extant material of antique art, to understand and to value everything as a link in a chain, to recognize the conditions from which any given form issued, but beyond all to penetrate into the individuality of just this given form, to grasp its content as well as its artistic form, and finally to weigh in judgment what is, as history, fully understood.

These broad general requirements embrace an endless amount, and if we apply them to the special case, we are at once aware how far we are yet, for the most part, from our goal. First of all, the material, even, is by no means yet complete; it happily has daily accessions still, and the

new is always a help in understanding the old. And even this understanding has ever new aspects; what the student formerly believed himself to have understood and disposed of appears now in fresh light, and this will continue, it is to be hoped, for a long time.

To be more exactly cognizant of the ultimate aim of archæology it will be well to determine its place relatively to the allied provinces of knowledge.

Classical archæology is that part of the science of classical antiquity which has for its especial object antique fine art. It is therefore a part of the so-called Philology, if we dedicate this word to the whole of the scientific study of the culture of ancient Hellas and Rome; it is a twin sister of Philology if we, as is usual, confine this name to the scientific study of the antique literature.

It lies in the nature of mankind, that scientific activity should have everywhere applied itself, not to bygone art, but to bygone literature, not to the image, but to the word, of vanished times. We can to-day, in fact, observe that a simple person has deep respect for an ancient monument of language, and quite well understands the scientific pre-occupation with it, while he does not make out at all what the study of a piece of ancient fine art is for. The student of epigraphy, who collects inscriptions, meets everywhere among the peasants in the classic lands understanding and reverence for his occupation; not so the archæologist. And in truth, one can note that the higher the type of the old work of art, the harder to comprehend is a scientific occupation with it. That men find it beautiful, and collect it, every one understands; but that it can be object-matter of a science is hard to conceive; one at least sees the picture, it is said, and any one can catch the idea; old and foreign writings must be explained by the scholar, but a beautiful work of art—that explains itself. Scientific interest in the

examples of a lower type is sooner understood,—in tools, utensils, pottery, and the like, whose meaning and use have to be explained,—in short, the antiquarian element in archæology; further, the need of scholarly elucidation of the content of antique fine art is perceived; but not that the art-work as such can be material for a science.

This psychological circumstance, which moreover is to be traced not only in simple, uneducated persons, but deep in our culture itself, explains why the science of written words had to develop so much earlier than that of fine art, and why archæology had to begin with the study of antiquarian objects and then with the explication of the meaning of ancient representative art,—and often to stick fast at that point, so that still to-day many a scholar knows no other aim.

Archæology has its own field of research, representative art; but of course, granted the close connection of all expressions of a given epoch of culture, its special function, to accomplish the complete historical understanding of the art-work, cannot be fulfilled without the knowledge of what has found utterance in the literature of the ancients. Archæology must build on the foundation which philology as the science of literary remains, together with its inseparable companion, epigraphy, has laid. With this science archæology stands throughout in the closest connection.

In truth, as a good part of the material of the history of ancient art is in literary form,—consists, that is, in facts from ancient writers and inscriptions,—the archæologist must be also philologist, or at least well schooled in philology. The methods of work and the problems of modern philology must be his, too. He may no more, as earlier,—even still in H. Brunn's *History of Artists*,—make use of the various literary traditions without seeking their source, without investigating whence the authority has his in-

formation, what sort of a man he is anyway, what he could have known, and what credibility is to be ascribed to him on the basis of his personality. And the putting to use of the evidence from inscriptions naturally requires complete familiarity with that branch of philology which is commonly designated as epigraphy.

Nevertheless archæology is no longer, as could once be maintained, a mere appendage and accessory of philology; it was that, so long as its aim was in mere antiquarianism or simply in illustrating some passages of ancient literature by means of fine art or in expounding the objective content of examples of fine art through passages of literature. Many notable scholars of the nineteenth century, who have attained a considerable name, like Otto Jahn, have yet in reality scarcely emerged from this conception of archæology. In opposition to these, Heinrich Brunn, unquestionably the greatest archæologist of the epoch just passed, defended the independence of archæology on the basis of the special character of its subject-matter; yet in his works he has not drawn the full practical conclusions from this view, and he has not entirely freed himself from that tradition which the antiquario-exegetical subordination of archæology had created. He, too, was interested in a Greek vase, for instance, only to the point of finding whether it gave a picture which illustrated a poetical passage; the vase itself he did not yet grasp as the real object of his study,—the vase as it is in itself, as an æsthetic whole, a work of decorative art. That it was possible for Brunn so to misjudge the whole æsthetic and historical significance of the Greek vase as appears in his theory of the late origin thereof, was only a consequence of that very tradition.

Archæology must certainly, therefore, work in closest connection with philology, and with as complete as possible

a mastery of the ancient literature and inscriptions; but it must also be fully conscious of its own characteristic quality and independent position, and must vindicate these last in aiming to understand the work of fine art as what it is in itself, and not merely to make use of it to elucidate something else.

A field of study also which stands very near to archæology is that of ancient history. The monuments of art are completely to be understood only on the basis of general history, and on the other hand the development of fine art makes an important part of the total historical development of the ancients. Moreover, a still closer bond between the two subjects is given in the fact that many examples of representative art also offer important direct material for the reconstruction of ancient political and commercial history. For the early period of Greek as of Roman history, the archæological monuments, together with the legendary remains, are in fact the only material that we possess. The ancient historian is therefore frequently referred to the archæologists. But also many relics of earlier times, like the distantly exported Greek vases, are of direct use for the history of the Greek states, their foreign relations and their trade. The most important objects of this kind are, however, the coins. As to deal with these requires a vast amount of special information, a special branch of science, numismatics, was early developed. This division had indeed the advantage that the immediate primary need, of sifting and classifying the immense material, was provided for relatively early and well by the work of assiduous specialists; but the separation was none the less, just as that of epigraphy from philology, disadvantageous to numismatics even as to archæology. The former was too one-sided and narrow, and set its aim too low; the numismatist was wont to take his function as

fulfilled when a coin was classified and identified, and to overlook that only then was the most important matter in order,—the elucidation and appreciation of the coin as a work of art. On the other side, archæology, through this separation, suffered the drawback that the coins, which were only too willingly left to the numismatist, were far too little made use of, and material extraordinarily valuable for the history of art, much neglected. Germany in particular was long backward in this matter, at a time when numismatics in England had already begun to deal with coins from a wider point of view.

Here should be mentioned a wider field of study, which is closely affiliated with archæology,—ancient geography and topography, which treat, as Ernst Curtius expressed it, “the subsoil of the historical life.” The exploration of the classic lands as to their geography and topography made an extraordinary advance in the past century, and that, too, always in close touch with archæology. All civilized nations have had a part in it; in Germany in particular Otfried Müller, and, following his footsteps, Ernst Curtius, have the credit of having recognized the importance of the ground on which ancient civilization grew up. To the suggestion and stimulus of the latter scholar is due the ideally exact survey of the Attic country which the German Archæological Institute secured. It would certainly have been more important and beneficial for archæology, if instead they had mapped, say, all the architectural remains in Attica, which, like everything of this kind, are subject to sudden alteration and disintegration, while the folds of mountain and valley will long outlast our day. In all classic lands one is moved to clamor for, first of all, a fixation through scientific maps of the perishable relics which still remain. None the less was the before-mentioned survey of the country most certainly a useful achievement. Even

should the significance of the soil for civilization be over-estimated, certainly this does no harm, and archæology will do well always to support whatever is destined to further the knowledge of the geography and topography of classic lands. Indeed, so far as topography includes the existing monuments, so far is it but a branch of archæology, itself.

Another close neighbor of classical archæology is to be noted in Oriental philology, and especially in Egyptian and early Asiatic research. These branches of science are still young, and have therefore not yet so fully divided off into specialties as the earlier science of classical antiquity. Linguistic study is here still one with that of history, culture, and art. Naturally here, too, the word was the first object of inquiry, and the image was for long by many only regarded if it had historical content, and only for the sake of that. Only very lately do the Oriental remains begin to be dealt with as works of art—and to this end classical archæology has helped much; but all too often still must one deplore in the case of Orientalists, even of those engaged in excavation, that their eye is not yet sufficiently trained to see artistic forms.

The late discoveries in regard to primitive culture in Greece, when Crete was the centre of authority and fashion, have had especial influence in closely linking classical and Oriental archæology. That civilization of 2000 years B. C. is only to be understood on the basis of a knowledge of Egypt and the Orient. We recognize the close connection with Egypt especially, but at the same time the full independence and characteristic quality of that so-called Cretan-Mycenæan culture. On the other hand we find in the Archaic-Greek epoch of the eighth and seventh centuries an Oriental tendency in art, emanating from Ionia, which is directly dependent on its models, even if it soon freely

moulds them to its own fashion. The time is past when the postulate of Oriental influence on Grecian territory was regarded as a sacrilege against Hellas. Classical archæology can solve its problem only in close connection and in constant sympathy with that of the Orient; and no mere operating with the vague word "Oriental," as was formerly so much the favorite practice, but instead a thorough-going intimacy with the rich, complex art-development of Asia Minor and Egypt, must be required even of the classical archæologist.

A complete contrast to Oriental science is given in another subject, not less closely related to classical archæology,—that of the so-called prehistory. While in the preceding the written monument predominates, here it is completely lacking; study of the prehistoric period is turned merely to finds without writing, and must seek to trace out the historic development from these alone. This science, too, is young, and strictly scientific treatment therein extremely recent; as its subject-matter is relatively accessible and possesses a certain charm for every one, it has given occupation to many dilettantes, whose work, however, was often of the greatest use as regards the collection of material. Through just such a dilettante, the Homeric enthusiastic and fortunate treasure-seeker, Heinrich Schliemann, was classical archæology forced, in spite of its reluctance, to affiliate itself to the heretofore disdained prehistoric study. Since then classical archæology has learned from the method of exact observation elaborated in prehistoric study to make use even of the humblest finds, and to bring the discoveries of classic soil into a wider relation, and very often thereby to attain for the first time to a real historical understanding of them. Thus, for instance, the bronzes from the ancient treasure-strata of Olympia can only be understood by aid of the finds which have been made and

studied in the prehistoric field, and the recognition of the close relation between a great part of that Olympic treasure and those of the so-called Hallstatt period in the north and the northwest of the Greek country, is important for the whole conception of early Greek history. The early period of Italy, further, is for the first time at all comprehensible, since classical archæology has joined hands with prehistoric study. It is a matter of course that, for this last, in turn, the alliance has also had the happiest results. The two sciences will in the future seek to come into even closer touch with one another. The science of prehistoric times must strive to make its material historical, that is, to link it with groups of finds which can be historically fixed, just as classical and Oriental archæology deal with theirs. And the latter had learned from the former, on the other hand, to work up with care not only the literary and the æsthetically beautiful specimen, but also the quite insignificant ones, the humble potsherds and small remains of metal utensils, and to apply them to the building-up of the history of ancient culture and art. Classical archæology, too, was first turned through its connection with prehistoric science to exact observation of the details of the finds of minor antiquities, whereby the most important conclusions were reached. In Italy Wolfgang Helbig was the first of the classical archæologists who followed this method, and he was able forthwith, by simply proving authentic the material found in the Etruscan tombs, to refute the thesis of the late origin of the Greek vases, which Brunn had laid down.

The attention, once directed upon the relations of the so-called classical peoples with others without writing or literature, was bound to bring classical archæology in general into closer touch with general ethnology. It was a long time, and there was, particularly in Germany, strong

opposition to overcome—which is in places very active still—before the sciences of classical antiquity began to recognize and admit that the Greeks and Romans were men as other men are, and that, in spite of the high grade of their culture, they shared the basis of it with other peoples, and that for an understanding thereof an acquaintance with these other peoples was essential. This acknowledgment, which became fruitful for the most various branches of the science of antiquity, has taught archæology in especial the better understanding of the beginning of art on classic soil.

It is, however, especially the history of religion which has gained most from ethnology, and has undergone through its influence a complete revolution. The religion and mythology of the Greeks and Romans are to-day also dealt with by all intelligent students entirely on the basis of the teachings of ethnology; a few only, German scholars in particular, still cling in narrow one-sidedness to the old standpoint, according to which Greeks and Romans might be explained only from themselves, that is in reality only from the incomplete, circumscribed ideas of modern mankind. As the greatest and most important part of the content of classical art comes from religion and mythology, the history of religion becomes one of the sciences most closely related to archæology. In particular, the understanding of that infinitely rich abundance of antique remains which are connected in any way with the ideas about departed spirits, could have been won by archæology only by frank dependence on modern ethnological studies in the history of religion.

As it is the content or subject of antique art which leads to the alliance with the above-mentioned field of science, so it is the formal side which binds archæology to the modern history of art. Archæology is, as we saw, nothing else than antique art-history and a part of general art-

history. But the descent of archæology from philology has brought it about that in practice a sharp separation obtains between it and the modern history of art—so much so that, according to the dominant view, as it appears in our university instruction and in the organization of scientific congresses, the so-called “History of Art” begins with the Christian Era. This separation is greatly to be deplored, and redounds to the harm of both branches of science. That there are real scientific congresses which use the name of history of art, and at the same time shut out antique art, is an extraordinary fact, only to be explained by the historical development of that branch of science. Inasmuch as the whole art of Christian times is founded on the antique, it can be understood only by those who know the antique; no one who aims to work in the modern history of art dare be ignorant of it; knowledge of it is simply indispensable for him. And on the other hand, the archæologist will enlarge and illumine his view, and better understand and appreciate the antique through comparison with the much more completely and richly preserved works of modern art, if he has made himself quite familiar with the modern art-development.

A more intimate coöperation of antique and modern art-history would in any case be of the greatest value to both sides. Their separation was for a long time favored by the fact that archæology seemed to be forgetting her chief function and to be going off into antiquarian pedantry and mere exegesis of works of antique art, while the modern history of art aimed from the first at tracing the development of style in great art and penetrating into the personalities of the great masters,—an aim which was, indeed, incomparably easier on the working basis of an abundance of well-preserved originals, than for archæology, which has at its disposal mostly only poor, and at that mutilated,

copies. This last difference had still another result: inasmuch as the material of the history of modern art is so much more accessible and can be at once utilized by every one, there were not wanting many unprepared intruders who, more than in other fields, put forth amateurish work; and this helped in its turn to deepen the cleft between the sister-sciences.

The field which is now designated as modern art-history is, moreover, a very wide one, and specialization is therefore already beginning within it, which is, indeed, very necessary. So much the more, however, must the mutual relations of the special groups, and in particular the bond with archæology, be watched and tended. The modern science of art has for the most part followed much too exclusively the development of style, and has too little sought to exhaust the content of the work of art as a whole; it has had hitherto too much to do even in getting the material once sifted and classified according to style. Still, just in this direction it has already accomplished a vast deal, and can serve as a model to archæology, which has long been backward in this respect, and is, for instance, just at the point of admitting that its most immediate need is to make the many scattered remains of antique sculpture accessible through photographs. In this point the modern science of art has gone to its goal much more quickly and directly; but in complete and impartial treatment of the single fact it could yet learn much from archæology.

On the boundary between archæology and the history of modern art stands the so-called Christian archæology. Here, too, the actual present division of subjects finds itself in contradiction to the logic of things. Christian archæology is counted as a subject belonging to theology, while it is really nothing else than a part of the history of art. So far as it deals with ancient Christian art, its

subject-matter can be historically grasped only by one who can survey the whole later antique art, and who is able to connect that special art-group which draws its content from Christian belief with all the other contemporary art-forms. The alliance with theology, which is divided on the basis of creed into Catholic and Protestant, can naturally not be advantageous to an historical treatment of ancient Christian research. Christian archæology ought to be set off as a special branch of classical archæology, which would certainly be for its gain. At present the historical understanding of the content of ancient Christian religious imagination is on the point of experiencing a tremendous furtherance not from theology, but from philology, which is treating those ideas in connection with the rest of the later antique religious concepts.

Finally, we have still to consider the relation of classical archæology to philosophy, especially to æsthetics. In earlier time the Greek art-forms were taken to be, as a matter of course, the canons of taste, the forms in which the Idea of Beauty comes to its purest expression. Æsthetics, as the doctrine of the beautiful, was then most closely linked with archæology. So was it, too, with Winckelmann and his disciples. Later, when the historical viewpoint in archæology was fully dominant, æsthetics and archæology drifted apart more and more; and at present they are quite far asunder. But æsthetics, too, is another thing to-day; it hardly believes any longer in the possibility of determining absolute beauty from itself, but limits itself more and more to the psychological problem of what appears beautiful to us, and why it does so. Now it must be emphasized that for the understanding of a work of art, in the sense of archæology, it is by one means enough to have determined the relative position within the circle of other works of art; the question must also be put, how far it can be

determined why such and such forms were chosen by the artist,—whereby one has to put himself to the extent of his power into the mind of the ancient artist—and the further question, why those forms produce such and such an effect upon me—for only of my own emotions can I give an exact account. Now if one is prepared to accept the solution of these questions as the function of the psychologically grounded æsthetics, then is æsthetics also a necessary part of the science of art. Then, however, the professional philosopher in the hitherto current sense will certainly be less fitted to pursue æsthetics; for he usually fails entirely of that full knowledge of the substratum of his inquiry, art, which is indispensable for the solution of those problems. For, in fact, even those æsthetic laws hitherto concocted by the philosophers, which were put forth without a thorough knowledge of art itself, seem to us more as the plays of fancy than as real additions to our knowledge. To cite an instance: it has been, and even most recently, set down as an æsthetic law of plastic art, that the work must show a qualitative homogeneity of material, a law that could never be set up by any one who is familiar with actual sculpture as the greatest artists of all times have practiced it; the oneness of the material is the most unimportant of matters for sculpture, which has instead to strive only for unity of appearance. In other fields it is taken for granted that laws are deduced only from material that is exactly known; with the æstheticians, however, the opposite has frequently been the case. We believe that here real furtherance of knowledge can proceed only from those who are completely at home in the field of art; as thus in our own time an important addition to our æsthetic understanding is to be credited to a keen-thinking sculptor (Adolf Hildebrand). We should be glad, if a wish is permitted here, to hope, as a development for the future, that every

special science, and in especial the natural sciences, might as it were steep themselves in philosophy, that is, might put their own philosophical questions and seek to answer them themselves. In any case, however, we hope that æsthetics, so far as it relates to fine art, may consent to be matter of art-study; certainly, however, in a quite different sense from that existing in Winckelmann's time.

Supposing us to be now clear as to the position which classical archæology holds with reference to the other sciences, let us, before bringing these reflections to an end, say a word on the characteristic quality of this branch of knowledge and the method which it requires.

In the higher sense there can be but a single scientific method, which is fixed by the general laws of thought; but the special character of the various subject-matters of the individual sciences brings about special variations of that one method.

The primary principle of the study of ancient art is that the work of fine art shall be treated and comprehended as what it is in itself. This sounds like a complete truism, yet no requirement is wont to be so often forgotten as this. To comprehend the real æsthetic nature of a work of fine art, it is not enough to have philological literary, historical knowledge, taste and appreciation for poetry and other arts, but there is needed also a special insight into the nature of fine art and familiarity with the problems peculiar to that art. But this, on the contrary, has evidently often been wanting, and not to petty students but to talented scholars, since so much that is alien has been read into the ancient works of art, and their true content and meaning mistaken. Thus students have construed poetic thoughts into many a Greek vase-drawing, which have a simply corrupting effect on appreciation, instead of understanding them out of the æsthetic conditions of unfolding artistic

impulses. And how much that is inartistic have they interpreted into antique statues!—beginning with Winckelmann, who saw in the Apollo Belvedere the picture of the moment after the slaying of the python—up to the scholars of our day.

Another principle of the method of our science is that every type of specimen shall be dealt with according to its characteristic quality, that its peculiar conditions shall first be known before the elucidation of a particular object is begun. Against this principle too many have sinned. The Greek vase-pictures, for instance, and the Greek votive reliefs, the tomb-sculpture, the coins and gems, are such unlike types of objects that for each one of them the standard is given by another point of view.

An especial difficulty, however, is presented by the existing works in statuary. For these are only to a slight extent original works, and unfortunately the less important part, the greater number being copies of late periods of the antique. Here the same conditions hold as for the literary works of the ancients which exist in transcripts. First all extant copies must be assembled, and out of these it must be determined what has really come down to us. That is the same thing which in philology is called the "recension" of manuscripts. Then follows what is there designated as "emendation"; the reconstruction of the lost model, which can come only through conjecture and hypothesis with the help of imagination. As in philology his conjecture is the best who has most perfect mastery of the language and grammar; just so in archæology he can most unerringly and correctly reconstruct a lost plastic model from the extant copies who has the profoundest knowledge of the plastic forms of the antique and their "grammar." To the superficial view all conjectures seem alike hypothetical; in reality they are tremendously different in value, according to the powers of the originators.

Archæology has only lately recognized and begun to fulfill her function with respect to the existing copies of the lost masterpieces of ancient sculpture. She was encouraged thereto by the progress of modern technique, which first furnished, in photography, the means to compare with exactness the various existing but scattered copies, and thereby to establish the tradition. Earlier students had no adequate idea of this work, and contented themselves with assembling the examples which were fairly alike, without deciding whether they were copies or more or less free remodelings. In passing judgment on these it was usual to settle on a chance-selected copy,—and on its errors,—and, with the still undeveloped knowledge of the evolution of style of the special forms, the mistakes of the copyist were ascribed to the original. We have now, no doubt, made progress in these matters; we are aware for instance, how mistaken it was of Brunn to base his analysis of the type of the Giustiniani Apollo only on the Giustiniani exemplar, without citing at all the replica from the Baths of Caracalla; the former exemplar is one quite arbitrarily made over by the copyist, such as the thick eyelids, and it was just on those faulty traits, inserted by the copyist, that Brunn had based his analysis of the form, the result of which could not be otherwise than wrong. We now easily see further how the same Brunn erred when he wished to see a characteristic of the glance of Hera in the eyes of that head of the so-called Farnese Hera, while we now see in the modeling simply a copy of that way of treating the eye which belonged to the period of the original. But this whole field, the reconstruction of the lost plastic masterpieces of the antique from the copies which have been preserved, is an excessively difficult one, and we know well that our study is here but in its beginnings.

In general it appears to us that a thorough-going under-

standing of Greek art as it really was, is now for the first time dawning upon us, and we believe firmly in the future of our science and in its coming important development. The absolute worth of Greek art within the totality of the creations of the human mind comes more clearly and more strikingly to view, the interest and the joy in this unique beauty of the past are ever increasing, and still the eagerly pursued excavations bring daily fresh material. We may well describe classical archæology as a scion of the great tree of human knowledge, youthful indeed, but lusty and full of the promise of sturdy growth.

SOME PRESENT PROBLEMS IN THE HISTORY OF GREEK SCULPTURE

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By the term "classical art," as used in the language of this Congress, I understand Greek art and what is commonly called Roman art, which is mainly late Greek art on Roman soil. The history of each great branch of this art—architecture, painting, and sculpture—presents problems which might profitably be here discussed. Thus in the field of architecture we might take up the origins of the Doric and Ionic orders, or the question as to how much of what we are accustomed to think of as characteristic of Roman architecture—its use of arches, vaults, and domes, its combination of the arch with the decorative column and entablature, its treatment of architectural details and ornaments—was borrowed from Greek architecture as it existed in Alexandria, in Antioch, and in other flourishing centres of late Greek civilization. In the field of painting an attempt might be made to explain on what evidence and by what methods may be conjured up some shadowy semblance of the works of the great painters of the fifth and fourth centuries B. C.; or, under the stimulus of a recent essay,¹ to consider the extent of the originality

¹ Wickhoff, *Roman Art* (translated by Mrs. S. Arthur Strong).

in design and in technique displayed by the extant frescoes of the Roman imperial period.

Clearly, however, it would be unwise within the limits of a single address, to include matters so various, and I have therefore chosen to confine myself to a single branch of Greek art, namely, sculpture.

What would an ideal history of Greek sculpture be? Suppose that a man equipped with the highest native capacity for the task and with the best training attainable at the present day had sources of knowledge as complete for the Greek period as for the nineteenth century of our era, what manner of history would he produce? Whatever else his work might contain,—and that might be much,—it would set forth clearly and unquestionably the general qualities characteristic of Greek sculpture in each successive phase of its development, the distinctive features of each great local school, and the individual styles of numerous artists great and small. The reader would learn to know Myron, Phidias and Polyclitus, Scopas, Praxiteles and Lysippus, more fully and certainly than we can know Donatello and Michelangelo. The influence of each of these great masters upon his fellow sculptors, his pupils and successors, would be disclosed. And scores of other sculptors of varying degrees of genius would receive adequate treatment. All this of course would be done with the help of illustrations, which would present to the eye a long gallery of statues and reliefs, each piece complete in form and color as when it left the master's hand.

How far we are from possessing any such history of Greek sculpture as this every beginner knows. Of the necessary materials for such a work only a small fraction exists. Instead of full and authoritative literary documents we have the brief and unintelligent summary compiled by the elder Pliny, the scattered notices in Pausanias

and other writers, chiefly of Roman imperial date,—notices often vague, and only in the rarest cases penetrating and precise,—and finally some hundreds of inscriptions giving names of sculptors, occasionally with one or two additional particulars, but mostly referring to works of which not a vestige remains. However, as literary documents are of only minor importance to the historian of art, our poverty in this matter could be made light of, were the works themselves preserved to tell their story to one skilled to decipher it. But in truth the actual remains of the finest Greek sculpture are exceedingly scanty. Of grave reliefs and votive reliefs and sculptures used as decorations for temples and mausoleums we have, to be sure, a great many, though in a mutilated condition. But of independent sculptures in the round, such as statues of divinities, of athletes, statesmen, and men of letters, we have from the best period very few. The masterpieces on which the fame of the greatest sculptors rested are without exception lost, and we are fortunate when one of them can be identified in a copy or copies of Roman date. Copies, in fact, executed during the century preceding and the two centuries following the beginning of the Christian Era, constitute a large part of our monumental testimony to the history of Greek sculpture. That we have them is the chief reason why we know the art of Polyclitus or Praxiteles more fully than we may hope to know the art of Polygnotus or Apelles.

The historian of Greek sculpture, having these materials at his disposal, ought to base his views as to the artistic style or styles of a given time and place primarily upon extant original works of that time and place, including every class of artistic remains,—sculptures, painting, coins, gems,—in short, all surviving products of the graphic and plastic arts. Into the framework thus obtained he must fit

those lost works which he re-creates in imagination from copies. Where trustworthy evidence fails, as it often does, he must perforce make large use of hypothesis, and, however cautious his temperament, he can hardly fail at times to confound plausible hypothesis with well-established fact.

If this meant that we are doomed to endless, unprogressive guess-work, it would be discouraging indeed. Fortunately nothing of the sort is true. The advance which during the last hundred years has been made in the understanding of the history of Greek sculpture has been enormous, and is going on at the present day with accelerated speed. This advance comes about in part through the constant accession of new materials. Even literary documents come to light, like the fragment of a list of Olympian victors¹ found in Egypt and first published in 1899, which has supplied us with valuable dates in the careers of Pythagoras, Myron, and Polyclitus. New sculptors' inscriptions continue to be discovered. And above all, the stock of known sculptures is augmented each year by pieces which had been hidden underground or sometimes even at the bottom of the sea. Herein is one of the great, exciting compensations to the student of Greek art. Every fresh discovery makes a problem. The new thing must be studied and assigned to its proper place. It may become the starting-point for a new set of hypotheses, and so lead to an extensive readjustment of views previously entertained as to the history of Greek art.

To this accession of new material there must come an end, and that end cannot be very far off. But the study of old material is only less fruitful than the acquisition of new, and it is hard to foresee a time when discoveries can no longer be made with the materials in hand.

Something has already been said of the part which the

¹ Grenfell and Hunt, *Oxyrhynchus Papyri*, part II, no. ccxxii.

study of copies plays in our reconstruction of the history of Greek sculpture. Your attention is now invited to some of the more general questions which that study involves. I realize as fully as any one that art-criticism, to be profitable, must be exercised on the actual object. Abstract discussions are likely not only to be dull, but also to miss the essential point. Yet I venture to hope that a few considerations may be worth putting forward, even without the help of visible illustrations.

To begin with, we need a working theory as to how these copies were made. We know that in the Roman imperial period, to which they chiefly belong, the practice of taking casts from statues, or at least from bronze statues, was in use. Casts are easily multiplied and easily transported, and from a cast or casts a workman or workmen, in the same or different parts of the empire, could make any number of copies in bronze or marble, agreeing with the original in dimensions and in all principal features. But the opinion has recently been urged¹ with great force that the taking of casts from marble sculptures was impracticable, for the simple reason that Greek marble sculptures were always more or less painted, and the process of making a mould would have injured the coloring. Hence it is inferred that we must draw a sharp line of distinction between two classes of reproductions. On the one hand, from originals of bronze we have copies, in which a high degree of fidelity may be presumed; on the other hand, from originals of marble, and, it may be added, of gold and ivory, we have imitations, whose trustworthiness is much less. Thus,—so the inference runs,—while we may form a fair idea of the bronze Discus-thrower of Myron or the bronze Doryphorus of Polyclitus, we cannot know, except vaguely, the gold and ivory Hera of Polyclitus or the marble Cnidian Aphrodite of Praxiteles.

¹ S. Reinach, *Revue archéologique*, 1900, II, p. 384 ff.

Here is a matter deserving serious consideration. Yet the distinction is perhaps not so important as it at first appears. We have no assurance that the copies of bronze statues were always or even usually made from casts, although that is possible. And even if they were, it must be remembered that the possession of a cast, while it made fidelity in the copy possible, did not by any means necessitate fidelity. On the other hand, Greek marble sculptures may in some instances by the Roman period have so far lost their coloring that no objection would be felt to taking casts from them. And when this was not the case, it must often have been possible to make an accurate model in clay of a marble work, and from this model to make casts, as has recently been done for one of the archaic female figures of the Athenian acropolis. It is conceivable also that a copy was sometimes based upon drawings made in the presence of the original and perhaps accompanied by measurements. However it was done, it is certain that copies much too faithful to have been executed from memory were often made from marble originals. Thus in a caryatid of the Braccio Nuovo of the Vatican we have a Roman copy of one of the caryatids of the south porch of the Erechtheum, in fact, of the particular one which was removed by Lord Elgin and which now stands in the British Museum. Again, there are numerous cases where a work of relief sculpture in marble exists in two or more copies. Take for example the relief representing Orpheus, Eurydice, and Hermes. Whether the Naples example is the actual original or not, the original, as of all such works, was certainly of marble. And in spite of the great inferiority of the Villa Albani example, and the still greater inferiority of the Louvre example, to that in Naples, the differences are not greater than we often find between different copies of a bronze statue. Now it is true that no amount of

resemblance between copies affords absolute proof of their resemblance to a lost original; it may conceivably be that all derive from a single copy, and that an inexact one; yet on the whole a high degree of resemblance, especially between copies in marble from marble, is reassuring. It shows that fairly faithful reproductions were possible and were worth while. And, to conclude this matter, it does not seem necessary to regard with much more distrust the copies made from marble than those made from bronze.

Another question may be introduced at this point, although logically it belongs rather at the end than at the beginning of the discussion. The practice of copying Greek sculptures of the fifth, fourth, and third centuries B. C., is abundantly attested for the Roman imperial period. May we then assume that *all* Roman copies go back to Greek originals of good period, or must we consider the possibility that some of them represent originals created at Rome in the first century B. C., or later? Certainly we must consider the possibility. In a copying age there is no reason why the new should not be copied as well as the old, provided the new is in demand. Such demand did exist for portraits of the Roman emperors, and we accordingly find actual duplicates, though hardly so often as one would expect, in our stock of imperial portraits. Thus the famous head of the young Augustus in the Vatican agrees in all essentials with one less well known in the British Museum, and a repulsive but powerful portrait of Caracalla is preserved in several substantially identical copies. But there is no clear case of an ideal creation of Roman date attaining to the honors of reproduction. To be sure, this statement may not pass unchallenged. A few years ago numbers of statues existing in two or more repetitions, such as the marble Artemis from Pompeii, the bronze Apollo with the lyre from the same place, the "Venus

Genetrix," so-called, and the nude youth made by Stephanus, were commonly regarded as works of an archaistic school, whose founder was supposed to be Pasiteles, a Greek sculptor working in Rome in the earlier half of the first century B. C. This hypothesis of a Pasitelean school, which has been compared to the group of the "Nazarenes" in Germany and to that of the pre-Raphaelites in England, and whose productions have been supposed to be works of considerable originality and popularity, has now been generally abandoned. Yet it still has adherents in England. Thus our best English handbook of Greek sculpture¹ defends the name of Venus Genetrix, regarding the statue so called in the Louvre and its replicas as copied from the cult-image made by Arcesilaus for the temple of Venus erected by Julius Cæsar. But as the same authority holds that "the type, in its general character, dates from an earlier age," the difference between this view and that which regards the statues in question as copied directly from a fifth-century original is not, after all, very great. Similarly with regard to the athlete of Stephanus. According to one view this is simply one of several copies of an early fifth-century bronze statue. It is not the best copy, and its singular proportions may be due to arbitrary modification of the original. According to the other view, this work, while greatly influenced by the style of the fifth century, is essentially a new creation, not necessarily of Stephanus himself, but perhaps of Pasiteles, or at any rate of about his time. Under all the circumstances of the case the former hypothesis appears to me far more probable. But the side which we choose to take in the controversy does not greatly affect our conception of fifth-century art, though it does make considerable difference in our estimate of the artistic conditions in Rome in the first century B. C. And even if

¹ E. A. Gardner, *Handbook of Greek Sculpture*, sect. 78.

we allow an exception or two, it will still remain true that in dealing with copies, excepting portraits of Roman emperors and one or two other Roman personages, we are dealing in the vast majority of cases with reproductions of much earlier originals.

Let us now suppose that we are studying a piece of sculpture which we suspect of being a copy and which we wish to assign to its proper historical place. If we are equipped for the task, that is to say, if we are endowed with good powers of observation and are extensively acquainted with the monuments of Greek art, we shall of course inevitably form a theory on the subject at the outset. But realizing the fallibility of any copy, we shall search through the existing stock of antiques for duplicates of the work under consideration. If there are any, they must all be taken into account, just as all the manuscripts of an ancient author must be taken into account in the attempt to reconstitute his original text. Let us suppose, to begin with, that we find one or more such duplicates, agreeing with the first piece in all principal features. Obviously either one of the number is the original and the others are copies from it, or all are alike copies of a lost original. The former alternative is possible enough in the abstract, and there are some cases where it is actually held, more or less confidently, by one or more archaeologists. The cases, however, where it may be considered practically certain are extremely few. In general no one of the duplicates has any claim to being regarded as the original. All are alike copies. But copies are given to varying among themselves according to the varying skill and conscientiousness of the copyists. No one of them, even though artistically it out-rank the others, can be safely trusted to reproduce more faithfully than they every detail of the original. Hence they must all be diligently compared, in the hope of divining

from their collective testimony the prototype. In this undertaking a merely mechanical procedure, such as deciding by a majority vote of the witnesses, will not do. There must be a divinatory instinct. But alas! the faculty of divination, however sure it may be of itself, cannot always impose its results upon others. Its operation often seems arbitrary, and carries no conviction save to docile disciples. And if this is the case when we are comparing two or more slightly varying copies, how much greater is the danger when our search for duplicates proves unsuccessful and we are left with but the single representative! Yet in spite of all difficulties and perils the serious student cannot shirk the problem. He must form his mental picture of the lost original as best he may, and reveal it to others as clearly as possible. If he succeeds in winning the approval of expert opinion, his view has attained to as much certainty as the nature of the subject admits.

Thus far we have been supposed to be dealing either with a single copy or with two or more substantially identical copies. But the case is by no means always so simple. Often we find, besides a number of copies essentially similar to one another, one or more variants, or in other words pieces so far like the agreeing copies that they cannot be wholly independent, yet so far unlike that they cannot in any strict sense be identified with them. The most obvious explanation of such a variant is that the sculptor who executed it was simply modifying the same Greek original which is represented also by more exact reproductions. In one case he may have worked from memory and his divergences from the original may not have been intentional. In another case he may have had an exact copy before him and may have deliberately adapted it to some purpose of his own. No one doubts that this explanation, in one or other of its forms, is often applicable. Every

one makes free use of it. Yet a different explanation is sometimes possible and is sometimes preferred. What I have called a variant may itself be a faithful copy of a lost Greek original, so that we are led back to two closely related Greek originals, produced by the same sculptor or by two different sculptors, one of whom in some way influenced the other. For example, there is at Mantua a coarsely executed marble figure of a Muse, holding in her right hand a tragic mask. This statue, while it has no known duplicates, is closely similar in pose and drapery to the caryatids of the Erechtheum. In view of this similarity it was seriously proposed¹ a few years ago to treat the Mantuan figure as a copy of a Greek work of about 400 B. C. But really it seems most improbable that a Greek sculptor in the flourishing period of artistic activity, in seeking to create a Muse, should have imitated so closely figures used as architectural supports, however admirable, or *vice versa*. And I am glad to say that the author of the suggestion retracted it² not long after in favor of the common-sense view that the Mantuan Muse is nothing but an adaptation of one of the caryatid figures by a late and clumsy sculptor.

A better example is afforded by the Farnese Diadumenus in the British Museum. Of this statue again there are no duplicates; in sense it stands alone. Yet it can hardly be dissociated altogether from those other Diadumenus figures which are believed on good grounds to be copied from a work of Polyclitus. The similarity in motive goes so far as to make probable some close interdependence. How then are the facts to be interpreted? Two theories are possible, as in the previous case: either the Farnese Diadumenus is the work of a sculptor of Roman date, a work based upon the famous statue of Polyclitus, but so far modified as to

¹ Arndt, *Photographische Einzelaufnahmen antiker Sculpturen*, Text, no. 9.

² Arndt, *op. cit.*, no. 257.

attest considerable originality on the sculptor's part; or it is a copy of a Greek work of about Polyclitus's time, perhaps an Attic work which Polyclitus saw and whose motive he borrowed and adapted. The question, it will be seen, like that of a Pasitelean archaizing school, is chiefly a question of the amount and kind of originality which may be assumed for the sculptors of the Roman imperial period. Certainly an age which produced works of such merit as the reliefs of the Ara Pacis, of the Arch of Titus, and of the Beneventine Arch of Trajan, was not wholly deficient in artistic originality. But it must be admitted that for the precise kind of originality which would be implied by the creation of the Farnese Diadumenus out of Polyclitean and other fifth-century suggestions our knowledge of the Roman period does not afford irrefutable evidence. The question is one on which serious students must for the present agree to differ.

The most ambitious historians of Greek sculpture are not content with placing a lost original, divined from a copy of copies, in its proper place and period. They would fain go farther and assign each work, or at least each important work, to the individual master who produced it, whether known to us by name or not. As slight external helps in this task, they have the scanty literary notices referred to at the outset of this address, but in the main they are obliged to rely upon the qualities of the works themselves. Here there is a temptation to apply the method pursued with so much zeal and confidence by Morelli and his followers in the field of Italian painting, the method which in discriminating artist from artist makes large use of little-noticed details, such as conformation of eye or ear. But the data presented to the student of Greek art are hardly comparable to those presented to the student of the Italian art of the Renaissance. In the latter field we have

sufficiently well authenticated original works upon which to base our knowledge of the personal styles of the different masters, and from this sure foundation we may proceed to recognize other creations of theirs. But in the former field this sure foundation is almost everywhere lacking. With the fewest exceptions we are limited to mere copies. Now the broad features of a work or art, such as pose, proportions, disposition of drapery, survive in the better sort of copies; but the minutiae upon which we are tempted to rely in the effort to distinguish master from master—form of tear-duct, of ear-lobule, or whatever it be—may be due to the copyists and therefore valueless for the purpose desired. Indeed, the subjection of these inconspicuous details to the law of habit, which makes them useful as identifying marks, renders it unlikely that they would be reproduced save in copies of superlative accuracy; and copies of superlative accuracy are unfortunately very rare. Hence that method of connoisseurship which examines, as one means toward recognizing the individual master, the treatment of inconspicuous details must be regarded as largely inapplicable in dealing with Roman copies, or at least as of dubious probative force.

Again, the problem of recognizing, whether in originals or copies, the works of a single master is not merely the problem of recognizing decisive similarities. An artist's productions may vary greatly in different periods of his career, or even in one and the same period. If we are trying with our bits of evidence to make out the achievements and so the personal style of a great Greek sculptor, we need a theory as to the limits of the variation which we may in reason attribute to him. How are we to form such a theory? Judgments on this point commonly have an air of *a priori* dogmatism. Some one proposes to attribute two works to the same artist. The objector says, "No.

The differences between the two are too great." No proof is offered, but such a verdict, in spite of its air of intuitive certainty, is doubtless derived more or less consciously from one's knowledge of art and artists generally in the past and in the present. Now I think that what is needed is a more thorough-going study directed to this very point. The work of artists of modern times lends itself to the purpose. Only when we have satisfied ourselves as to the widest limits of variation shown by any one of them are we in a position to form so much as a legitimate guess as to whether two Greek works are too unlike to have been conceived by a single brain and executed by a single hand.

Let me illustrate. There exist in Dresden two closely similar Athena figures, one headless, the other with head partially preserved. By combining, on the strength of convincing proof, a head in Bologna with the headless Dresden figure, and by supplying what else is missing in one from the other, two complete and substantially identical statues have been won.¹ It is argued that in these we possess copies of the Athena Lemnia of Phidias. Certainly the original must have been a work of extraordinary merit and one of the Phidias age and school. There is some literary evidence, based chiefly upon the absence of a helmet from the head, for believing it to be by Phidias himself. While this external evidence is far from satisfactory, it appears to me to establish a considerable probability that the work, whether it be the Lemnia or not,—a point I would waive as of little consequence,—is at any rate by Phidias. But the objection is raised² that the type of face is so different from the type of face of the Athena Parthenos of Phidias, known to us from unquestionable, though poor, copies, as to throw the gravest doubt on the proposed attribution.

¹ Furtwängler, *Masterpieces of Greek Sculpture*, p. 4 ff.

² Robinson, *Catalogue of Casts of Greek and Roman Sculpture in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston*, p. 89.

The difference does seem great: in the Parthenos a broad face with full cheeks and cheerful look, in the other a narrow oval face with sober, even severe expression. Can we suppose that one artist conceived and presented to his countrymen the same goddess in two aspects so unlike? Casting about for guidance here, I can think of nothing better than to examine the sculptured Madonnas of Michelangelo to see how far they agree among themselves in type of face. As a result I find between the circular relief in the Bargello, with its comparatively broad face and untroubled look, and the Bruges Madonna, with its narrow face and solemn expression, both of them productions of Michelangelo's early period, a difference which to me seems as great as we are obliged to suppose between the original Athena Parthenos and the original of the Bologna head under discussion. If my estimate be just, then there is surely no insuperable difficulty on this score in accepting the original of the Dresden statues as the work of Phidias.

Take another specific problem of a similar nature to the last,—a problem which has only recently come into the forefront of interest and which for this reason deserves to be treated somewhat more fully. For fifty years and more until the other day, a marble statue in the Vatican representing an apoxyomenus, that is, an athlete scraping himself with a strigil, has been universally regarded as an excellent copy of a bronze statue by Lysippus and as giving us our most trustworthy knowledge of that sculptor's style. This supposed knowledge has come to be a cornerstone in the history of Greek art. With our proneness to accept "what is believed always, everywhere, and by all," many of us had probably until lately not taken the trouble to scrutinize critically the evidence on which the identification depends. Let us look at it. Lysippus made an apoxyomenus, which was carried to Rome, was set up by Marcus

Agrippa in front of his Thermæ, and was there much admired. These facts do not carry us far, for the subject was no uncommon one and we possess no detailed description of the treatment of it by Lysippus. But the marble statue in question exhibits a system of bodily proportions radically different from that of Polyclitus and agreeing with the valuable, though inadequate, indications afforded by Pliny regarding the innovations introduced by Lysippus. On reflection, however, we see that the agreement does not really clinch the matter. At most it only proves that the original of the apoxyomenus of the Vatican is not earlier than Lysippus; it does not prove that it is not later. But here other considerations come in, more difficult to weigh in the balances, but perhaps more influential in determining our opinion. We have copies, one of them certified by an inscription, of another work of Lysippus, a Heracles leaning upon his club, and it seems as if the apoxyomenus fitted in very well with that. Moreover it has been thought that in pose and in details of modeling this statue is such as might be expected from the greatest sculptor of the age of Alexander, a sculptor whom it is permissible, if not obligatory, to regard as at least twenty years younger than Praxiteles. It has been thought that what we know or guess of other sculptures of the age of Alexander and later can be brought into intelligible relation to the apoxymenus, considered as Lysippean. And as not the least potent argument, there has been the feeling that this statue is too fine to be the work of some nameless or obscure sculptor of post-Lysippean date.

These considerations would probably still continue to seem sufficient to every one, had not a new claimant for Lysippean authorship made its appearance, with credentials which have carried conviction far and wide. I refer to the marble statue of Agias¹ found some ten years ago

¹ *Bulletin de correspondance hellénique*, 1889, pls. 10, 11.

at Delphi. This is one of a group or rather a row of eight statues, representing eight members of a Pharsalian family, the family of one Daochus, tetrarch of Thessaly, who set them up soon after the battle of Chæroneia (338 B. C.). The pedestal bore inscriptions, mostly metrical, giving the names of the persons represented, but no sculptors' signatures. Some of the statues, and above all the Agias, appeared from the first to the fortunate discoverer to exhibit the style of Lysippus. The matter entered a new stage in 1900, with the publication,¹ accompanied by an acute commentary, of a fragmentary inscription from Pharsalus, all but identical with the one engraved at Delphi below the statue of Agias, but with the important addition of the name of Lysippus as sculptor. There was then a statue of Agias by Lysippus at Pharsalus. Of this statue, presumably of bronze, nothing further is directly known, but it is inferred on reasonable grounds that it was one of a series identical in subjects with the series at Delphi and probably set up a little earlier. So far, so good. The next step is to infer that the unsigned marble Agias at Delphi is a contemporary and trustworthy copy of the bronze Agias by Lysippus at Pharsalus, and this inference has been promptly accepted by leading archæologists, German, French, and English, without a murmur of doubt or protest, so far as I know, from any quarter. But whereas some who speak with authority have regarded the Agias and the apoxyomenus as harmonious productions of a single artist, and as in fact confirming each other's claims to Lysippean authorship, another view is that the apoxyomenus shows such fundamental differences from the Agias and from other undisputedly fourth-century works that it must not only be denied to Lysippus, but be assigned to a post-Lysippean date. The argument is summed up in these

¹ Preuner, *Ein delphisches Weihgeschenk*.

sentences: "The feet are in the case of the apoxyomenus a feature which can scarcely be reconciled with a fourth-century origin. If we compare them with the foot of the Hermes of Praxiteles we shall find not merely a difference of school, but a difference so deep that it must show a different date. And can another work of the fourth century be found which shows the mastery of anatomy, and the precision in the rendering of detail, which we find in the apoxyomenus?"¹

But, after all, why should we regard the Agias of Delphi as Lysippean? The Thessalian tetrarch resident in Pharsalus decides to set up in his own city bronze statues representing earlier members of his family and himself, and for this series he engages the talent of the foremost sculptor in bronze of the day, and perhaps that of others. At the same time or later he decides to set up at Delphi marble statues representing the same persons. That he should use the same metrical epigrams for the two series is natural and appropriate. But is there any reason why the two sets of figures should look exactly alike? None, that I can see. The earlier members of the series, including the Agias, must probably be imaginary portraits, and I cannot suppose that any Greek would compare two sets of imaginary portraits in places separated by a journey of several days to see whether they agreed, or that he would be in the least surprised or disconcerted if he should happen to notice discrepancies. If it were a common practice of the time to make exact copies of statues, then, indeed, it would be the most economical and might be the most natural thing to have the bronze statues copied in marble. But in spite of what Pliny says about the invention by Lysistratus, brother of Lysippus, of the art of making casts from statues, there is no good reason to think that exact copying was

¹ P. Gardner, *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, 1903, p. 130.

common in Lysippus's day; indeed, some would go so far as to say that it was not practiced at all. Therefore, I think that Daochus would give the commission for the Delphian series, not to Lysippus and his associates, but to a sculptor or sculptors who habitually worked in marble, not hampering them with restrictions as to the relationship of their work to the other series. Whether they would be likely or not to be dominated by the influence of Lysippus, it is impossible to say *a priori*; perhaps not, as his work seems to have been exclusively in bronze. At all events, it is clearly unsafe to make the Agias our basis for determining the personal style of Lysippus.

What is certain, then, is that, in the Agias of Delphi we have a marble statue contemporary with Lysippus, and the question recurs whether, in view of its qualities and those of other works of the time known to us in originals or in copies, we are forced to assign the apoxyomenus to a post-Lysippean date. As in the case of Phidias we faced the question, how wide a range of variation is possible to a single artist, so here we face the question, how wide a range of variation is possible to different artists living at the same time and under the same general conditions. For my own part, I am disposed to think that there is no fatal objection to believing that Lysippus, whom I regard as belonging to a younger generation than Praxiteles, was himself the creator of those innovations which mark the apoxyomenus off from the Agias. And I am confirmed in this opinion when it is pointed out to me how far Leonardo da Vinci was in advance of Lorenzo di Credi, who was actually by seven years Leonardo's junior.

Finally, some one may ask, "Is all this painful balancing of probabilities worth while? Why pursue this difficult path toward a dubious end? Why not take each remnant of classic art for just what it is in itself, enjoying it ac-

cording to its merits, and not tormenting ourselves with trying to establish its relations to other existent or non-existent things?" Perhaps these questions take us beyond the proper bounds of the subject prescribed for this address. Nevertheless, I beg leave to say in answer that I have a good deal of sympathy with the point of view which prompts such questions. For the great multitude of cultivated people the important thing is to know and appreciate works of art, rather than to understand their history. A knowledge of the history of Greek sculpture is no more necessary to an enjoyment of the Elgin marbles than a knowledge of the history of music is necessary to an enjoyment of a symphony by Beethoven. There is reason to fear that in academic teaching the historical side of the study of art is disproportionately emphasized. But that detailed and comparative scrutiny upon which a knowledge of the history of art rests ought not to stifle the power of enjoyment. Rather it ought to make enjoyment richer and deeper. Moreover the intellect has its rights, as well as the æsthetic faculty. It is a legitimate, yes, with some an imperative, desire to know what can be known of the conditions, material and spiritual, that gave birth to immortal works of art. But let us not forget that what gives dignity to this study is the power of the work of art to stir the emotions, to divert, console, inspire. If we forget that, our study is barren of its chief reward.

RELATIONS OF MODERN ARCHITECTURE TO THE STUDY OF OTHER PERIODS OF THE ART

BY CAMILLE ENLART

(Translated from the French by Mr. F. P. Keppel, of Columbia University)

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I SHALL endeavor to present a rapid review of the evolution of the study of the architectural history of the Middle Ages and of the present condition of this study, so far as it relates to France. It is essentially a modern science. Nothing, however, is so modern as not to have its roots in the past, and from the sixteenth century on, there were those who were interested in the monuments of the Middle Ages: in particular, their beauties had appealed to two scholarly architects, Philibert de l'Orme, who recommended the work of the old masters in architecture as models of construction; and Jacques Androuet du Cerceau, who made a collection of *relevés* "of the most excellent buildings of France." However, the whole point of view of the artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries rendered the Middle Ages utterly unintelligible to them: the historians alone studied the period, and in their study, so far as the records show us, the fine arts played but a small part. Two celebrated scholars, Peiresc, who died in 1637, and Gaignières, who died in 1715, made collections of drawings of those monuments which relate to the history of France; and from 1729 to 1733 the Benedictine Convent of Montfaucon published a series of engravings of the same kind

of subjects under the title, *Monuments of the French Monarchy*. This work is, however, very imperfect.

It would seem that the Abbé Le Boeuf, the historian of the Diocese of Paris, who died in 1760, regarded our monuments with less scorn and with more just appreciation than did his contemporaries. His opinions regarding them were sufficiently definite to warrant him in assigning exact dates to the buildings, but no one took the trouble to gather together his lectures or his manuscript notes.

To this unjust neglect of the art of the Middle Ages the Revolution added actual hate. Until then the buildings had been spared because of religious associations or out of respect for the ancient territorial families, but now these memories became odious, and acts of vandalism became matters of principle. However, there were two men, more thoughtful than their contemporaries, who interested themselves in the monuments at this period: Alexandre Lenoir obtained permission from the Convention to create a museum of French architecture from *débris* gathered from all the edifices that had been sacked, and Millin went about through France, in order to sketch the most curious examples and to learn something about their history. He published his *National Antiquities* from 1790 to 1798, and in 1792, an Englishman named Ducarel came over to study the subject, and published in England a book on the Norman edifices of France.

The first really critical work was written in 1816 by a member of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, Emeric David. His *History of French Sculpture* shows a point of view astonishingly in advance of his time; and his work is so accurate and his references so clear that to-day one can hardly do more than change a few lines here and there. It must be added that this work could find no publisher during the lifetime of its author. It did not appear

until forty years after it was written; and while the great *History of Art through its Architectural Monuments* by Seroux d'Agincourt, published in 1827, is a trustworthy effort, it is a work that in comparison to that of David seems very immature. The men who in 1795 had overturned the throne and the altar were in all matters of art most fervent believers, indeed, almost Ultramontanes. The doctrine of the infallibility of the Roman ideas in art in their eyes did not admit of the slightest discussion; the Restoration hardly modified their ideas. Châteaubriand, however, discovered the poetry of the Gothic churches; and in general it was through the men of letters that the Middle Ages were already on the way toward being understood and appreciated, when, about 1830, the Romantic movement brought about freedom of thought in matters relating to art.

Like all revolutions, the Romantic movement went too far, and it misunderstood the true nature of those principles whose beauty it had discovered; but it is not often that public opinion is conquered by just and well-balanced ideas. Public opinion was brought to appreciate the architecture of the Middle Ages by Victor Hugo and his school, and the official sanction of this worthy *renaissance* was the creation of the Commission on Historical Monuments in 1838, and, in 1847, the establishment of *l'École des Chartes*, where a course in national archæology was offered by the director, J. Quicherat. Through these institutions there has come about a logical and scholarly procedure in restorations and in the study of our edifices from the historical point of view.

With regard to restorations: Just at this time the restoration of St. Denis had made it clear that a more serious study was absolutely necessary. The idea of restoring the glories of an edifice which summed up the annals of the French monarchy had been dear alike to Napoleon, to

Louis XVIII, to Charles X, and to Louis Philippe. But each one of the three régimes had ignominiously failed to carry it out. The chief architect, Debret, made himself famous by his mistakes. It was still believed with all seriousness that all that was necessary to do in order to imitate the Middle Ages was to make mistakes in composition and in drawing, just as children think that they imitate a strange language when they make a jargon of discordant sounds. Never was so much money so maladroitly expended. All the ornaments of the façades were robbed of their character. The great bell-tower was in bad condition; the result of its rebuilding was its immediate collapse.

To the architect J. B. Antoine de Lassus belongs the honor of having rediscovered the rules and the real spirit of Gothic art, and of applying them in the restoration of the cathedral of Notre Dame de Paris, which was completed by Viollet-le-Duc, and which is a real masterpiece. At the same time Lassus published the *Album of Villard de Honnecourt*. It is a matter of great regret that this learned and artistic man should have worked so slowly and that his life was so short. Viollet-le-Duc, who was his collaborator and afterwards his successor, has eclipsed him; but although much more brilliant as a writer and much more productive, his restorations were not always so satisfactory as those of Lassus.

While Victor Hugo was inflaming all imaginations with the art of the Middle Ages, of which he himself had, by the way, a most uncritical conception, there were other writers who were rendering serious services to its history.

In 1828 Baron Taylor and Charles Nodier joined forces to publish the immense collection of the *Voyages Pittoresques et Romantiques dans l'ancienne France*, which contains some valuable information and a great number of beautiful and often very accurate lithographic drawings,

precious to-day as witnesses of the condition of the great works at that time.

A very useful and reliable work was that of the Count Léon de Labord. In his researches relating to the history of the dukes of Burgundy published in 1849-50, he has set an excellent example—the first of its kind—by showing what may be done for the history of art by a careful study of the earliest records.

It was for two men, Viollet-le-Duc and Quicherat, respectively, to establish standards of taste and intelligence with regard to the art of the Middle Ages, and accurate ideas as to its history and a scholarly method for its study. Quicherat delivered erudite professional lectures at l'École des Chartes to a picked body of experts. Viollet-le-Duc, on the other hand, won the favor of the entire public by the magic of his expositions and deductions and the charm with which he was able to present his ideas. He maintained with inimitable eloquence that, however different might be Greek art, Gothic art is in no way inferior, either in structure or in beauty, and that it is far superior to Roman art, which is neither original nor delicate. Viollet-le-Duc's mind was too keen and too active for him not to pass on from this conclusion to theories for the reform of modern art. He proclaimed the necessity of a new style which should be as original and as logical as the Greek or the Gothic. It is, however, from the point of view of the archæologist that one must judge him here, and one is compelled to admit two defects: in the first place he undertook too much to be able always to go back to the original sources in order to verify his data. In his admirable encyclopædia of French architecture are many errors as to details, corrected by M. Anthyme Saint-Paul in 1880. Happily these inaccuracies do not militate against the clarity and the justice of his admirable general ideas on the

subject. In his restorations the same haste brings about the same defects, and here they are more serious; his confidence in the architectural principles which he deduced too often urged him to make his restorations in a spirit that is dogmatic rather than historical: he rebuilt edifices as they should have been, instead of restoring them to what they actually had been. His disciples were beguiled by his example, with results that the historical student must deplore. Even worse, charmed as they were by the beauties of unity and logic, Viollet-le-Duc and his disciples often obliterated from buildings early repairs which might have been heterogeneous, but which had their own beauty, and which in any case were of historic value.

Quicherat, on the contrary, was the apostle of truth rather than of beauty. He was too much of a skeptic to carry his preferences to the point of enthusiasm; too little a friend of the human race to permit himself to become a popularizer and proselyter; his spirit was not that of the artist, but that of the savant. Disregarding popular approval, he devoted his labor and his zeal to the attainment of historical accuracy. He was a patient analyzer, one who put all documents to the test of a most careful scrutiny, and who never generalized beyond the limits of prudence. He was the creator of an admirable school and method, both of them exerting a beneficent influence that is still felt.

Possibly the essential difference in character of these two men, to whom we owe the education of the scholar and that of the artist in France, has had something to do with the antagonism which still exists between archæologists and architects.

Contemporary with these two masters, but much less important than they, one must place the well-known name of M. de Caumont, the popularizer *par excellence* of the *archæology of the Middle Ages*. From 1830 to 1870, from

the depths of his retreat in Normandy, he continued to exercise a most mischievous influence. May I be permitted to say that the reason that he succeeded in popularizing the subject is that his conception of it, in contrast to that of Viollet-le-Duc and Quicherat, was essentially a commonplace one? Thanks to his *Alphabet of Archæology*, constantly reissued and revised from 1830 to 1870, the archæology of the Middle Ages, had no longer any mysteries for the French curé or the chemist of the provincial town. It became the harmless pastime of the college student on his vacation; and, thanks to the foundation of the French Society of Archæology, with its organ, the *Bulletin Monumental*, with its annual congresses and the reports presented at them, all the readers of the *Alphabet* came into touch with each other and were enabled to receive constantly, more or less regular instruction. Thus they learned to examine and pass judgment upon the architectural monuments in their neighborhood. When the congress came to them, caretakers and curés were happy and proud to appear for the occasion as learned men and to do the honors of their manor-houses or their churches; the buildings glittering with stained glass and coats of arms recently renovated and considerably embellished in the process. The work of De Caumont spread over a considerable surface, because it had practically no depth; his book is essentially the work of a provincial, it was made from a study of the Norman monuments; and his horizon is limited in every direction. Never in all his life did a general idea, a philosophical conception, or a logical train of reasoning come to him. His work consists of a series of statements, sufficiently great in number to make possible the formulating of chronological rules.

The matter was spread out with great regularity, and was then cut up just as one makes caramels. The divisions

follow regular lines, the arbitrary limits of the centuries; as in geology, each period has a name. The definitions, like the names, are based upon accidents of form without real bearing, and not upon principles, or upon forms that are really generic and essential.

Another popularizer, more intelligent than De Caumont, but an illogical thinker, was Didron. This man accomplished a great deal of work, and, in his *Archæological Annals*, has left a monument of permanent value. He was an artist of taste, a painter on glass and a designer of bronzes; a merchant who was not averse to advertisement, but, at the same time, a man of considerable scholarship. His temperament was ardent and controversial; he was an eloquent denunciator of vandalism and a militant Catholic. While rendering great services to medieval archæology, he made three serious mistakes. Justly indignant as he was at certain restorations, but immoderate in his criticisms and not entirely free from prejudice, he did his share in bringing about the antagonism between archæologists and architects, an antagonism which is still a misfortune to both, and, above all, a misfortune to the monuments themselves.

Didron was right in seeing in the art of the Middle Ages the expression of Christian civilization, but he exaggerated this point of view to the extent of seeing nothing but heresy in the art of the Renaissance and that of modern times. Lastly, it was through his influence that medieval art became closely interwoven with clericalism in the minds of very many people, with two very unfortunate results: the creation of a nondescript neo-Gothic art, exaggerated by mysticism (of this, the work of Didron himself furnishes some of the earliest models) and, secondly, a distrust of medieval art on the part of the non-clerical public.

Along with these influential men Mérimée, a delicate

littérateur and excellent archæologist, should have an honorable place. In archæology, as in literature, he had a keen eye and a refined taste, and that sense of proportion which Didron lacked. He was able to bring to light in the French provinces numberless treasures of art which, upon his recommendation, have been rescued from oblivion by the Commission on Historical Monuments.

At this time, Révoil, an eminent archæologist and ardent Southerner, was a distinguished member of this Commission. We owe to him a number of restorations of unequal merit and a sumptuous work upon the Romanesque architecture of the Midi, which contains beautiful illustrations of more permanent value than the text.

Two other scholars, MM. Vitet and Daniel Ramée, should be mentioned as among the best of the archæologists of the middle of the nineteenth century. Vitet was the first to prepare an elaborate and richly illustrated monograph upon a French cathedral. He chose Noyon, and his work is still the only one that contains adequate drawings of this edifice; the text is now no longer up to the standard of our present scientific knowledge, but it has formed a valuable basis for later researches. The same may be said of Ramée's archæological studies and his short essay upon the history of architecture.

Two conscientious archæologists of keen insight and skilled as draughtsmen were Léo Drouyn, of Bordeaux, whose *Military History of Guienne* is a complete and accurate monograph, with illustrations which were destined to form the most valuable part of the books of M. de Caumont, and Félix de Verneilh, of Périgord, known to fame for his theory that Byzantine art came into France in the tenth century from the Venetians, a most ingenious theory, but one which later documentary discoveries have exploded.

While these masters were making known the history of

our architecture, that of our industrial arts was being defined by such men as Dusommerard, Paul Lacroix, known as "Bibliophile Jacob," Dareel, Ferdinand de Lasteyrie, who wrote on the arts of the goldsmith and the painter upon glass, and, above all, Charles de Linas, whose researches in gold-work and enameling leave nothing more to be done. An immense work on the *History of the Industrial Arts* by Labarte, written too early, unfortunately, is still the only body of knowledge which we have on this subject. We are, however, expecting its replacement by the work of M. E. Molimer.

The fact that the Gothic style had been carried into foreign lands by French monks had been noted about 1857 by Félix de Verneilh; about 1860, Palestine and Syria were explored by the Marquis de Vogüé and Baron Rey. The first studied the churches of the Crusaders and the second their castles. In addition, M. de Vogüé brought to light the Christian architecture of Central Syria during the period from the fourth to the eighth century, the period which forms the connecting link between medieval and classic art, and discovered there the prototypes of our medieval architecture. The period of Early Christian art in Gaul was illumined by Le Blant's fine volumes upon Christian sarcophagi.

To the labor of these men, who did so much for the history of the art of their country, should be added that of foreign scholars. In England, about 1792, Ducarel made a study of Norman architecture; later, about the middle of the nineteenth century, Willis published an edition of the *Album of Villard de Honnecourt*; Parker made a comparison of the French edifices with those of England; Street, in studying the architecture of Spain and Northern Italy, recognized very definite French influences. In Germany, Hübsch, Schnaase, Sulpice Boisserée, threw considerable light upon the history of our art.

The results obtained by this first generation of scholars are now distanced and have had, in many instances, to be corrected; but they were none the less of value.

Medieval architecture, a dead letter for the men of the eighteenth century, who, with the sole exception of Le Boeuf, could not assign a date within a thousand years, had, in 1830, its definite limits, and, in 1880, at the time of the death of Viollet-le-Duc and Quicherat, the entire body of its history was made the property of the French people. The different epochs, Merovingian, Carolingian, and Romanesque (with its two divisions of the eleventh and twelfth centuries and its many schools), were recognized, but were not clearly defined. In the Gothic style three periods were clearly distinguished. The history of each cathedral and abbey was known and, to some extent, the history of the influences of French art upon foreign schools.

But, together with much truth, several errors were being propagated. For the most tenacious we must thank M. de Caumont, who, taking the opposite view from that of Millin, interpreted the term *croisée d'ogives* as equivalent to "pointed arched window." Caumont called the pointed arch the *ogive*, whereas ogives are in reality the salient ribs forming the groins at the intersection of two vaults (*arcus ogivus*=*arc de renfort*). A more serious error, for it lies in a fact and not in a word, was that which made him choose the pointed arch as the characteristic of the Gothic style, which, for this reason, he christened "ogival." He would by this classification have brought into Gothic architecture practically all the Romanesque buildings of Burgundy and Provence and half of those of the Isle de France; all those of the North, of Central France, and of the Southwest.

Félix de Verneilh made another blunder; having no

knowledge of the destruction of Saint Front de Périgueux in 1120 by a fire, of which a complete account appears in the chronicles of the bishops, he thought that he saw in the famous present church with its domes the edifice of 1040. He believed it to have been derived from Saint Mark's at Venice, which was also attributed to the tenth century, and he saw in it the prototype of the domed churches of Périgord; whereas, as a matter of fact, many of these latter are much more ancient, and none of them come down farther than the year 1100.

Révoil, in studying the art of Provence, believed that he could assign definite dates to very ancient foundations through certain epigraphic characteristics and certain architectural forms imitated from the antique. He believed in an unbroken persistence of these influences in Provence, whereas there was only a renaissance of it in the twelfth century, as is shown, on the one hand, by the late date of the buildings that approach nearest to Roman art, Saint Gilles and Saint Trophime of Arles; and, on the other hand, the crudeness of those relics that are known to be connected with the Merovingian or Carolingian periods, as, for instance, the crypts of Saint Victor of Marseilles, of Montmajour and of Digne.

From 1880 until the present time the schism between the disciples of Viollet-le-Duc and those of Quicherat has become more clearly defined. This is due to the divergent paths along which their masters led and which they followed. The pupils of Quicherat lived in the speculative domain of history; those of Viollet-le-Duc in the practical domain of art. Without relinquishing the study of the evolution of the medieval styles, the architects of the school of Viollet-le-Duc have more and more come to neglect historical researches in order to give their attention to the architectural forms, both in the interests of restoration and

of original construction. With regard to restoration, M. Lucien Magne has come to the point of announcing as a principle that all attempts to imitate closely the ancient form should be abandoned, and that the monuments of the past should rather be completed in a modern style that will be harmonious with the ancient parts of the building. This principle he has applied very happily in the church of Bougival.

This whole point of view has met with much opposition in Belgium from the pupils of Baron Béthune, a rival of Viollet-le-Duc, and by the professors of l'Ecole Saint Luc, especially the architect Cloquet. These men are most particular as to the question of the imitation of the Gothic style, even in new buildings, and, as a matter of principle, restore the old buildings without the slightest divergence from the original style.

In France, the most eloquent and the most learned of the pupils of Viollet-le-Duc, M. de Baudot, has exerted an excellent influence and has offered a well-attended course in the Museum of the Trocadéro. He has made the study of the styles of the Middle Ages and of the Renaissance serve ends that are not speculative, but practical. In other words, his results are not copies, but logical deductions. The Rationalist school, of which he is the head, studies the principles of the masters of the Middle Ages and of the Renaissance and modifies them in so far as the modern problems have become modified by new building-materials, better facilities for transportation, more practical mechanical devices, and changes in customs and needs.

Unfortunately the Rationalist School meets great difficulty in the fixed habits of contractors and workmen, who have become accustomed to work and to set their prices in accordance with the prevailing usage. Furthermore, the results obtained by mechanical appliances give a monotony

that is not in the spirit of an architecture that is really carefully studied out in its details.

Still, M. de Baudot has, in the new church of Montmartre, succeeded in creating entirely new forms adapted to iron and cement construction; and another artist, M. Plumet, has carried on higher and higher the art of adapting from the Gothic forms a modern architecture that is at the same time thoroughly logical and thoroughly satisfactory.

The Middle Ages have come to exert so strong an influence on our study that, for the last fifteen years, l'Ecole des Beaux Arts itself has maintained a course by M. Paul Boeswilwald which acquaints young architects with the artistic history of their country; and, shortly after this course began, one was opened by M. Lucien Magne upon decorative art, in which the principles of M. Viollet-le-Duc were openly approved.

One idea of Viollet-le-Duc's, which was realized only after his death, has become very fruitful in its results. This was the establishment, in 1882, of the Museum of Sculpture and Architecture at the Trocadéro. The Museum has developed in an astonishing way, and it has been literally a revelation to the public. It contains casts of carefully selected examples from the architecture of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, and makes them still better known to the public by sale of copies.

Architectural work in France is to-day improving, and no one can question that the present advance in style and accuracy is the result of the general propagation by those who have come under the influence of the instruction of Quicherat and of the methods of l'Ecole des Chartes.

The influence of the successor and the chief disciple of Quicherat, M. de Lasteyrie, is predominant among the present historians of French art. He had many pupils, and the

results of his teaching have been more immediately felt than those of M. de Baudot, as the publication of books does not offer the same practical difficulties as the construction of buildings. M. de Lasteyrie and his pupils, of whom I have the honor to be one, give their attention as much to the careful study of historical records as to that of architectural forms, and their methods of research are equally rigorous in both. Thanks to their efforts, the history of medieval architecture has achieved an extraordinary precision as to dates and general conclusions. The desire to be able to settle everything exactly has, however, sometimes tempted some of us too far. By crediting certain vague texts with an accuracy which they do not possess, we have made serious blunders. In his last work, M. de Lasteyrie gives a rather dangerous example, when, having noticed with regard to the cathedral of Chartres that *introitur ecclesie* cannot possibly have reference to the doorway, he affirms that the portal of Saint Gilles was completed in 1170 because an act was passed in that year *ante fores ecclesie*. A similar case is that in which he affirms that the southern tower of Chartres is more ancient than the porch because a tower is a more necessary architectural feature than a porch. Some of the errors resulting from the too eager scrutiny of the texts are not less dangerous than the too absolute judgments of Viollet-le-Duc. M. Lefèvre Pontalis makes an error of more than a quarter-century as to the date of the church of Bellefontaine from having believed that a formal permission to build in 1124 must have immediately been followed by actual construction, and he has multiplied the error through assigning dates to a number of other churches as the result of his conclusions as to Bellefontaine. A disregard for historical accuracy threatens to make very difficult the establishment of a geographical chart for the Romanesque schools of architecture. For

the last twenty years, the pupils of M. de Lasteyrie have devoted themselves to the study of these schools, taking as a framework the ecclesiastical boundary lines, although, as indeed would be the case to-day, the influence that held certain groups of artists within certain territories could not have been other than political,—the influence of vassalage. The frontiers of the spiritual jurisdiction were entirely different.

It was from l'École des Chartes that there came an authority whose too early death occurred only a few years ago, Louis Courajod. He established a course in the history of French art at l'École du Louvre, for which a worthy successor has been found in the person of André Michel. While taking a most scrupulous account of the texts, their teaching rests much more on the æsthetic point of view than did that of Quicherat and his successors, and it certainly does not seem to be less fruitful in results than that of l'École des Chartes. Courajod indeed erred, from time to time, by reason of his too vivid imagination. His theory, basing the origin of the Gothic style upon the necessities of construction in wood, which has been contradicted by the actual facts, has been abandoned. One of his pupils, M. Albert Marignan, has shown himself to be a distinguished architect of unquestioned originality. Through his undertaking to prove that they were of much more recent date than had been believed, he has to his credit the bringing about of a general reconsideration of the dates of the most celebrated monuments. The buildings lend themselves only in a small degree to Marignan's attempt; for instance, his opinions with regard to the great doorway of Chartres and the tapestries of Bayeux have provoked most interesting replies from M. de Lasteyrie as to Chartres and M. Lanore as to Bayeux.

An authority who is a teacher only by his writings, M.

Anthyme Saint-Paul, has a wide and most salutary influence in pointing out the historical errors of Viollet-le-Duc and in editing with modern scholarship and critical insight the archæological sections of the *Guides Joanne*. He has brought an immense mass of accurate information within the reach of the public, and has corrected a number of erroneous theories.

Another independent authority, the ingenious M. Auguste Choisy, has published monographs that are masterly in their technical analysis of Roman and Byzantine architecture, exhibiting a penetration and a power of synthesis that are beyond all praise. Here and there only, in points of detail, is there a lack of information or an erroneous historical deduction.

One must also say a word with reference to the interesting labors of the Count de Dion upon two branches of medieval architecture that have been too much neglected, the châteaux and the monasteries, and also the valuable research of the lamented Palustre upon the French Renaissance. One cannot say too much in praise of the work of M. Émile Mâle upon the *Religious Art of the Thirteenth Century*,—too comprehensive a title, by the way,—of which two editions have appeared within the last three years. The author has traced with astonishing success the literary sources from which have come the paintings and sculptures that decorate our churches.

In addition to the publication by provincial societies of architectural statistics, along various lines and of most unequal merit,—and in general distinctly inferior to those published in Germany,—researches have been made into the different schools of art of the French provinces, and particularly as to the art of the Romanesque school. Révoil studied in Provence, and Ruprich Robert, the elder, worked later in Normandy. Their labors are important, but in-

complete, and their conclusions can be accepted only in part. We owe to M. Brutails a masterly study on religious art in Roussillon. Finally the lamented M. Rochemonteix studied the Romanesque art of the altar. The greater part of this research appears in the form of theses by the students of l'École des Chartes. Among eleven theses of this character only four have been published, those of MM. Lefèvre Pontalis, Jean Virey, Thiollier, and my own. The French school at Rome has now taken up researches into the history of art on its own account. From 1889 to 1894 I studied in Rome the French origins of Gothic art, and this year M. Bertaux published there the first volume of a most important study on the art of Southern Italy. Other works are in preparation. The students of the school at the Louvre, unwilling to be left behind by their rivals, have been doing their share in this work. Up to the present time they have occupied themselves mainly with the Renaissance, M. Vitry in a beautiful book upon Michel Colombe, and MM. Marquet de Vasselot and Raymond Koechlin in the study of the sixteenth-century sculpture at Troyes. M. Salomon Reinach has carried on to the period of the Middle Ages the course of lectures upon national antiquities delivered by M. Bertrand. Two experts, who were friends of the lamented Courajod, MM. André Michel and Lemonnier, faithfully gathered together his lecture-notes, and have published them. Finally, I myself have been able to bring out, within the last two years, two volumes of a manual of French archæology, in which I think has been gathered together the present knowledge of our national architecture from the sixth to the sixteenth century.

For the past one hundred years foreign archæologists have constantly been making important contributions to the history of French architecture. In 1792 the Englishman Ducarel led his French confrères in the study of the Nor-

man architectural monuments. In our own time, an American and two Germans have, similarly, led in the study of certain historical questions.

The French archæologists have confined themselves too closely to their own country, and the superiority of several of these foreign works lies in the fact that their authors were able to see French architecture in the light of their knowledge of that of other countries. It is these comparisons that give its great value to Professor Dehio's exhaustive work on Occidental Ecclesiastical Architecture, the publication of which began in 1885. This is a colossal work, which combines much personal research with a *résumé* of many hundreds of other books, the whole being unified by his personal point of view, just as all the drawings in the work are upon the same scale. For the future this publication must be regarded as an indispensable tool for all who wish to make a serious study of medieval art.

The first man to publish a complete book upon Gothic architecture, and to show that the beginnings and the culmination of this architecture were in France, was Professor Charles Moore of Harvard University. This excellent book, published first in 1889, had a great success and was republished, with many improvements, in 1900. It is one of the most original and most logical works that have been written upon the subject. Mr. Moore admits as "Gothic architecture" only the purest types, all very rare, and practically limited to the Isle de France: the imperfect Gothic he calls "pointed architecture." This system of classification is a little radical, and the expression "pointed" seems unsatisfactory, because the pointed arch was a frequent element in Romanesque architecture.

Finally, among the most important foreign works must be mentioned the book of Dr. Wilhelm Vogë on *The Beginnings of the Monumental Styles of the Middle Ages*.

It is a history of the origins of monumental sculpture in France, and is precious on account of the range of its researches, the accuracy of its statements, and its richness in comparisons. The general conclusions, however, appear in the light of our present information to be capable of refutation.

An Italian, Commandatore Rivoira, has made a very important study of the Lombard influences in France, and an Englishman, John Bilson, has just produced most disturbing but most convincing documents with reference to the origin of the Gothic style.

In conclusion, I should like to outline the questions that have to-day been settled, and those that are still debatable.

The chronology of the buildings and the method of their study have reached the maximum of accuracy. Nowadays, indeed, we have more than one example of too great accuracy. The history of our art in the Middle Ages has been written and many errors have been rectified. The history of our Merovingian and Carolingian epochs remains obscure. In 1891 M. de Lasteyrie pointed out Quicherat's errors in the restoration of the Basilica of St. Martin, of Tours. M. Brutails and M. Maître are still discussing the date of St. Philibert de Grandlieu. Since 1882, Daniel Ramée has been demonstrating how uncertain are all the attributions of dates to those buildings that are regarded as earlier than the year 1000. The question of Oriental origins enters into the study of the work of this period. MM. Lasteyrie and Brutails are not prepared to go as far upon this point as are M. de Vogüé and Dieulafoy and Choisy. M. Grell, however, has come to the conclusion from his study of the Basilicas of Algeria and Tunis that these developed along with those of the Occident, and notes curious likenesses between the two. Commandatore Rivoira, on the other hand, in his fine work on the origins of Lom-

bard art, makes clear that from the fifth to the ninth century Italy had nothing to do with the Orient, and created on her own behalf an analogous art, whose monuments are anterior to those of the Byzantine Empire. As to the Romanesque epoch, M. Anthyme Saint-Paul, in opposition to the opinions of Verneilh and Corroyer, has just demonstrated that the school of Périgord does not go back as far as the tenth century, but only about as far as the year 1100, and that Saint Front of Périgueux, rebuilt later than 1120, is not its most ancient edifice.

The Byzantine origin of this French school is denied by M. Brutails, but I hope to be able to show that its models are probably Cypriote edifices of from the ninth to the twelfth century. The geography and the classification of the Romanesque and Gothic schools has not yet been entirely cleared up, but it is in the way of being so.

That the Gothic style originated in France is to-day universally recognized. The history of its diffusion into other lands is known in a general way, and has been studied in detail with regard to France, Spain, Scandinavia, and the Island of Cyprus. I have recognized the English origin of the "flamboyant" style, which was developed in France, but whose elements found their origin in England one or two centuries before their adoption with us.

One question, however, remains in great obscurity,—the origin of the groined ribbed vault (*croisée d'ogives*). Contrary to the opinion of Quicherat, Max van Berchem has shown that the Romans did not know this feature of architectural construction, and that the "cancri" of the lighthouse at Alexandria were "crabs," analogous to those bronze crabs of the Cleopatra's Needle now in New York in the care of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The most ancient groined ribbed vaults may well be those of Saint Ambrose of Milan. M. Dirteni, in his fine book on Lom-

bard art, attributes these to the ninth century. Cattaneo refuted him in 1889, but MM. Dehio, Rivoira, and Moore still believe them to be of the eleventh century. In support of this theory, M. Rivoira has cited a church at Montefiascone which at the same time has this element, and bears a *Commemorative* inscription placing its construction in the eleventh century. Unhappily, this inscription, embedded in a façade which was rebuilt in the fifteenth century, might, and probably did, belong to an earlier church of which no other trace remains to-day. This church, therefore, proves nothing. On the other hand, I have demonstrated that the most ancient examples of Gothic art in Italy date from the end of the twelfth and from the thirteenth century, and were introduced from Burgundy by the monks of Citeaux, a fact which Mr. A. L. Frothingham, Jr., announced at the same time that I did, and one about which no one is any longer in doubt. The attribution of the Ambrosian vaults to the eleventh century does not exactly accord with this point of view.

Mr. John Bilson has shown that Durham Cathedral in England had groined ribbed vaults between 1093 and 1104, and M. de Lasteyrie has not been able to bring any convincing arguments against this. The groined ribbed vault must then have been of Anglo-Norman origin, for M. Lefèvre Pontalis has not succeeded in maintaining against the arguments of Mr. Anthyme Saint-Paul the attribution of the groined ribbed vaults of Morienvall to an earlier date than 1120, and no other French example can with certainty be assigned to an earlier period.

As to the Gothic style itself, MM. de Lasteyrie, Moore, Gonse, and Lefèvre Pontalis believe it to have originated in the Isle de France. M. Dehio alone believes it was due to the collaboration of the master builders of France, Picardy, Burgundy, Lombardy, and Anjou, an hypothesis

that neither M. Saint-Paul nor I myself regard as inadmissible.

M. de Lasteyrie has shown, as has M. Marignan, that, contrary to the opinion of M. de Vogüé, the statued portals of Saint Denis and of Chartres are earlier than those of Saint Gilles and of Arles. They were all built in the second half of the twelfth century, but the typical model came from the North and not from the South. This fact is definitely decided, and there is no longer any discussion except as to differences of a few years with regard to the dates of Chartres and Le Mans.

An error in terminology with reference to the end of the Middle Ages was started when Courajod gave the name of Burgundian School to the work of Flemish sculptors who worked at Dijon at the end of the fourteenth and during the fifteenth century. It is interesting to see that Belgium itself, following this classification, displays its national sculpture under the title of Burgundian School. I found recently in Flanders at Douai fragments that are contemporary with the famous tombs at Dijon, and identical in style. The Flemish art of Dijon was not in any way different from that of its native land. The origins of this Flemish art, however, were French, as Mr. Koechlin has now demonstrated. Finally, there is still discussion as to how great was the Italian influence in the French Renaissance. The lamented Eugène Müntz, in a clear exposition of the character of this influence, while restating the story of Laurana and his works, does not throw into sufficient light the personal character that the French architects and sculptors succeeded in giving to their imitations of Italian art. On the other hand, the late Léon Palustre showed himself most illogical in exaggerating this originality and in minimizing the influence of the Italians in France. M. Vachon has taken up in this spirit the parts played respect-

ively by Boccador and Chambiges in the building of the Hotel de Ville of Paris. His arguments rest, however, on engravings and tapestries of doubtful authenticity. This question will be settled not only in this particular case, but for the whole period, by the study which Baron Geymüller has just published in Germany on the French Renaissance, and which will be translated. He makes most interesting revelations as to the lack of originality of such buildings as the Château de Blois, where imperfections have been servilely copied from the Italian models. This work apparently is to be the final word upon the question.

I will conclude this rapid review, ladies and gentlemen, by saying that nothing is more fruitful than the comparative study of art and that nothing can be of greater value than such a gathering as I have just had the honor of addressing. This honor will always be one of the happiest memories of my career as a scholar, and I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for your kind reception and for the courteous attention with which you have heard me.

THE PROBLEMS OF MODERN ARCHITECTURE

BY ALFRED DWIGHT FOSTER HAMLIN

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It is not easy to estimate correctly the significance and true proportions of present-day movements. We are so near to them, that by the laws of historical perspective—as inexorable as those of linear perspective—the relative importance and true dimensions of things are distorted into false aspects. If the observer would not be misled by mere appearances, he must seek to divest himself of the traditional prejudices of his present-day environment, and survey the scene from heights whence he may command broader horizons and discover the larger aspects of the view. If we cannot reach the mountain summits of detached and impartial criticism, we can at least attain the nearer heights, and find profit in the survey from even so modest an elevation.

We are asked to consider the Problems of Modern Architecture. This title may be interpreted in various ways; but for the purposes of this discussion I shall take it to refer to those great questions of tendency which have be-

come insistent with the progress and the changes of modern civilization: the questions of the whence and the whither of modern architecture. How have modern conditions come about, and how shall we deal with them? How shall the art be vitalized? What influences are impinging upon it, and how under these influences may it be guided in the direction of progress? It is these broad problems of present drift and future development which I have chosen to discuss, rather than the technical details of modern office practice. If it is important for the critic and the theorist to acquaint themselves with the practical aspects of the art, it may also be profitable for the active practitioner to look up and away from his drawing-board and take account for a brief space of these larger questions of his art.

Let us first briefly note the way we have come during the past century, so that by observing the force and direction of the influences that have brought us to our present station we may the better take our bearings and judge of our future course. So widely do the developments of the nineteenth century in architecture seem to differ from anything we observe in its previous history that we might almost imagine that the laws which have controlled the progress of the arts in earlier ages had ceased to operate. In the matter of style, for instance, the apparent confusion of the present day stands in striking contrast with the unity of Greek or of Gothic art. But this contrast is not due to the failure of the laws which have governed the evolution of styles in the past, but to new conditions producing new results under the same laws. These laws are not enactments, but simply the observed ways of working of the human mind in matters of art: the outward expression in practice of principles which are fundamental and immutable. If the stock formulæ of historic criticism fail to fit our modern art, the fault lies in the form of their statement,

not in the laws they express; and the defect of statement comes from their being framed upon the experience of ages in which the conditions were widely different from those of to-day. We must devise new forms for their expression, in terms of present-day experience. If, for instance, we cease to define architectural styles in terms of profiles and features and details of design, and apply as criteria of style the broader consideration of spirit, feeling, structure, mass, and composition, we may discover underlying the apparent confusion of modern styles certain unities of spirit and method upon which we can build new definitions of modern styles. If the critic of future days shall find, as I believe he will find, no great difficulty in recognizing the architecture of our time by these controlling characteristics, then he will with perfect justice predicate the style of this period as defined by these characteristics. The confusion of details borrowed from past ages will trouble him no more than we are troubled by the appearance of Doric and Ionic columns together in the Propylæa at Athens, or by finding in Greek architecture elements of both Egyptian and Asiatic origin. And when he notes the prevalent use, as a decorative dress for steel-frame buildings, of forms originally belonging to lithic architecture, he will see therein the working of the same law of style-evolution by which the Greek perpetuated in stone many details originating in wooden construction, and by which the Roman incorporated into his architecture of vaults and arches, of brick and concrete, the columnar details which he had learned from the Greeks.

Let us now briefly review the origin of the changed conditions which so sharply mark off the nineteenth century from all previous periods in the history of art.

The nineteenth century was ushered in by profound political and social disturbances following the great democratic revolutions in America and France, and lasting

through the whole first half of the century. Society was adjusting itself to new conceptions of government and new political boundaries. The interests of art were crowded out of the thoughts of men. There was at the same time in progress a profound intellectual revolution. Modern philosophy, modern physical science, modern archæology, were taking scientific shape, giving rise to new conceptions of the universe. The dethronement of the intellectual authority of hieratic religion, begun by the humanists in the fifteenth century, became complete with the establishment of the theory of evolution. Religion has become so largely a matter of the individual conscience that it has ceased to be an important factor in influencing architectural development in general.

More directly, though not more profoundly influential in the transformation of architectural conditions, were the industrial changes of the same half-century. Steam power and the rise of mechanical manufacture, with its concentration of industry in special localities, and its system of specialized activity which we call the division of labor, completely revolutionized the world's work, substituting the operative for the artist-artisan, and machine-reproduction for individual design and hand-craft. The rapid growth of international commerce was meanwhile breaking down the boundaries of national and local styles, making every region familiar with the work and taste of all others. The growth of archæological science, greatly favored by the invention of photography and its application to engraving, was in like manner breaking down the barriers of time, making the works of past ages as familiar to our generation as those of its own time. Thus, while artistic taste and feeling were becoming atrophied from disuse, the strongest temptation was supplied to substitute archæological imitation for original design. Out of this condition

arose successively the Greek and Gothic revivals, each hailed in its turn as the sure panacea for the artistic anæmia of architecture in that day. The beauty of not a few of the individual works which resulted stands in conspicuous contrast with the general artistic destitution of the time. It testifies to the fact that the spark of art is inextinguishable, and that good architecture is good in whatever language of style it is expressed.

As if further to confuse the problem of architecture in the middle period of the nineteenth century, the development of iron introduced into construction an entirely new element. The architects, avoiding it, as intractable for Greek or Gothic or Roman design, allowed it to fall into the hands of the engineers, and the magnificent opportunity it offered for the creation of a new, living, rational, and artistic type of building-design, by the vast spans and airy construction it made possible,—this opportunity passed by unimproved. The Romans taught the world the majesty of spacious vaulted halls; the medieval builders the solemn grandeur of long and lofty vistas; modern engineers and architects taught us how utterly forbidding and ugly a great, wide, and lofty roof can be made. Now that men have learned the fallacy of the historic revivals, and have begun to seek out more rational ways of handling these resources, they have to contend with traditions established by seventy years of inartistic engineering. The French alone have, during these years, given the world the benefit of repeated efforts to lift iron construction out of the slough of artistic despond,—as in the Halles Centrales, the Church of Saint Augustine, and the exhibitions of 1878 and 1889, particularly the Salle des Machines of the latter exhibition.

Architecture, thus, on the threshold of the twentieth century, finds itself in a condition which it has never before experienced. Its resources, both for construction and de-

sign, are richer than ever before in history. The phenomenal activity and inventiveness of the technical industries, and the interchanges of commerce, have placed at the architects' disposal a marvelous variety of building-materials and processes, which they are constantly increasing by new additions. Iron, steel, bronze, and aluminum; concrete and artificial stones; bricks of endless variety of form and color; terra-cottas, faïence and tiles without end; roofing-materials of ingenious design; paints and cements and plasters of every sort; lumber and timber from the ends of the earth, prepared in marvelously elaborate fashion; new systems of construction of extraordinary ingenuity and efficiency—all these the architect of to-day finds spread before him. Machinery lightens the physical task of those who labor to produce the results he seeks in his design. On the artistic side he has the advantage of choosing, from the endless catalogue of building-forms and materials offered him in open market, whatever shade, color, texture, quality, and effect he desires, in wood or metal, stone, glass, tile, brick, terra-cotta, plaster, or textile hangings.

But along with this marvelous increase in its resources, architecture has had laid upon it tasks at least proportionately more varied, complex, and difficult than those of earlier ages.

Greek architecture reached its perfection of refinement not only because the Greeks were endowed with a marvelous artistic instinct, but also because artistic effort was for centuries concentrated upon a few simple problems. Every feature of the place, construction, and detail of these could be and was worked out to final perfection because of three centuries at least the requirements—the programme—of the temple and propylæa and stoa remained substantially unchanged. The problems of Roman architecture, were far more varied and complex, and Roman architecture,

although in part the work of Greek artificers, is marked in consequence of this complexity by flexibility of adaptation and grandeur of scale rather than by extreme refinement of detail. In medieval architecture, again, a single type—that of the three aisled, cruciform, vaulted church—quite dominated the evolution of architectural form. All the methods of Gothic construction were established by empirical processes, through the cumulative experience of repeated experiments upon an identical problem; and the same is largely true of its decorative design. Such long-continued concentration of effort upon a single problem is out of the question in modern times. We have too many kinds of buildings to erect,—for religious, educational, administrative, commercial, social, penal, charitable, and decorative purposes; churches, colleges, and schools, railway-stations, armories, laboratories, exhibition buildings, warehouses, museums, theatres, hospitals, hotels, capitols, city halls, theatres, office-buildings, and houses large and small. Moreover,—a more serious difficulty by far,—the requirements of any given class of buildings never remain long the same. Experience can be cumulative only in small degree; the experience of a few years back may profit us, but that of twenty-five years ago is utterly out of date. No sooner does a type develop into something like final shape than new requirements or new methods of construction suddenly appear, and the whole problem must be studied anew. No style can therefore develop to-day into the unity and finality of some of the historic styles. There is never any opportunity to perfect the details of a single type.

To these difficulties must be further added the complexity of design required by our modern civilization. Even an ordinary city dwelling is a maze of intricate provisions for convenience and comfort beside which the most elaborate

palace of earlier days was, in the matter of practical details, a problem of lucid simplicity. The designing, specifying, and superintending of a modern structure, with all its engineering complexities of installation, wiring ducts, flues, and fixtures, absorb a large part of the scanty time allowed by our systems of building by contract for the elaboration of the complete design. Under these conditions the architect must design or control a range of work which covers all manner of trades, industries, and sciences. It is impossible that one person should master them all, or any considerable portion of them, in a truly satisfactory way.

Thus while the modern architect has been supplied with resources of extraordinary richness and variety, he has also been assigned a task of at least equally increased complexity. But this does not adequately express the situation. For there are in modern architectural practice two factors unknown to the great ages of the art in the past, which render it still more difficult to work out a characteristic and dignified expression of the spirit and ideals of the age. These are, in brief, the contract system, and the decline of artistic artisanship. The contract system, which has grown up with modern methods of business and has entered into the fabric of modern life, compels the architect to devote a large part of his time, before the first spadeful of earth can be turned in the excavations, to perfecting details which, in other ages, were largely given to artisans to work out, each an expert in his line, or were at most left to be elaborated during the slow progress of the work. The whole time allotted to the study of the problem is cut down to the narrow limits between the preliminary sketch and the signing of the contract; and since the greater part of this is spent in the elaboration of details, the fraction left for the legitimate artistic work of the architect—the work of

study and experimentation and revision of the plan, the masses, voids, and solids of his design—is reduced to a pitiable insufficiency. How rarely, in modern work, does the designer of an important edifice have adequate time allowed him for a truly satisfactory study and discussion of his problem! And the further bane of the contract system lies in this, that, the contract once signed, further correction and amendment of the design are impossible. No amount of “happy thoughts,” resulting from the experience acquired as the work progresses, can avail to improve its artistic quality. The ghost of “extras” stalks abroad, haunts the chambers of the architect’s consciousness, and, indeed, is too often materialized without help from spiritualistic mediums. This spectre effectually blocks the way for those happy afterthoughts which are really the ripest artistic fruit of the architect’s brain.

Artistic artisanship has been stifled between the two irresistible forces of modern industrialism and modern education. The machine and the factory have taken over the work of the hand-craftsman; and modern democratic education has opened to the young man born in the ranks of the trades a hundred gates of employment where in olden times there was but one. The execution of architectural and decorative detail has become a matter wholly apart from its design; a matter of accurate reproduction of office-drawings rather than of the artistic interpretation of suggestive sketches by the architect. Thus the design of every detail has been thrown back upon the architect, an added task and responsibility which in the older days he did not have to be burdened with.

But no statement of the actual conditions of modern architecture would be complete which omitted to mention the commercialism of our age. We must admit, I think, that the really controlling interests of our time are the

commercial. These make, on the whole, for peace and for the brotherhood of man; but they can never replace, though they have largely usurped, the controlling influence of religion upon art. Office-buildings and railway-stations are more characteristic expressions of our modern culture than cathedrals. To this ascendancy of commercial interests must be ascribed the growth of public and private luxury. This may or may not be of advantage artistically; that depends upon the way in which this luxury chooses to express itself. But there can be no doubt regarding the pernicious influence of another phase of modern commercialism,—that which imposes upon everything a valuation by dollars and cents; an influence always disastrous in art, and in no art more disastrous than in architecture. The financial criterion is fundamentally hostile to the artistic. Applied to buildings, it wipes out massive supports and deep shadows by paring down the walls to the last extreme of thinness; it excludes sculpture and mural painting from a building in order to pile an extra story upon it; it demands pretentious luxury in the place of artistic beauty. With this spirit every architect has to contend, in large works as well as small.

These, then, are the peculiar conditions of modern architecture, briefly and broadly stated. What are the really vital problems of modern architecture to which they have given or must give rise?

The fundamental problem of all architecture is to harmonize the demands of utility and beauty in structural design; in other words, to express utilitarian functions in terms of plastic art. It is this problem which differentiates architecture from engineering, in which utilitarian functions are expressed solely in terms of scientific exactitude. This problem is as truly the problem of to-day as it was of the Middle Ages or of antiquity. The utilitarian re-

quirements of architecture have multiplied enormously in the past hundred years, but so have also the artistic resources at the architect's disposal. There is no excuse for ugly buildings to-day; if the conditions of design are more difficult, what is this but a call to forsake deep-worn ruts, to bring ourselves into harmony with our environment, to recognize our conditions instead of trying to evade them—to triumph over difficulties and obstacles by making them the very occasion of new successes, as did the medieval architects who extracted such consummate beauty out of the very limitations under which they worked? There seems to me to be no counsel demanding more urgent repetition and more earnest heeding, in this time of intense intellectual and social activity, than to make beauty the supreme aim of architectural effort.

Tradition and the archæological spirit clamor for the reproduction of obsolete forms; commercialism seeks to suppress whatever does not appear readily convertible into cash dividends; literary critics cry out for originality at all costs as the crowning virtue; multiplying utilitarian requirements insist upon recognition by the architect, and threaten to deprive architecture of its place among the fine arts. Amid this din the architect who is a true artist keeps his eye and heart fixed upon the pole-star of pure beauty, which has guided the court of true art by its clear and steady ray through all the ages. Beauty in architecture is above and beyond all questions of tradition and historic style and passing fashion; it is a question of mass and proportion, of balance and rythm, of line and light-and-shade; of variety in unity, of appropriateness and common sense. The beauty which consists in the realization of the highest attainment in these qualities is the fundamental beauty which underlies all the varied forms of expression it has received in different ages from different hands; which

we recognize in Greek temple and Gothic minster, in the mosques and tombs of India, the palaces and domed churches of Italy, and the masterpieces of all times, ancient and modern. How futile, in comparison with the securing of this fundamental beauty, appears all preoccupation with minor questions of style and fashion; how useless the setting forth of this or that formula of design as the sure recipe for architectural reform! It must be the study of modern architects to rid their profession and its practice of every burden which embarrasses them in their quest of artistic perfection, in their pursuit of the ideal beauty. Many, in spite of obstacles, are faithful to their ideals; the spirit of the artist lives in them and breathes in their work, but we need more of such men. The greatest of dangers confronting modern architecture is that which threatens to change it from an art into a business—a pursuit—an activity controlled by other than artistic ideals—a side issue of engineering.

As subdivisions of this great general problem, we must, I think, recognize five special problems or groups of problems as pressing for solution in the architecture of the twentieth century. The first is the problem of the artistic handling of modern structural devices and materials.

The second is the problem of the right division of labor and responsibility, in the production of modern buildings, between the architect, the engineer, and the craftsman.

The third—related to the second—is the problem of the relation of architecture to the arts and crafts, and the recovery for the craftsman of activities that have fallen wholly under the control of the factory system.

The fourth is the problem raised by the contract system: the question as to how far the burdens imposed by that system can be lightened, and the largest measure of artistic progress secured under such as cannot be thus lightened.

THE CATHEDRAL OF MILAN

Photogravure from a Photograph

Milan's magnificent Cathedral is undoubtedly one of the most magnificent structures in ecclesiastical architecture. It has a façade of white Carara marble, and is adorned by 106 pinnacles and 4500 statues, and by a variety of carvings of unsurpassed beauty. In form it is a Latin cross, with a length of 485 feet, and a breadth of 252 feet. The height of the dome is 355 feet. Its foundation was laid in 1386 by Gian Galeazzo Vinconti, and during its creation many of the greatest European architects contributed designs for its embellishment. It was in the Milan Cathedral that Napoleon was crowned King of Italy in 1805.



The fifth is the great problem of the education of the architect.

I have stated what I believe to be the problems which most seriously confront the architecture of the coming years. Their solution lies not with any one person, but with the profession as a whole, both here and abroad. There is no seer gifted with the power to forecast that solution; but every thoughtful man who reflects upon them may reach individual convictions, the free discussion of which can be made helpful and stimulating to those who take part in it. This is my excuse for the further observations I have to offer.

In no period of history have new systems and materials of construction been so multiplied or so rapidly developed as in recent years. I need only instance the remarkable rise of steel-frame or skeleton construction, and the increasing use of reënforced concrete, as examples. In the United States the growing scarcity of timber will soon eliminate wood as a cheap material for houses and temporary structures and thus create a new problem in cheap building. Here, then, are three problems demanding serious study, and which, unless our architects are active and watchful, will fall so completely into the hands of the engineers, and receive from them so purely utilitarian a treatment, that it will take a half-century or a century of ugly experiments to convert these to the service of true art. How shall we approach the task? Do we not here need most of all the spirit of devotion to pure beauty, under the guidance of common sense, leaving the resulting style to be what it will? Let us not be concerned either to perpetuate or to cast aside the language, the forms and details of the traditional styles: our real concern must be to produce beautiful buildings, using these new resources of the art as means to that end, and employing or discarding, as this

controlling end may demand, the forms we have already learned by heart in the schools and offices. When to lay bare and when to conceal, when to emphasize and when to mask the structural framework, how to make new materials count for beauty; when, where, and how to apply decoration, and how far this shall be structural and how far applied,—these are the questions to be solved, and not the question whether the forms we use shall be classic, Romanesque, Gothic, Oriental, or the product of pure fancy.

But this artistic adaptation of new materials and systems of construction may, and doubtless will, proceed further than the mere invention of new decorative details and combinations. Already the elevator, the hollow-brick arch, and the steel skeleton have begotten a new type of building,—the American tall office-building, or “sky-scraper.” The artistic handling of this monstrous problem is still a subject of earnest study. It seems not unlikely that if our architects pursue a progressive course, other wholly new types of edifice will arise, under the pressure of new requirements and the development of new methods of building, in which broad spans, vast trusses, deep underground apartments, and the like, will be important factors. Not merely the old details, but the old mass-forms may disappear—as has been the case, for example, in ship-building. The traditional maxims of structural art, based on masonry construction, will relax their hold, and practices be adopted in design which we of to-day consider unorthodox: precisely as Gothic design threw over the classic practice as to formal symmetry and emphasis of horizontal divisions. It behooves our architects now upon the threshold of the century to see to it that they themselves be the inaugurators of such changes, holding them under the control of high artistic principles, instead of allowing them to be forced upon the art from the outside and to be dominated by wholly utilitarian and philistine influences.

The next three problems are problems of professional relations and practice. The architect and the engineer, the architect and the craftsman, the architect and the contractor,—how shall these stand related in their joint task of realizing in permanent form the artistic dreams, the structural conceptions, which the architect delineates on the drawing-board? It is of course clear that their labors must be pursued in a spirit of collaboration; the problem is to secure greater cordiality, and above all a greater predominance of the artistic feeling and sympathy in this collaboration. The precise measure of relative independence, and hence of relative subordination of one to the other, must be differently adjusted, the labor differently divided, from what is now customary. There is too much engineering exacted of the architect to-day for the best results, from either the artistic or engineering point of view. He should not be required to know less of engineering than he commonly knows under present conditions, but to do less of it. If it were exacted of him only that he should design *constructible* edifices, the specific engineering of which should be turned over to experts working in collaboration with him, making universal the procedure now possible only in the largest offices, he would be freer to devote himself to this proper and special work of artistic design. In like manner the artisan should have a freer hand, and artisanship be encouraged as the handmaid of architecture. Something of this mingling of freedom and collaboration exists in the relations of architecture to the sister arts of painting and sculpture. It is a healthy and stimulating relation when the responsibility is rightly apportioned. To determine the right balance of apportionment is a serious but not an insoluble problem. To this problem both individuals and organized bodies will no doubt devote their best thought in the years to come. There is less promise of

successful coping with the inherent difficulties of the contract system, which is not likely soon to be displaced. Both its vices and its virtues are too strongly entrenched for easy dislodgement. Only the years can decide whether the vices can be extirpated or must be endured. It is not easy to forecast any line of action for the future in this field of endeavor.

The fifth of our problems is that of the education of the architect. The nineteenth century has witnessed the disappearance of professional training by apprenticeship in law, medicine, theology, and engineering, and the substitute in its place of the modern system of analytical and theoretical studies in the class-room with practical applications in the laboratory and office. Business and journalism are tending more and more in the same direction. How far is this system applicable to architecture, which has taken on more and more the character of a liberal profession? In France, Germany, and Austria architecture is now taught according to this theory in great schools of art, but with a strong surviving element of the apprenticeship system in the methods of the *atelier*. In America the methods of the university and technological school prevail more completely; in Great Britain they have only lately begun to be introduced to any noticeable degree. Which is nearest right? How far should the schools attempt, and how far forbear, to teach the practical practice of the profession, and how far leave this to the offices? What should be the requirements for admission to the schools? What should be the place in these schools of studies of pure culture or liberal discipline, and what the relative proportion of time assigned to the actual training in design? What should be the relative importance and the proportion of time assigned to abstract drawing and to distinctively architectural draughtsmanship? In teaching

design, should the emphasis be placed on abstract design-problems, to cultivate the powers of imagination and invention, or upon more practical problems, in order to give anticipatory experience? These and other like questions press for an answer. Different schools, in different environments, will give different answers. As time goes on, changing conditions will bring about different answers in the same school, and there will always be a place also for men trained in no school but the school of office experience. Of course we can make here and now no final answer to these questions. One or two things are, however, clear. The increasingly exacting and complex duties of the modern architect have made what was once a fine art, and only an art, a profession of exceeding difficulty and importance, requiring for its worthy practice a training which is almost a liberal education in itself. The architect needs the broad view, the generous grasp of a wide range of ideas, good sense and varied knowledge, as well as artistic training and office experience. His education must lay foundations of discipline, taste, and knowledge broad enough to enable him to meet all the varied exigencies of changing methods and conditions.

I would fain enlarge upon these considerations, and discuss at greater length the relative claims of technical and artistic training, the relative share of the school and office in preparing the architect for his work, and the question of general or specific discipline in design; but I am warned that my time is spent, and I must draw to a speedy close. I have said little about the problem of style, because I believe in any age in which architecture is a vital art,—as I believe it is with us, in spite of the influences that tend to stifle the breath of its artistic life,—this problem settles itself, as I believe it is doing and will more completely do in the years to come. It will do this not by developing any

fixed and narrow range of forms which can be labeled "style of the twentieth century" and catalogued in a dozen lines, like the historic styles of the past; but by such a straightforward, rational, and artistic treatment, both structural and decorative, of modern architectural problems, as shall speak clearly of the age and time which produced them, through an endless variety of forms and details, derived no matter whence, no matter how, so long as they fit the requirements of the building and endow it with an expressive beauty and grace. When school and office cease to apply the meaningless shibboleths of particular style-formulæ, and when we cease to judge designs, or to make designs, by the rules of obsolete styles, while, on the other hand, we refuse with equal consistency to turn our backs on the past and exalt eccentricity onto the throne that belongs to beauty, insisting always on fundamental beauty and good taste, our architecture will be a truly free and living art, possessed of the only qualities of style worth possessing, whether ancient labels fit or not. We must cease blind imitation as well as blind innovation, and make the highest attainable beauty the object of our pursuit.

And what of inspiration? Whence shall we draw the breath that shall kindle within us the flame of artistic enthusiasm? Religion cannot give it, because religion is no longer mistress of architecture; her throne is in the heart of the individual. Commerce cannot give it, for commerce is predominantly selfish. The collective passions of the future must supply it; but what are they to be? Intellectual culture, human brotherhood, patriotism, the worship of the past, altruism? Who can tell? The finest architectural works of recent years in this country are libraries, college buildings, museums, and expositions. This fact surely has some significance. And yet we must admit that modern architecture lacks enthusiasm. To raise it to the level of

the great ages of architecture requires more than brains and money: both of these it has in greater abundance than ever before. It needs the fire of a burning passion, a great enthusiasm, an overwhelming emotion, a soaring imagination. Whence these are to come it is not for us to say. We can only hope the future will be less materialistic and selfish than the recent past, and that every one who enters upon this noble profession may cultivate within his own heart the warming fire of enthusiasm, kindling it at whatever artistic shrine gives forth the purest and the brightest flame.

MODERN PROBLEMS IN PAINTING

BY OKAKURO KAKUZO

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MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—In thanking you for the honor you have conferred on me in inviting me to address you on the “Modern Problems in Painting,” I cannot but acknowledge that I approach you with great trepidation. It is barely a half-century ago that we children of Japan were admitted into the comity of nations at the gracious instance of your first Embassy under Commodore Perry. Since that time the name of America has been for us associated with the best of Western culture. We have been so accustomed to sit at your feet and listen while you discoursed that it seems strange, indeed, that one should ever stand and face your learned audience. My only reason for nerving myself to this heroic effort is because of my belief in your time-honored courtesy and the sympathy shown by you for all that pertains to my country. My address shall chiefly concern the problems as seen from the standpoint of Japan. It is to be a confession, therefore an appeal,—an appeal, therefore a protest. Protests are more or less wearisome. It is needless to say that my imperfect command of your language will further tax your patience.

Perhaps there is some shade of humor in the situation if we consider that the present difficulties of Japanese paint-

ing are partly due to your introducing us to the lights and shadows of a modern national existence. It may be that a cruel retribution has come over you in being asked to lend your ears to my incompetent presentation of the very problems of which you yourselves are the remote and innocent cause. For I must warn you beforehand that there is nothing new or instructive in what I am going to submit to your consideration. So much has been already voiced by the illustrious thinkers of America and Europe that my utterance can have no special value except that it comes out of the Far East.

I hope, however, that the Eastern point of view may not be altogether devoid of interest to you. Your modern painting, and the circumstances under which it is created, are still seen by us against the background of our own ancient traditions. Our criterions may not be orthodox in your eyes, but they at least represent the standards of taste which had guided the æsthetic attempts of India, China, Corea, and Japan through these hoary centuries. If, perchance, in the course of this paper, my comments on the state of painting in the West should sound impertinent, I beg you to recall that I am speaking as one from the Orient.

I wish you further to remember that my criticisms are not dictated by my want of respect for Western art, compelling as it does in all its phases the unconscious homage of wonder, if not always of admiration. Our reverential attitude toward all true expressions of art can be explained by our old axiom to approach a picture as one would enter into the presence of a great prince. We have been taught to prostrate ourselves even to a vase of flowers before examining the beauty of its arrangement.

In the first place, I wish to distinguish between the problems which concern the individual painter and those which

concern society. To our Eastern conception of art the questions of technique belong to the painter himself. The public has no right to determine what it shall be in the present or the future. The individuality of the artistic effort forbids that an outsider should meddle with its methods. The painter himself is but half-cognizant of the secret which makes him a master, for each new idea imposes its own modes and laws. The moment when he formulates his secrets is the moment when he enters on his old age and death. For beauty is the joy of the eternal youthfulness of the creative mind. And it is the sharing the gladness of the artist in his discovery of a reawakened life in the universe that constitutes the love of art to us. One of our monk-painters of the Ashikaga period in the fourteenth century claims that art is the *Samadhi* of the playfulness of the human soul. Indeed, it is the magnificent innocence of the playful genius which is too selfish to be exclusive that makes all great art so unapproachable and so inviting to all.

Art is nothing if not the expression of the individual mind. A Chinese painter in the sixth century defined painting as the movement of his spirit in the rhythm of things. Another Chinese of the Sung Dynasty (the eleventh century), in the epigrammatic style characteristic of his age, has called it the mind on the point of the brush. Art-appreciation is always a communion of minds. The value of a picture is in the man that speaks to you behind his pigments. It is in the quality of his intonation that we respond to his personality, not in the pitch of the key nor in the range of his voice. What an intense personality lies in the silk and canvas of the old masters whose names we do not know, whose date even is a matter of archaeological controversy? Who of the recognized great painters either in the West or the East has not directly appealed

to us despite the distance of time and race? Their language is necessarily different. Some may be in the Confucian sequence of the white, some in the Italian sequence of the brown; others again in the French sequence of the blue, but behind the veil is the mind, always eager to tell its own story. The trade of the connoisseur is founded on the fact of this great individuality of the master which distinguishes him from the forger or the copyist.

The common weakness of humanity is to offer advice when it is not asked. Society has been ever ready to invade the sanctuary of art. Patronage, with its accustomed superciliousness, has often imposed its authority on a realm where gold could not reach. Public criticism with the best intentions in the world has made itself only ridiculous by trying to interfere in questions where the painter must be the sole judge. Why enchain the dragon-spirit of art? It is evanescent and always alive, and is godlike in its transformations. Was it a Greek who said that he defined certain limits in art by what he had done? The Napoleonic geniuses of the brush are constantly winning victories mindless of the dogmatic strategy of the academicians. The foremost critic of modern England has been ironically censured for his undue depreciation of Whistler, as one who was to be remembered by what he failed to understand. The fate of æsthetic discussions is to hang on the Achillean heel of art, and therein to find the vulnerable point of attack. We can Ruskinize only on the past.

If I may stretch a point, the masters themselves may be said to be responsible for allowing society to frustrate the spontaneous play of later artists. Their personality has been so great as to leave a lasting impression on the canons of beauty so that any deviation from the accepted notions is certain to be regarded with suspicion. Society has been taken into the confidence of art, and, like all con-

fidences, it was either too little or too much. The world has become disrespectful toward art on account of the proffered familiarity. It feels at liberty to dictate where it ought to worship, to criticise where it ought to comprehend. It is not that the public should not talk, but that it should know better. It is not that society should not be amused, but that it should enjoy more. We are sorry to realize how much of real æsthetic sympathy is lost in the jargon of studio-talks.

The very individuality of art which makes its problem so subjective to the artist at the same time makes it defy classification in time. It is a matter of doubt whether we can speak of the "modern problems" in painting as such with any amount of accuracy or with profit. The problem which confronts the painter to-day has been always with him since the days he first traced the mastodon on bone-fragments in the primeval dens of the cave lions.

Of course the history of painting means the constant accretion of the problems of lines, light, and color, until nowadays the complex machinery requires a gigantic intellect to set it successfully in motion. The step from the symbolic outlines of the early Nara painters to the depth and intensity of the concentrated ink-poems of the fifteenth century, the change from the archaic drawings on the Etruscan vases to the mystery of color-equations as conceived by your living master, John LaFarge, present such a contrast as to make them seem totally different. Yet the agony and the joy of the later workers have been equally shared by the primitive artists. They all belong to the common brotherhood of the brush who with infinite patience devoted themselves to the adjustment of styles and materials in order to create and appease the craving for beauty. It must not be supposed that the task of an earlier age was lighter because it was simpler. The burden of artistic effort must

have been proportionately the same, for the desire of its real votaries is to carry all that it can bear. Life is eternal, and so is art. The ancient and the modern meet within ourselves on the hazy borderland where yesterday parts from to-morrow.

In this age of classification we often forget that the eternal flow of life joins us with our predecessors. Classification is after all a convenience to arrange our thoughts, and, like all objects of convenience, becomes in the end troublesome. The modern scientific mind is apt to consider itself to have conquered matter by simply labeling it. But definitions are limitations, and thus the barriers to our insight. A seventeenth century Japanese poet has written that we feel the coldness of things on our lips like a blast of autumn whenever we begin to speak. Laotze, in his supreme adoration of the Unspeakable, has pointed out that the reality of a house is not in the roof nor the walls, but in the spaces which it creates. So the reality of painting consists in its innate beauty, not in the names of the schools or periods in which we love to arrange it on the shelves of our historical consciousness.

The demarcations into the classical, romantic, or the realistic schools, are meaningfully applied to the great masters, for they meant to represent one and all of those modes. They are in a sense anachronisms, for they transcend all time. They are each a separate world in themselves, reflecting the universal formulas with the particular phases of the life around them. The age belongs to them as much as they themselves belong to the age.

It has been said that romanticism is the distinctive characteristic of modern art. But which of the so-called classic masters have not been romanticists? If the term means individualism, the expression of the self instead of impersonal ideas, it must be the common property, nay, the

very essence, of all creative efforts. If the term means the emotional side of the art-impulse, in contradistinction to the intellectual, or the sensuous, which respectively represent the classic or the realistic, it is again a name for art itself, because art is emotion. A painting is the whole man, with his infinite susceptibilities to the thoughts of other men and nature around him. It is his essay on the world, whether it be a protest or an acquiescence. Delacroix has been considered the acme of modern romanticism. But do we not see in him the all-roundness of a great artistic mind? He is an artist. He is a Delacroix.

Again, people are wont to claim that realism is the insignia of modern painting. There is no realism in art in the strict sense of the word, for art is a suggestion through nature, not a presentation of nature itself. We may notice that a vast amount of conventionality exists even in the French impressionists, who are said to have given the last word of realism. Their best productions command respect, not on account of their power of painting sunlight, but in the value of the new poetry they are enabled to express through their outdoor technique. The idea of division of color was extant long before the modern impressionism—am I correctly informed?—already found in Titian.

Realism could not be the special characteristic of modern painting. What painting of all times and all nations has not evinced the desire for being true to nature? The relation of the artist to nature has been defined ever since art was born. The climate of the land in which he worked, the amount of light, the landscape, the occupations of men, his hereditary memories, the moral and the scientific ideas of the age, which were intended to give him confidence in the universe, have determined the character of his representation. His instinct was always to record what he saw or imagined that he saw around him. We must remember

that what appears symbolic to us in the archaic forms of painting was considered highly representative in their own age. The earliest annals of painting both in the East and the West reflect the admiration for realism. We have stories which I think you also have of the wondrous depiction of fruits which the birds came to peck, of horses so true to life that they neighed at night and often ran away from the walls.

Although the development of painting in different countries has created different methods of approaching nature, the original relation to it has never been broken. For nature is a part of art as the body is a part of the soul. A Sung writer has called attention to the interrelation when he remarked that one admires a landscape for being like a picture and a picture because it is like a real landscape. Art is no less an interpretation of nature than nature is a commentary on art. The types of physical beauty in man or woman which have been the source of inspiration to great masters are in their turn determined by the ideal which they set for the succeeding generations. The waves have become Korin to us as shadows have grown to be Rembrandt to you.

I do not know that I have made my meaning clear to you. I have tried to say that the problems of the painter are individual and subjective, that the method of expressing his personality lies entirely with each artist and forbids any interference from the outside. I hope that I have conveyed to you the idea that the questions which we may discuss profitably regarding painting are not whether it shall be more idealistic or less realistic, whether the artist should create in this scheme of color, or that tone of light. These belong to the painter exclusively, and he is well able to take care of himself.

Then what is the objective side of the question? What are

the modern problems of painting which society can fitly discuss at all? I reply that it is relation of painting to society itself. Society regulates the conditions under which art is produced. If it cannot claim the artist, it can claim the man. If it cannot dictate his technique, it can furnish his theme, and to a certain extent his ideals. It is in the secret understanding between the performer and the audience that delight both. It is the humanity that reverberates alike through the chord of art and the hearts of the people. The more human the call, the more universal and deep the response.

Sociological conditions have not, however, always been favorable to the free development of art and have often threatened to crush its existence, and sometimes succeeded in doing so. It is owing to this that the great masters are so rare. Indeed, it is a tribute to the virility of the art-instinct that we should have even the few. Their lives both in the East and West have shown remarkable instances of struggle and victory over circumstances. Hosts have suffered and have succumbed to social tyranny. Hosts are suffering and succumbing to their destiny.

Nothing touches us more than the weary lines on a great painter's face, for they are the traces, not of his contest with his art but with the world. One is a joy and a solace, the other is an eternal torment. The antagonism between the two lies in the laws of their existence. Art is the sphere of freedom, society that of conventions. The vulgar ever resents the ideal. Society is somehow always afraid of the living artist. It begins to offer applause when his ears are deaf,—flowers when he is safely laid in his grave. The success and popularity of a living painter in many cases are signs of lowness of spiritual level. For the higher the artistic mind soars the greater becomes the possibility of local or contemporary miscomprehension. Even in the

perfection of Raphael or the princely ease of Rubens we are tempted to miss the sublimity of the tormented soul of Michael Angelo.

Society has not only been inimical to individual masters but has at times indulged in wholesale destruction of schools. Political changes have often enacted tragedies. War has devastated many a garden of beauty. With due respect to the interesting qualities of German art we cannot help contemplating the enormous ravages inflicted upon it during the long religious wars of the Reformation. After Dürer there seems to be no painter of that calibre, and the Teutonic race has come to be characterized as "ear-minded" by other more fortunate nations. The Flemish, the Dutch, the Italian, the Spanish, all have had their share of the disastrous consequences of national convulsions. The French Revolution, despite its far-reaching beneficence, gave a severe blow to traditional excellence. In these we are but alluding to a few instances of the constant persecutions of European art which society has perpetrated on art since the days of the Greeks.

Eastern art has had also its ample measure of such catastrophes. To give an example,—the conquest of China by the Mongols in the thirteenth century brought about a sudden downfall of Chinese art from which it has never since been able to recover. As you are doubtless aware, the time at which this calamity occurred was the brightest age of Chinese painting. It was in the Sung dynasty, so rich in poetical and philosophical inspirations. It was the age when Confusianism had evolved a new meaning by the synthesis of Taoist and Buddhist ideals. It was the age when China was breaking through the crust of her ancient formalism, when political and economical experiments were tried on a vast scale. You will remember that the wonderful porcelain of China was the special product of this period of universal activity.

Painting was the art of the Sung. It is to their masters that the later Chinese, and we, Japanese, owe the higher conception of the quality of the line, or the manipulation of light and atmosphere within the condensed area of ink treatment. Before them Chinese painting was beautiful in its repose, with the stately completeness of style which we see in the remains of early Indian or Graeco-Roman painting. The Sung artists emancipated Asiatic art from this classicism to turn its gaze on the poetry of movement and seek new meanings of life in the intimate aspects of nature.

It is always fatal to generalize on art-epochs, but never more than on this Sung period when each artist is a school by himself. I shall but tire you with the enumeration of illustrious names like Ririonin, Beigensho, Bayen, Riokai, Choshikio, or Mokkei, for they may signify very little to you. I shall only draw your attention to the series of paintings of Buddhist saints owned by the Boston Museum, which, though not by any recognized master, are fair specimens of the later Sung work. There you will find the expression of an artistic mind of a high order which can hold its own beside the early Italians.

Alas! all these brilliant achievements of the Sung "Illumination" were stopped in their full career by the advent of the Mongol conquerors. Their barbarous rule crushed the vitality of the native civilization, and painting had barely a chance to survive. Thenceforward it is a decadence relieved here and there by few exceptional geniuses. It was not the Mongols alone who inflicted such disaster on Chinese art. The Manchus have come again from the North to impose another alien government. Wars and disturbances never ceased to harass the Chinese painter. What one regards to-day as representative of Chinese art is but a dismal shadow compared with what it was in the glorious age of the Tang or Sung masters.

In Japan, owing to our insular position, we were saved from the Mongol disaster which beset Chinese art. Yet there are instances when a civil war was the cause of destroying local centres of art. One on the largest scale, which affected the whole of Japan, was the war of the Ashikaga-Shogunate, which raged with few breaks for nearly a century following the fifteenth. It ravaged Kioto and Nara, the ancient capitals where the arts and crafts had clustered from early days. The school of portraiture which culminated with Nobuzane, the virile representations of contemporary life which are seen in the *Tosa maki-monos*, were a vital force before this sanguinary period. The vigor of Buddhist painters had then but slightly abated, for the splendid *kakemonos*, commonly attributed to Kano-aka, are mostly produced within two centuries of this crisis. But in the incessant turmoil of the late Ashikaga period the artist had no place to pursue his vocation. The monasteries, which were the nurseries of painting, were burned or their occupants were dispersed. The function of the hereditary court painters ceased, for the court itself was suffering through the misfortune of continuous war. Any one conversant with the history of Japanese art will notice how our art wears an entirely new aspect after the restoration of peace. It has evolved new and interesting phases; but the ancient traditions of the Kasugas and Tosas were lost forever.

The calamities imposed upon art by the social conditions do not end here. Even in the days of peace we shall find that the so-called encouragement was by no means a boon to art. The self-complacency of society is apt to make itself believe that patronage is everything. On the contrary, the word "patronage" is in itself an insult. We want sympathy, not condescension. If society really cared for good art, it should approach it with the respect due

to all the noble functions of life. As it is, painting has been often called to the degrading service of society. It was this that made the great Tang painter Yenrippon tell his children that he would disown them if they ever learned to paint.

Maeterlinck has said that if the flowers had wings they would fly away at the approach of man. I would not blame them if they ever flew away from the cruelties of floriculture. Art, the flower of thought, has also no wings. Its roots are bound to humanity. It is painful to think how it has been trimmed, cut, and tortured by unfeeling hands to be confined in a vessel for temporary admiration. Sotoba, a Sung poet, has remarked, "Men are not ashamed to wear flowers, but what of the flowers?" If the Buddhist idea of retribution is to be believed in, the flowers must have committed terrible crimes in their former lives! Let us hope for the painters a better incarnation in their next.

Religion has been supposed to be the greatest inspiration of art. It is often claimed that the loss of religious zeal caused the decadence of art. But art is a religion in itself. The mere fact of painting a holy subject does not constitute the holiness of the picture. The inherent nobleness and devotional attitude of the artist's mind toward the cosmos alone stamps him as the religious painter. It has been remarked that in the picture of the bamboo by San-koku lay the whole mystery of Taoism. The stereotyped representations of Christian or Buddhist subjects, of which, we are sorry to say, there are so many, are not only a parody on religion but a caricature of art itself. Here we see another instance of the effects of misplaced patronage, where even religion made a handmaiden of art, and thus diverted it from its legitimate expression.

Again, the ambitions of kings and potentates have led them to use art for their own glorification. Their monu-

mental works were not the patronage of art, but patronage of themselves. The same spirit of self-importance moved them as that which led to the encouragement of portrait-painting by the modern bourgeoisie. The instinct is natural, but not favorable to the elevation of art-ideals. In the hundred golden screens of Momoyama, we find the magnificent tediousness that characterizes the work of Kano Yeitoku, painter-in-ordinary to the Japanese Napoleon. On the walls of Versailles we feel the elaborate insipidity of Horace Vernet, the historian of the Taiko Hideyoshi of Europe.

Society, in posing as the patron, forgets that its true function is that of the mother. Art was rarely allowed a place to nestle on its bosom. The waywardness of art, born of her innate individuality, has caused her to be treated as a stepchild. The palmy days of painting were only when the painters had a recognized place in the social scheme. In old times painting was either a trade or an occupation of the religious. The great masters belonged to the guild if not to the cloister. They were Bellinis, or Fra Angelicos.

In the East, where hereditary profession is an important factor of society, the family took the place of the guild. Our old master was either a scion of the Tosas, or a monk, a Yeshin-Sodzu, or a Chodensu. Monasticism itself later on gave protection to the brotherhood of painters, for, in the strict formalism of Oriental life, the Buddhist gown afforded the means of liberation from social trammels. You may notice that the Kanos always held ecclesiastical titles, that Hokusai had a shaven head.

It must not be implied that the conditions in the past which gave to both the Italian and the Japanese painters a recognized place in society are to be considered ideal or perfect. I am simply pointing to the fact that the position of art was not at least anomalous, as it is nowadays. The

difficulty at the present time is that society has broken the ancient harmony, and offers nothing to replace it. The academy and the institute are poor substitutes for the medieval guilds or the Japanese monasticism,—the groups which kept up the traditions and furnished a home for art.

The modern spirit, in emancipating the man, exiles the artist. The painter of to-day has no recognized function in the social scheme. He may be nearer nature, but is further from humanity. Have we not noticed how intensely human are the pictures of all the great masters? Do we not notice how distant and cold are the modern productions? Art for art's sake is a wail of Bohemia.

If we look on the surface of things, it would appear as if there were no time in history when art was so honored as it is to-day in Europe or in America. The highest social distinctions are conferred on the successful painter, and the amount of his remuneration is incomparably greater than that given the old master. Yet it is a matter of doubt whether he enjoys the fostering care and the stimulating influences which the community and brother-workers accorded him in the past. The very lack of finish and refinement in their work shows the difference between the new and the old. It is significant that in France, where the relation between the artist and the community is better kept than elsewhere in the West, where traditions are still adhered to by its "Institute," we find the most vital of contemporary achievements.

Modern art-education is not altogether the blessing that it is generally supposed to be. It is true that the academies and the museum have opened up to all what was once a secret of the trade. It is also true that systematic instruction has enabled one to overcome the apparently unnecessary hardship of apprenticeship. But the art academies cannot impart the benefits of the older method. The grind-

ing of colors and the attendance on the master, however irksome it might have been, were the means of developing the moral fibre of the artistic mind. The constant contact with the masterworker, and the participation in the details of his work, were the best means of obtaining insight into the entire complexity of production. It is the home-life of art, which no school-life can replace. Art-education, as it is generally conducted, is destructive to individuality. Its systematic nature enforces a uniform rule on all. Again, the very facility of modern methods robs the student of that severe training which gave the finish to the work of old masters. Even the universal use of photographs, which have come to be an important factor of artwork in these days, saves the artists from the necessity of the arduous copying of masterpieces which was the essential point of traditional teaching. Who is not a painter nowadays? We have so many amateurs that there are no great masters. We have made so much of ourselves that there is very little left in others.

We of the East often wonder whether your society cares for art. You seem not to want art, but decoration,—decoration in the sense of subjugating beauty for the sake of display. In the rush for wealth there is no time for lingering before a picture. In the competition of luxury, the criterion is not that the thing should be more interesting, but that it should be more expensive. The paintings that cover the walls are not of *your* choice, but those dictated by fashion. What sympathy can you expect from art when you offer none? Under such conditions art is apt to retaliate¹ either with incipient flattery or with brutal sarcasm. Meanwhile the true art weeps. Do not let my expressions offend you. Japan is eager to follow in your footsteps, and is fast learning not to care for art.

The social conditions of modern Japan have laid grave

problems on her art. Indeed, it is with a feeling of sadness that I approach the subject, for at the present moment Japanese painting is threatened with entire destruction. The danger is due to the effects of the series of wars that have continually disturbed us since the middle of the last century, and also the occidentalization of the national life. The advent of the American Embassy in 1853 precipitated the revolution which was to end in the Restoration, the restoration of the classic rule of the Mikado in 1868. This movement was the outcome of the Japanese Renaissance which began in the eighteenth century to recall us to a consciousness of the age preceding the Shogunates. The whole energy of our scholarship was then concentrated on the research and reconstruction of the literature and arts of the Nara and early Kioto period which had so long been obscured during the feudal age,—especially during the long wars of the Ashikagas which we have already mentioned. The early half of the last century is marked by the rise of a classic school of painting as a resultant of this revival of ancient knowledge. The age was rich in artistic activity in all branches. Even the old-fashioned school of Kano caught new inspiration by a return to Sessiu and a renewed study of the Sung masters. The Bunjin school in the style of the later Ming and early Manchu dynasty were in full swing. Kioto was famous through the names of Okio, Goshun, and Ganku. Hokusai was living until 1848. But the political agitations which then came over the nation turned our energies into other channels beside that of art. The threat of foreign complications was coupled with the actual struggle of overthrowing the Tokugawa Shogunate. The gleam of the sword and the flash of gunpowder were before the people's eyes by the year 1860. Kioto and Yeddo became the main centres of commotion, and unrest was over all the country. Uprisings in various provinces cul-

minated in the general civil war which began in the vicinity of Kyoto, and convulsed the nation from Kiushiu to Yesso. It was in those days that the art-treasures of the daimios were scattered to form the ornaments of Western museums, when Buddhist painting and sculpture in the monasteries were wantonly destroyed in the mistaken zeal of Shinto converts.

It is heart-rending to hear of the burning of wonderful lacquer boxes to collect their gold, for nobody could afford what was considered a luxury in that moment of universal calamity. Painters had to abandon their profession. Those who did not follow the wars had to eke out a hard subsistence by rude hand-work.

The Restoration was accomplished in 1868, which marks the year when the last remnant of the army of the Shogunate was defeated and submitted to the authority of the imperialists. It was in that year that his Majesty, the present Mikado, ascended the throne and inaugurated the enlightened policy which was to give Japan a place in the family of nations. But the necessary friction attending the adjustment of the old to the new social and economic conditions was a source of constant disturbance. We had riots and rebellions,—the last of which— the Satsuma Rebellion of 1878, was of quite a serious nature. After that, peace was assured, and art had a chance to survive. In 1882 we had our first national exhibition of painting. But the community was too deeply involved in solving the problems of modern industrialism to show any deep sympathy for the revival of art. The best energies of the leading men were devoted to the framing and application of constitutional government, and the revoking of the extra-territorial jurisdiction inflicted upon us by the foreign powers.

Another great drain on our resources and intellect was

the organization of the army and navy to secure our independence; for our national existence was threatened by the continental aggression on our legitimate line of defense. We must try to live before we could paint. In 1894-95 we had the Chinese War. At the present moment we are in a death-grapple with one of the mightiest military nations of Europe.

The ravages of war are bad enough, but in Japan we have the hard task of facing the antagonistic forces which peace itself had brought to bear upon us. I refer to the onslaught of Western art on our national painting. A great battle is raging among us in the contest for supremacy between Eastern and Western ideals. With what results time alone can determine. I am aware that sincere lovers of art in the West have always emphatically urged us to the preservation of our national style. I have heard many wonder why we should have tried to imitate you in painting, as in everything else. You should remember, however, that our wholesale adoption of your methods of life and culture was not purely a matter of choice but of necessity. The word "modernization" means the occidentalization of the world. The map of Asia will reveal the dismal fate of the ancient civilizations that have succumbed to the spell of industrialism, commercialism, imperialism, and what not, which the modern spirit has cast over them. It seems almost imperative that one should mount the car of Juggernaut unless one would be crushed under its wheels. Socially, our sympathy towards painting, as towards all other questions of life, is divided into two camps,—the so-called progressive, and the conservative. The former believes in the acceptance of Western culture in its entirety, the latter with a qualification. To the advocates of the wholesale westernization of Japan, Eastern civilization seems a lower development compared to the Western. The

more we assimilate the foreign methods the higher we mount in the scale of humanity. They point out the state of Asiatic nations and the success of Japan in maintaining a national existence by the very fact of recognizing the supremacy of the West. They claim that civilization is a homogeneous development that defies eclecticism in any of its phases. To them Japanese painting appears at one with the bows and arrows of our primitive warfare,—not to be tolerated in these days of explosive and ironclads.

The conservatives, on the other hand, assert that Asiatic civilization is not to be despised; that its conception of the harmony of life is as precious as the scientific spirit and the organizing ability of the West. To them, Western society is not necessarily the paragon which all mankind should imitate. They believe in the homogeneity of civilization, but that true homogeneity must be the result of a realization from within, not an accumulation of outside matter. To them, Japanese paintings are by no means the simple weapons to which they are likened, but a potent machine invented to carry on a special kind of æsthetic warfare.

I would like to say in this connection that Japanese art has not yet been presented in its true light to outside nations. Except to the few who have made a special study of it, or to those whose real insight into beauty has made it possible to enter into its spirit, the real meaning of our national painting seems not to have been grasped by the general Western public. Our painting is still known to you through the color-prints of the popular school, and the flower and bird pictures which represent the prettiness, not the seriousness of our artistic efforts. I beg you to know that in the works of our masters lies as deep a philosophy of life and a religion of beauty as those which animated the creations of your own. The mode of expression is different, but the intensity of the emotion is the same.

There is a certain phase of Japanese painting which is difficult for Western comprehension on account of its very Eastern nature. The monistic trend of the Eastern thought has led to concentration where it became expansive in yours. The microcosmic notion of our later philosophy has even accentuated the tendency to express with simplest means the most complex ideas. In some cases, color and shading have been discarded in the eagerness of preserving the purity of the idea. It is not symbolism but infinite suggestiveness. It is not the simplicity of the child but the directness of the master-mind. An ink-landscape of Kakei or Sessiu is a world in itself, replete with the meaning of life. Without actual examples before us it is hard to make myself understood. To take an analogy, the self-completeness of those masters is in its own way the self-completeness you find in the Mona Lisa of Leonardo or The Gilder of Rembrandt.

The fact that these concentrated poems were enjoyed by our society was the proof of its culture. It showed the ability of the public to sympathize and fill out the background which the artist has purposely left unfilled. The public was as much the painter as the painter himself, for both were required to complete an idea. It belonged to the age when the tea-ceremony was universally practiced, as a serious attempt to perfect the art of sympathy. You are doubtless aware that the tea-ceremony is called a ceremony because it is not a ceremony. It was a vital method of realizing the harmonious appreciation of the acts of mundane life. The guest and the host were alike called upon to create the unity of the room, and the rhythm of the conversation.

I do not assert that Japanese painting has been always able to keep up to this high standard. Like the tea-ceremony, it has often become formal and meaningless. We

feel the fatigue of the art-impulse instead of its virility. But the worship of the suggestive has been an integral part of our art-consciousness. The ideal was always there, however we may have failed to approach it.

The conservative thinks that it is a great pity these ancient ideals should be lost. I, for one, who belong to the humble ranks of the conservatives, find it deplorable that the traditions of Chinese and Japanese painting should be entirely ignored. I do not mean to say that we should not study the Western methods, for thereby we may add to our own method of expression. Nor do I desire that we should not assimilate the wealth of ideas which your civilization has amassed. On the contrary, the mental equipment of Japanese painting needs strengthening through the accretion of the world's ideals. We can only become more human by becoming more universal. The value of a suggestion is in the depth of the thought that it conveys. What I wish to protest against is the attitude of imitation which is so destructive of individuality.

Disastrous as have been the consequences of the sweeping inundations of Western ideals, its ravages on Japanese painting might have been comparatively slight had it not been accompanied with modern industrialism. It may be that Western art is also suffering from the effects of industrialism, but to us its menace is more direful as we hear it beating against the bulwarks of our old economic life. To us it seems that industrialism is making a hand-maiden of art, as religion and personal glorification have made of it in the past. Competition imposes the monotony of fashion instead of the variety of life. *Cheapness* is the goal, not *Beauty*. The democratic indifference of the market stamps everything with the mark of vulgar equality. In place of the hand-works, where we feel the warmth of the human touch of even the humblest worker, we are con-

fronted with the cold-blooded touch of the machine. The mechanical habit of the age seizes the artist and makes him forget that his only reason for existence is to be the one, not the many. He is impelled not to create but to multiply. Painting is becoming more and more an affair of the hand rather than of the mind.

The task of preserving Japanese painting against all these antagonistic influences is not easy. It is a matter of no small wonder that we should have produced within recent years a new school of national painting. Our hope in the future lies in the tenacity of the Japanese race which has kept its individuality intact since the dawn of its history. Two generations cannot change the idiosyncrasies of twenty centuries. The bulk of our traditions still remains practically unharmed. Of late years there has been a marked tendency to a deeper recognition of the best in our ancient culture. We are glad to see in the heroic sacrifices of our people in the present war that the spirit of old Japan is not dead. Our greatest hope is in the very vitality of art itself which enabled it to thrive in spite of the various adversities which it had encountered in the past. A grim pride animates us in facing the enormous odds which modern society has raised against us. At the present day we feel ourselves to be the sole guardians of the art-inheritance of Asia. The battle must be one fought out to the last.

Perhaps it may have seemed to you that I have painted in too dark a color the modern problems of art. There is a brighter side of the question. Western society itself is awakening to a better understanding of the problem. The suspense of art-activities at the present moment has aroused the anxious inquiry of serious thinkers into the cause of the universal decadence. It is time, indeed, that we should begin to work for the true adjustment of society to art. I shall be only too grateful if my words have been of service

in drawing your attention to the grave nature of the situation in the East. In the name of humanity, I call on the brotherhood of artists and art-lovers to a solution of these world-wide problems.

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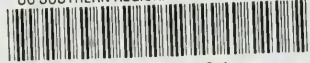
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